

剑桥政治思想史原著系列（影印本）

CAMBRIDGE TEXTS IN THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL THOUGHT

忒勒马克斯

Telemachus

Fénelon

费内隆

Edited by
PATRICK
RILEY

中国政法大学出版社

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HISTORY OF POLITICAL THOUGHT

Series editor

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弗朗西斯·德·费内隆
FRANCOIS DE FENELON

忒勒马克斯
*Telemachus , son of
Ulysses*

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
PATRICK RILEY

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University of Wisconsin-Madison*

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剑桥政治思想史原著系列

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在政治理论领域，“剑桥政治思想史原著系列”作为主要的学生教科丛书，如今已牢固确立了其地位。本丛书旨在使学生能够获得从古希腊到20世纪初期西方政治思想史方面所有最为重要的原著。它囊括了所有著名的经典原著，但与此同时，它又扩展了传统的评价尺度，以便能够纳入范围广泛、不那么出名的作品。而在此之前，这些作品中有许多从未有过现代英文版本可资利用。只要可能，所选原著都会以完整而不删节的形式出版，其中的译作则是专门为本丛书的目的而安排。每一本书都有一个评论性的导言，加上历史年表、生平梗概、进一步阅读指南，以及必要的词汇表和原文注解。本丛书的最终目的是，为西方政治思想的整个发展脉络提供一个清晰的轮廓。

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In Memoriam
Judith N. Shklar
1928–1992

Le fruit de l'amitié est dans l'amitié même
(Fénelon, after Cicero)

Acknowledgments

Fénelon died, prematurely, in his sixty-fourth year; my dear friend and revered teacher Judith Shklar died at that same age in September 1992. For thirty years I was the beneficiary of her kindness and her knowledge; much of her encyclopedic wisdom is preserved in her writings, and her generous largeness of spirit will remain with me as long as I live and remember. The greatest Rousseau scholar of the age, she captured more of the Fénelon–Rousseau *rappoport* in three pages of *Men and Citizens* than one can find in many a full-length study. By convention the Enlightenment ends with Hegel; in reality it was preserved in her ardent defense of the humane values of Locke, Montesquieu, and Kant. Her disinterested affection for Fénelon sustained me while I labored on this edition of *Telemachus*; now it is dedicated to the memory of a great scholar and devoted friend.

There are others to thank as well. Quentin Skinner kindly encouraged my version of *Télémaque* for Cambridge, as he earlier supported my edition of Bossuet's *Politics from Scripture*; John Rawls generously wrote on my behalf to make *des recherches féneloniennes* possible; the National Endowment for the Humanities (Washington) liberally underwrote my efforts; the Maison Française (Oxford University) provided a congenial atmosphere for the study of Fénelon's writings; and I must not forget that the late George A. Kelly (who died in 1987) warmly urged me to undertake the first English version of *Télémaque* since the 1770s. My debt to him is ongoing and permanent, as is my affection for his memory.

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As always, my whole scholarly life is made possible by the constant help of my wife, Joan A. Riley; and to my son, Dr John Riley (Christ Church, Oxford) I am indebted for valuable aid in interpreting Cicero's *De Amicitia*.

Patrick Riley

Spring 1993

(The 300th Anniversary of the composition of *Télémaque*.)

Introduction

I

François de Salignac de La Mothe-Fénelon was born in Périgord in 1651, the son of an aristocratic provincial family which was distinguished but threadbare.¹ Ordained a priest in 1675, he was within three years given an important ministry in the Church – that of spiritual guide to the "New Catholics" (ex-Huguenots) in northern France.² This ministry lasted for a decade (1678–88), and was crowned by the publication of the treatise *On the Education of Girls* (1687), which first revealed Fénelon's classicizing taste for the ancient pastoral simplicity depicted by Virgil in the *Aeneid* and *Georgics*.³ By this time the Abbé Fénelon had caught the eye of Bossuet, the bishop of Meaux and the most powerful French ecclesiastic of the *grand siècle*: for him Fénelon produced his *Réfutation de Malebranche* (c. 1687/8), which attacked Malebranche's notion of a "Cartesian" *Providence générale* operating through simple, constant, universal laws, and sustained Bossuet's notion (outlined in the *Histoire universelle*) of a *Providence particulière* which had furnished David and Solomon to ancient Israel and Louis XIV to modern France.⁴ In 1689 he was

¹ See Ely Carcassonne, *Fénelon, l'homme et l'œuvre* (Paris: Boivin, 1946), ch. 1, and (above all), Jeanne-Lydie Goré, *L'itinéraire de Fénelon: humanisme et spiritualité* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1957), pp. 33ff. See also M. Aimé-Martin, "Etudes sur la vie de Fénelon," in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (Paris: Chez Lefèvre, 1835), Vol. 1, pp. iiiif.

² Jacques Lamaison, "Introduction" to *Télémaque* (Paris: Éditions Larousse, 1934), p. 6. J. H. Davis, *Fénelon* (Boston: Hall and Co., 1979), p. 113.

³ On the (brief) Bossuet-Fénelon alliance *contra* Malebranche, see particularly Henri Gouhier's splendid *Fénelon philosophe* (Paris: Librairie Vrin, 1977), pp. 33ff. See also Patrick Riley, *The General Will before Rousseau* (Princeton: Princeton University Press,

named tutor to Louis's grandson, the duc de Bourgogne (1682–1712);⁵ and it was for his royal pupil that he was soon to write *Télémaque, fils d'Ulysse* (c. 1693–4) and the *Dialogues of the Dead*. Rhetorically the high point of Fénelon's "court" period was his speech on being received into the Académie Française (1693), with its fulsome praise of the Sun King.⁶ The archbishopric of Cambrai followed in 1695, carrying with it the titles of duke and prince of the Holy Roman Empire.⁷

But in the late 1680s Fénelon had also become deeply interested in the quietistic notion of a "disinterested love of God" free of hope for personal happiness – a disinterested interest fanned by the mystical pieties of his friend Mme Guyon.⁸ His insistence that one must "go out of oneself" (*sortir de soi*), even "hate oneself" (*se hâir*), finally yielded the *Maxims of the Saints on the Inner Life* (1697) – a work in which Fénelon argued for five degrees of "purity" or "disinterestedness" in human love of God. At the lowest end of the scale one finds the love of God, not for himself but for "the goods which depend on his power and which one hopes to obtain"; this Fénelon contemptuously calls "purely servile love." One small notch above this Fénelon places loving God, not for "goods" which he can provide but as the "instrument" of our salvation: even this "higher" love, however, is still "at the level of self-love." At the third and fourth levels Fénelon finds a mixture of self-love and true love of God: but what really interests him is the fifth and highest degree, the "pure love" of God that one finds only in "saints": "One can love God," Fénelon urges, "from a love which is pure charity, and without the slightest mixture of self-interested motivation." In such a love, Fénelon adds, neither the "fear of punishment" nor the "hope of reward" plays any part at all.⁹ As is well known, Bossuet and others – including

1986), ch. 2. For the *Réfutation* itself, see Fénelon, *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (Paris: Chez Lefèvre, 1835), Vol. II, pp. 232ff.

⁵ Saint-Simon, *Mémoires*, Book I, cited in Paul Janet, *Fénelon: His Life and Works*, trans. Victor Lealiette (London: 1941), ch. 3, "Fénelon as tutor", pp. 41ff.

⁶ For the text of Fénelon's reception-address, see *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn), Vol. III, pp. 210–13; "Travaillez donc tous à l'envie, messieurs, pour célébrer un si beau régime."

⁷ Goré, *L'itinéraire de Fénelon*, pp. 454ff.

⁸ See Louis Cognet, *Le crépuscule des mystiques: le conflit Fénelon–Bossuet* (Tournai: Desclée, 1958), *passim*.

⁹ Fénelon, *Explication des maximes des saints*, critical edn. of Albert Cherel (Paris: Librairie Bloud, 1911), pp. 118–30.

Malebranche, in his *Traité de l'amour de Dieu*¹⁰ – argued that Fénelon's "disinterested" love excluded all hope of salvation, as well as all fear of justified punishment, and thus subverted Christianity; Fénelon's work was finally placed on the Index of banned books in March 1699. In this condemnation the prime mover was Bossuet, now Fénelon's greatest detractor: "To detach oneself from himself to the point of no longer desiring to be happy, is an error which neither nature, nor grace, nor reason, nor faith can suffer."¹¹

A month later *Télémaque* was printed, without Fénelon's permission, through "the infidelity of a copyist."¹² Louis XIV had already banished the "chimerical" Fénelon to his Cambrai diocese in 1697, and with the double disaster of 1699 – condemnation by Rome followed (within a few weeks) by publication of the "Homeric" novel which Louis considered an attack on his faults – Fénelon was divested of his pension and of his tutorship to the duc de Bourgogne. He never set foot in Versailles, or even Paris, again.¹³

With the premature death in 1712 of the duc de Bourgogne, whom Fénelon had carefully educated to be an enlightened successor to his grandfather, Fénelon's hopes for a renewed France collapsed like "a house of cards." His *Démonstration de l'existence de Dieu* (1713) was a work of pure theology;¹⁴ indeed, had Fénelon not been a royal tutor for ten years, *Télémaque* and the *Dialogues of the Dead* would almost certainly never have come into existence. Conscientiously administering his half-Flemish diocese even as Louis XIV made perpetual war on its borders, constantly engaging in a wide-ranging correspondence as spiritual counselor, Fénelon died, prematurely worn out, in January 1715.¹⁵ To this day many French Fénelonians view the archbishop of Cambrai as a saint

¹⁰ Malebranche, *Traité de l'amour de Dieu*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, ed. A. Robinet (Paris: Librairie Vrin, 1963), Vol. xiv, pp. 7ff.

¹¹ Bossuet, "Avertissement" to *Quatre écrits sur les maximes des saints*, cited by Michel Terestchenko in "La volonté déracinée dans la doctrine de Fénelon du pur amour," *Les études philosophiques* (Paris, 1992), No. 2, p. 170.

¹² Lamaison, "Introduction" to *Télémaque* (Larousse 1934), p. 7.

¹³ Aimé-Martin, *Vie de Fénelon*, pp. xxiiif. In his celebrated letter to the duc de Chevreuse (31 August 1699) he says that "I am in a dry and bitter peace, in which my health increases with work" (*Correspondance de Fénelon*, ed. Jean Orcibal (Geneva: Librairie Droz, 1993), Vol. x, p. 23).

¹⁴ For a fine commentary see Gouhier, *Fénelon philosophe*, pp. 127ff.

¹⁵ See Cardinal L.-F. de Bausset, *Histoire de Fénelon* (Paris: Chez Giguet et Michand, 1809), Vol. iii, *passim*; Paul Janet, *Fénelon*, ch. 2 ("Fénelon à Cambrai"), pp. 231ff.

and martyr, the victim of the “interested” high politics of Louis XIV, Bossuet, and the Roman *curia*.¹⁶

The year 1716 saw the posthumous publication of the magnificent *Letter on the Occupations of the Académie Française* (written in 1714), in which Fénelon contributed to “the quarrel between the ancients and the moderns” by offering glowing praise of Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, Virgil, and Cicero, and insisting that “it is our insane and cruel vanity, and not the noble simplicity of the ancients, which needs to be corrected.”¹⁷ It was that “noble simplicity” which he had tried to illustrate, in the demi-Platonic myths of “Bétique” and “Salente,” in *Télémaque, fils d'Ulysse*.¹⁸

When the ancient poets wanted to charm the imagination of men, they conducted them far from the great cities; they made them forget the luxury of their time, and led them back to the age of gold; they represented shepherds dancing on the flowered grass in the shade of a grove, in a delightful season, rather than agitated hearts, and great men who are unhappy in virtue of their very greatness...

Nothing so much marks a declining nation, as this disdainful luxuriousness which rejects the frugality of the ancients. It is this depravity which overturned Rome...

I love a hundred times better the poor Ithaca of Ulysses, than a city [Imperial Rome] shining through so odious a magnificence. Happy the men who content themselves with pleasures that cost neither crime nor ruin!¹⁹

Howsoever *Télémaque* may have contributed to Fénelon’s downfall, the book was spectacularly successful: the most read literary work in eighteenth-century France (after the Bible), cherished and praised by Rousseau, it was first translated into English in the very year of its publication, and was re-rendered by no less a figure than the

¹⁶ In this vein see Raymond Schmittein, *L’aspect politique du différend Bossuet-Fénelon* (Mainz: Éditions Art et Science, Baden, 1954), pp. 13–25.

¹⁷ Fénelon, *Lettre sur les occupations de l’Académie Française*, in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn), Vol. III, pp. 249–50.

¹⁸ Fénelon, *Télémaque, fils d’Ulysse*, critical edn. of Albert Cahen (Paris: Librairie Hachette, 1922), Books VII and X. (This fine edition has valuable notes relating Fénelon’s text to Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Plato, etc.)

¹⁹ Fénelon, *Lettre sur les occupations de l’Académie Française*, pp. 249–50. For Fénelon’s own précis of the *Odyssey*, see *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn), Vol. III, pp. 155–209.

novelist Tobias Smollett in 1776.²⁰ In Rousseau's *Emile* the eponymous pupil is given *Robinson Crusoe* as his sole adolescent reading, then Fénelon's *Télémaque* on reaching adulthood²¹ – a striking concession from one who thought almost all literature morally suspect.

II

Without doubt the two most important pieces of French political theory at the turn of the eighteenth century are Bossuet's *Politics Drawn from the Very Words of Holy Scripture* (completed in 1704)²² and Fénelon's *Les aventures de Télémaque, fils d'Ulysse* (published in 1699). While Bossuet offered the greatest of all defenses of divine-right monarchy – in which Louis XIV's rule is unbrokenly descended from Abraham's covenant with God in Genesis ("kings shall come out of you")²³ – Fénelon by contrast theorized what might be called a "republican" monarchy in which the key notions are simplicity, labor, the virtues of agriculture, the absence of luxury and splendor, and the elevation of peace over war and aggrandizement. This proto-Rousseauean, demilitarized "Spartanism" led Louis XIV, of course, to read *Télémaque* as a satire on his luxuriousness and bellicosity, and Fénelon fell permanently from official favor. Fénelon combines monarchial *rule* with republican *virtues* in a unique way: after him Montesquieu was to draw a necessary connection between monarchy and "war and the enlargement of dominion," and to separate monarchy by a categorical gulf from republican simplicity and "virtue";²⁴

²⁰ Fénelon, *Telemachus*, trans. Tobias Smollett (London: Crowden, Longman et al., 1776), 2 vols. Smollett is sometimes very faithful to Fénelon, but occasionally tries to make his prose elaborately "Johnsonian."

²¹ Rousseau, *Emile*, trans. B. Forsey (London: Everyman, 1910), pp. 147–50, 431–2. For a fine appreciation of the Fénelon–Rousseau rapport, see Judith N. Shklar, *Men and Citizens: A Study of Rousseau's Social Thought* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1969), pp. 4–6.

²² Bossuet, *Politique tirée des propres paroles de l'Ecriture Sainte*, critical edn. of Jacques Le Brun (Geneva: Librairie Droz, 1967), *passim*; Bossuet, *Politics drawn from the Very Words of Holy Scripture*, trans. and ed. Patrick Riley (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), *passim*.

²³ Bossuet, *Politics from Scripture* (Riley, ed.), Book VII, Art. vi, prop. 1, p. 245: "It is again God who establishes reigning houses. He said to Abraham, 'Kings shall come out of thee.'"

²⁴ Montesquieu, *Spirit of the Laws*, ed. A. Cohler et al. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989), Book V.

Rousseau was to restore a more nearly Fénelonian view of "republican monarchy" in his glowing Plutarchian encomium of Lycurgus²⁵ – in a Sparta not just temporally and geographically but morally distant from Versailles.

It was no accident that Rousseau so greatly admired Fénelon's fable; for, like *Emile*, *Télémaque* is the story of the moral and political education of a young man by a knowledgeable and virtuous tutor. While *Emile*, however, is – in some sense – Everyman, the tutor in *Télémaque*, Mentor, is preparing a young prince to succeed Ulysses at Ithaca.²⁶ Fénelon himself, in a letter from 1710, indicates his objective in writing *Télémaque* for his royal pupil, the duc de Bourgogne:

As for *Télémaque*, it is a fabulous narration in the form of an heroic poem like those of Homer and of Virgil, into which I have put the main instructions which are suitable for a young prince whose birth destines him to rule . . . In these adventures I have put all the truths necessary to government, and all the faults that one can find in sovereign power.²⁷

Louis XIV, for his part, saw nothing but the alleged "faults" of sovereign power in *Télémaque* – faults which Fénelon describes at length in his account of the misrule of Idomeneus, former king of Crete. (Since Idomeneus kills his own son and is deposed and exiled, one can understand Louis's displeasure!) One of Mentor's long speeches to the slowly reforming Idomeneus (now king of Salente) in Book X of *Télémaque* must have been read by Louis XIV as a veiled, mythologized version of what Fénelon would have wanted to say at, or rather against, Versailles:

It is with sadness that I feel myself constrained to tell you hard things; but shall I betray you by concealing the truth from you? Put yourself in my place. If you have been deceived up till now,

²⁵ Rousseau, *Gouvernement de Pologne*, in *Political Writings*, trans. F. Watkins (Edinburgh: Nelson, 1951), pp. 163–5; Rousseau, "Rome et Sparte," in *Political Writings*, ed. C. Vaughan (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1915), Vol. 1, pp. 314ff.

²⁶ Rousseau, *Emile*, trans. Foxley, p. 431: "Emile is not a king, nor am I a god, so that we are not distressed that we cannot imitate Telemachus and Mentor in the good they did."

²⁷ Fénelon, letter to Father LeTellier (1710), in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn), Vol. III, pp. 653–4.

it is because you wanted to be; it is because you have feared advisors who were too sincere. Have you sought after people who were the most disinterested, and the most likely to contradict you . . . to condemn your passions and your unjust feelings? . . . No, no: let us see whether you will now have the courage to be humiliated by the truth which condemns you.

. . . You have exhausted your riches; you have never thought of augmenting your people, nor of cultivating fertile lands. Was it not necessary to view those two things as the two essential foundations of your power — to have many good people, and well-cultivated lands to nourish them? It would require a long peace to favor the multiplication of your people. You should never think of anything but agriculture and the establishment of the wisest laws. A vain ambition has pushed you to the very edge of the precipice. By virtue of wanting to appear great, you have let yourself ruin your true greatness. Hasten to repair these faults; suspend all your great works; renounce this display which would ruin your new city; let your people breathe in peace.²⁸

Nor did Fénelon put such speeches only into the mouth of Mentor: at every turn, and in every chapter, the *inventions de la vanité et de la mœsse* are denounced. In Book VII, having escaped the seductions of Calypso, Mentor and Tlemaechus are told a story of the land of Bétique by Adoam, who reveals that the luxuries of Greece and Egypt are anathema in that simple land.

Among these people [Adoam says] we found gold and silver put to the same use as iron — for example as plowshares . . . They are almost all shepherds or laborers [who practice only] those arts necessary for their simple and frugal life. . .

When one speaks to them of peoples who have the art of making superb buildings, furniture of gold and silver, fabrics ornamented with embroideries and with precious stones, exquisite perfumes . . . they reply in these terms: "These people are very unfortunate to have used up so much labor and industry in order to corrupt themselves. This superfluity softens, enervates, torments those who possess it: it tempts those who are without

²⁸ Fénelon, *Télémaque, fils d'Ulysse* (critical edn. of Albert Cahen), Book X, pp. 248–9. See the astonishingly parallel passage in Fénelon's "Letter to Louis XIV," cited in Nannerl O. Keohane, *Philosophy and the State in France* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1980), p. 462. See also Fénelon, *Dialogues des morts*, "Louis XII et Louis XI": "I preferred the repose [of the people] to the glory of vanquishing my enemies", cited in Gilbert Gidel, *La politique de Fénelon* (Paris, 1960), p. 9.

it to want to acquire it through injustice and violence. Can one call 'good' a superfluity which serves only to make men evil? . . ." It is thus, Adoam went on, that those wise men spoke, who learned their wisdom only by studying mere nature.²⁹

The unfortunate outgrowths of "vanity" and "flabbiness" are set in even higher relief by Fénelon's account of the austere and noble pleasures of "just kings" who live in the eternal daylight of the Elysian fields. In Book XIV of *Télémaque*, Telemachus is ferried across the river Styx by Charon, where he sees rulers "who have governed men wisely" enjoying "a happiness infinitely greater than that of the rest of men who have loved virtue on earth."

Neither blood-covered War, nor cruel Envy which bites with a venomous tooth, and which bears vipers wound around its middle and its arms, nor Jealousy, nor Mistrust, nor Fear, nor vain Desires, ever approach this happy abode of peace . . . A pure and gentle light surrounds the bodies of these just men, and covers them in its rays like a vestment.³⁰

Here, of course, the *Champs Elysées* take on some of the coloration of a Christian heaven – even if Fénelon's avowed models are Homer and Virgil. And that Christian coloration is further brightened by the dark pages on Pluto's "ebony" regime in Hades.

What is least "Homeric," in the end, is the transformation of the notion of "heroism" in *Télémaque*. The nominal hero, of course, is Telemachus – the son of a greater hero, Ulysses.³¹ But the true hero of Fénelon's work is certainly Mentor: it is he who educates and restrains a Telemachus who could easily degenerate into another Idomeneus. The true hero for Fénelon is not the wanderer on an Odyssey to Ithaca, nor a *Louis le Grand* who sacrificed real goods to apparent ones; the true hero is the moral-civic educator – the man whom Rousseau later called "the true miracle" in *Du contrat social* II, 7.³² The proof comes at the very

²⁹ Fénelon, *Télémaque* (Cahen edn.), pp. 182–3.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 407.

³¹ Fénelon, "Ulysse et Achille," in *Dialogues des morts*, ed. B. Jullien (Paris: Hachette, c. 1938), pp. 13–14. See also Fénelon, "Achille et Homère," *ibid.*, pp. 9–10, in which the poet urges that "the adventures of the wise and patient Ulysses are worth much more than the anger of the impetuous Achilles."

³² Rousseau, *Du contrat social*, II, p. 7 ("The Legislator"), in *Political Writings*, trans. Watkins, pp. 44–5.

end of *Télémaque*: Mentor undergoes a metamorphosis and is revealed as Minerva (goddess of wisdom), and the book ends abruptly before Telemachus is shown being reunited with Ulysses. The real hero has already been resolved into pure Wisdom; the nominal hero barely reaches Ithaca.

What that true hero teaches is a political version of Fénelon's quietistic "disinterested love of God": just as one truly loves God only by renouncing self-interested *amour propre* (the hope for personal salvation), so too for Fénelon the "idea of pure disinterestedness dominates the political theories of all ancient legislators." In antiquity "it was not a matter of finding happiness in conforming to that order but, *au contraire*, of devouring oneself for love of that order, perishing, depriving the self of all resources."³³ Fénelon completes this thought with a wonderful passage which Rousseau must have had in mind when he wrote the *Economie politique* for Diderot's *Encyclopédie*³⁴ sixty years later: "All these [ancient] legislators and philosophers who reasoned about laws presupposed that the fundamental principle of political society was that of preferring the public to the self – not through hope of serving one's own interests, but through the simple, pure disinterested love of the political order, which is beauty, justice, and virtue itself."³⁵ If one "brackets" God out of Fénelonian thought, the Rousseauean "civic" ideal is more than half in place. And what is displaced is virtually everything imagined or accomplished by Louis XIV. That is clearest, perhaps, in Fénelon's "On Pure Love":

Nothing is so odious as this idea of a heart always occupied with itself: nothing delights us so much as certain generous actions which persuade the world (and us) that we have done the good for love of the good, without seeking ourselves therein. Self-love itself renders homage to this disinterested virtue, by the shrewdness with which it tries to take on the appearance of it – so true is it that man, who does not bring himself about, is not made to seek after himself, but to exist solely for him who has made him.

³³ Fénelon, "Sur le pur amour," in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn.), Vol. 1, pp. 307–309. For a slightly different view see Volker Kapp, *Télémaque de Fénelon* (Paris: Editions Place, 1982), pp. 130–5.

³⁴ Rousseau, *Economie politique*, in *Political Writings*, ed. Vaughan, Vol. 1, pp. 237ff.

³⁵ Fénelon, "Sur le pur amour," p. 309. Well treated by Keohane in *Philosophy and the State in France*, pp. 342–3, and by Albert Chérel in *Fénelon ou la religion du pur amour* (Paris: Editions Denoël et Steele, 1934), ch. 8 ("La politique de Fénelon").

His glory and his perfection consist in going out of himself [*sortir de soi*], in forgetting himself, in losing himself, in being swallowed up in the simple love of infinite beauty.³⁶

III

As a first approximation to the truth about Fénelon, then, one can say that the whole of his practical thought – religious, moral, political – is held together by the notion of disinterested love, of “going out of oneself” in order to lose oneself (*se perdre*) in a greater Beyond (or, in the case of God, Above). The disinterested love of God, without self-interest and hope for benefits, is pure “charity” (as in Pascal’s *Pensées*, in which “the self is hateful” and charity is “of another order”);³⁷ the disinterested love of one’s neighbor is “friendship” (as in Cicero’s *De amicitia*);³⁸ the disinterested love of the *polis* is a proto-Rousseauean ancient civic virtue. On this view of the moral world, an austere Pascalian *charité* and a Platonic “sublimated” (made-sublime) *eros* meet: small wonder that Fénelon, a brilliantly sympathetic classical scholar, loved the *Symposium* and *Phaedrus* with non-concupiscent passion.³⁹ (The notion that egoism is evil ties together figures as radically different as Plato, Augustine, Pascal, Fénelon, and Rousseau: in each of these there is a sublimated “ascent” from low to high. Here Kant is exceptional: for him *all* love is “pathological,” and ethics needs “reason-ordained objective ends,” not sublimated *eros*.)⁴⁰

It is precisely a charge of insufficient disinterestedness which Fénelon brings even against Cicero himself in the *Letter on the Occupations of the Académie Française*:

³⁶ “Sur le pur amour,” p. 309.

³⁷ Pascal, *Pensées*, ed. Leon Brunschwig, in *Les grands écrivains de la France* (Paris: Hachette, 1914), nos. 473–83 and (above all) 792.

³⁸ Cicero, *De amicitia*, cap. V: “We believe then that one must seek after friendship, not through hope for the advantages which one will draw from it, but because the fruit of friendship is in friendship itself” (Fénelon’s version in “Sur le pur amour,” p. 307).

³⁹ Fénelon, “Sur le pur amour,” particularly p. 308: “Plato [in the *Symposium*] cites the example of Alcestis, who dies to make her spouse live. That, according to Plato, is what makes man a god – preferring the other, through love, to oneself, to the point of forgetting oneself, sacrificing oneself, counting oneself as nothing.”

⁴⁰ Kant, *Religion within the Limits of Reason Alone*, trans. T. M. Greene and H. Hudson (New York: Harper & Row, 1960), p. 6n.

No one admires Cicero more than I do ... But one notices some adornment in his speeches: their art is marvelous, but one foresees it; the orator, in thinking of the salvation of the Republic, does not forget himself and does not let himself be forgotten. Demosthenes seems to go out of himself [*sortir de soi*], and to see only the fatherland. He does not seek out the beautiful, he offers it without thinking of it; he is above admiration ... I avow that I am less moved by the infinite art and the magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than by the quick simplicity of Demosthenes.

But the disinterestedness which Cicero sometimes lacks, for Fénelon, must appear in the historian who would understand politics:

The good historian is not from any time or any country: while he loves his fatherland he never flatters it in anything. The French historian must make himself neutral between France and England: he must praise Talbot as gladly as Duguésclin, and render as much justice to the military talents of the prince of Wales as to the wisdom of Charles V.⁴¹

It is, however, not finally sufficient to say merely that "disinterested" civic virtue, *à la Sparta*, is a political "version" of the disinterested love of God: for the city can never be the worthy object of pure love that God is. For Fénelon "Spartan" virtue is a kind of collective egoism – it goes "beyond" the self, but not (as it were) "above" the self. It is a lateral encompassing, not an "ascent" (as in Plato's *Phaedrus* or Augustine's *Confessions*).

Disinterested statesmanship is the link, for Fénelon, between good politics and true or full disinterested love; but fully disinterested love goes well beyond mere politics. True disinterestedness requires "dying to oneself" (*mourir à soi*) – so that even when Fénelon speaks of "finding oneself" in God (*qua* object of "unmixed" love) the self must still be self-effacing.⁴² One can, paradoxically, hope for the eternal happiness which is reserved to the elect (through special grace given by a divine *volonté particulière*)⁴³ only if, here below, one loves a God who might, *ex hypothesi*, damn one eternally; one may finally get happiness provided the hope for it was never one's motive –

⁴¹ Fénelon, *Lettre sur les occupations de l'Académie Française*, p. 248.

⁴² Fénelon, "Bonheur de l'âme," in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn.), Vol. 1, pp. 330–1.

⁴³ See particularly Fénelon's letters to François Lami (on grace and predestination) in *Oeuvres spirituelles* (Antwerp 1751, orig. edn. 1718), Vol. iv, pp. 290–321.

as in Kant's "postulate" of a *summum bonum* (virtue and happiness combined) that one may receive provided one's incentive was never eudaeemonic.⁴⁴

A closely related Fénelonian problem is this: one must *will* the "pure love" of God, and for Fénelon the most worrying thing about Jansenism is its demi-Calvinist shrinking of "will" to the vanishing point (to make room for grace).⁴⁵ But "will" is the spontaneous self-determination of a subject, a "self", unless one defines "will" as fully determined "last appetite," in the manner of Hobbes's *Leviathan*, ch. vi. Bossuet may have attacked Fénelon from an unworthy motive: but what Bossuet says against Fénelon's notion of human motivation – that it gives a motiveless motive, a will-less will, an effacement of self-concern that is inconceivable in a finite being – is not obviously wholly mistaken. From a morally suspect motive Bossuet may have shown that Fénelon's notion of "motive" is conceptually suspect. Here Bossuet also has the advantage of standing with the Thomist tradition of the *Summa contra Gentiles* (III, 25): "The final end of man, as of every intellectual substance, is called felicity or happiness; it is that which every intellectual substance desires as its final end, and because of that only. The knowledge of God is thus the happiness and the final end of every intellectual substance."

The "disinterested" statesmanship which Mentor recommends to Idomeneus in *Télémaque* Book X (and which Fénelon himself recommended to Louis XIV) is in any case a very weakened, attenuated version of pure love – it is what the *Maximes des saints* calls "mixed" love. What Fénelon really admires is withdrawal from the ordinary social world, a sublimated ascent to God. For one must acknowledge "the brevity and uncertainty of life, the inconstancy of fortune, the faithlessness of friends, the illusion of great positions . . . the discontent of the great, the nothingness of all the greatest hopes, the emptiness of all the goods one possesses, the reality of all the evils that one suffers." And the sole remedy is the *sortir de soi*: the one who would be saved "will have contempt for himself and hate himself, he will leave himself, he will fear himself, he will renounce himself, he will abandon himself to God, he will lose himself in Him. Happy

⁴⁴ Kant, *Critique of Practical Reason*, trans. I. W. Beck (Indianapolis: Library of Liberal Arts, 1956) pp. 126–36.

⁴⁵ See Hink Hillenaar, *Fénelon and the Jesuits* (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1967), pp. 40–51.

loss!"⁴⁶ In a sense Fénelon ought to have been an ascetic, standing outside society, a Styliste on his column in the desert; instead he was archbishop, duke, and prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Some unsympathetic biographers have suggested that Fénelon unconsciously courted the social annihilation which Louis XIV brought down on him: and indeed there may well be, within Fénelon, a permanent tension between an inherited aristocratic notion that *noblesse oblige*, and an other-worldly mysticism that shrinks not just from nobility but from life itself. It is no wonder that Fénelon, contrasting ancient and modern versions of *Oedipus*, preferred Sophocles to Corneille⁴⁷ – for it was the Greek who said, “best never to have been born.”

The ascetic side of Fénelon, surely the deepest one, is well expressed in an astonishing paragraph from the essay, “Happiness of the Soul which gives itself entirely to God”:

It is in seeing God that one sees the nothingness of the world, which will evaporate like a mist. All forms of greatness, and their consequences, will vanish like a dream: every height will be pulled down, every power will be wiped out, every proud head will be bowed under the weight of the eternal majesty of God. On that day when he shall judge men, with one glance he will efface everything that shines in this present night, as the sun in rising effaces all the stars. One will see only God everywhere, so great will he be . . . What has become, men will say, of those things which had enchanted our hearts? What is left of them? Alas: there remains not even the mark of the place where they stood.⁴⁸

IV

The “object” of (even purely disinterested) statesmanship, then, will still be comparatively *low*: the temporal well-being of people who mostly will not be “saints,” who can at best be taught a quasi-ancient austerity that will not be positively corrupting. Even if they love the *polis*, à la Demosthenes, what is it that they disinterestedly love? The earthly city of Augustine’s *De civitate Dei* – a terrestrial vale of tears

⁴⁶ Fénelon, “Bonheur de l’âme,” in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn.), Vol. 1, p. 330.

⁴⁷ Fénelon, *Lettre sur les occupations de l’Académie Française*, pp. 246–50.

⁴⁸ Fénelon, “Bonheur de l’âme,” p. 331.

in which even the benevolent judge will torture and kill the innocent from sheer ignorance ("though we acquit the judge of all malice, nonetheless we must admit that human life is miserable").⁴⁹ Fénelon himself possessed in full measure an Augustinian gift for cataloguing social calamities in depressing detail – as is clear in his *Pastoral Letter* for Lent 1711:

. . . iniquity abounds, and charity is chilled. Display and ambition make the rich inhuman and pitiless. Misery and despair reduce the poor to theft and infamy . . . Luxury sustains itself only at the cost of the widow and the orphan. The false conveniences which have been invented, contrary to the simplicity of our fathers, inconvenience the very ones who can no longer do without them, and ruin all families. Commerce no longer turns on anything but fraud. Society is full of suspicions, of envenomed criticism, of cruel mockery, of jealousy, of disguised slander, and of treachery. The more needs grow, the more one sees growing with them avidity, envy, and the art of harming to exclude one's competitors.⁵⁰

One often wonders: why does the Fénelonian God create a finite world full of pilgrims most of whom will not reach their heavenly destination? Even the "saints" who love God purely, hoping for nothing, cannot "add" to his glory – for Christ himself added nothing, by the Incarnation, to God's lovable perfection (as Fénelon makes clear in the *Refutation de Malebranche*).⁵¹ Why, then, to pose Leibniz's question, should there be "something rather than nothing,"⁵² on the Fénelonian view? All theodicies, all attempts to "plead the cause of God," are defeated by this question; it is because theodicists all start with a (basically Greek) notion of an infinitely perfect, self-sufficient Being, then try to ask what motive such a being can have had to create a world which is "metaphysically evil" (Leibniz)⁵³ or "débris"

⁴⁹ St. Augustine, *De civitate Dei*, Book XIX.

⁵⁰ Fénelon, "Mandement" for Lent 1711, in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn), Vol. II, p. 478.

⁵¹ Fénelon, *Refutation du système du Père Malebranche*, in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn), Vol. II, p. 284. See Patrick Riley, "Introduction" to Malebranche, *Treatise on Nature and Grace* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1992), p. 50.

⁵² Leibniz, "On the Ultimate Origin of Things" (1697), in *Leibniz: Selections*, ed. P. Wiener (New York: Scribner's, 1951), pp. 345–7.

⁵³ Leibniz, *Theodicy*, trans. A. Farrer (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1952), Preface, pp. 49–72.

(Malebranche)⁵⁴ or “falling into ruins” (Fénelon).⁵⁵ But no such motive is imaginable, given an Aristotelian conception (*Ethics* 1178b) of perfect self-sufficiency; nothing finite and temporal could “satisfy” a Being whose only joy would flow from self-contemplation *ad infinitum*.

It is hard to see why, then, in Fénelon, there should be any finite world (in time) at all. This was a general problem for the thinkers of Fénelon’s generation – with Malebranche saying, in *Traité de la nature et de la grâce* (1680), that there is no natural rapport between the *être infiniment parfait* and the “ruined” world, that only Christ *qua* “perfect victim” redeems the finite.⁵⁶ It is no wonder, then, that Fénelon loved Plato so much: for it is Plato above all (*Republic* vii, 526b) who magnifies eternal changeless “essence,” free of all Heraclitean flux, and who shrinks mere “genesis” in time to an “unsuitable” object of study. But then another Genesis becomes difficult to explain, and the Incarnation of Christ changes from “condescension” to something unintelligible. It is not accidental that while Fénelon’s one-time mentor Bossuet wrote a work called *Politics drawn from the Very Words of Holy Scripture*, Fénelon’s great contribution to politics, *Télémaque*, is styled “continuation of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*”: at least Homer was Greek, even if the heroic *ethos* of the Homeric age was still “monstrous,”⁵⁷ not yet a Socratic/Platonic love of eternal moral verity (*Phaedo* 75d, *Euthyphro* 9e–10e).

St. Paul had denigrated Greek *philosophia* in I Corinthians (“where is the wise?”), and Tertullian had driven a wedge between “Athens” and “Jerusalem”;⁵⁸ if Bossuet tilts markedly towards the city of David, Fénelon inclines towards that of Socrates and Demosthenes. If Bossuet built on Genesis 17, 6 (“kings will come out of you”), and insisted on the wisdom of David and Solomon (“the wisest of all kings”), Fénelon places his faith in Ulysses’ wisdom as revealed by Homer, and his hope in Ulysses’ son Telemachus. Certainly some very characteristic Fénelon utterances seem more Greek, and more

⁵⁴ Malebranche, *Méditation chrétiennes et métaphysiques*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, Vol. xi, “Méditation” no. vii, sect. 11 (p. 73).

⁵⁵ Fénelon, “Bonheur de l’âme,” p. 321. A very different kind of theodicy, stressing power rather than perfection, is in the Book of Job.

⁵⁶ Malebranche, *Nature and Grace*, ed. Riley, *Discourse* i, pt. 1, sect. iii (pp. 112–13).

⁵⁷ Fénelon, *Lettre sur les occupations de l’Académie Française*, pp. 246–50.

⁵⁸ Tertullian, *De praescriptiones hereticorum*, cap. 7, cited in *Alexander to Constantine*, ed. Ernest Barker (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1955), pp. 448–9.

exactly Platonic, than "Christian". "As soon as we shall no longer have any desires or fears, with respect to the body, we shall remain freed from the law of time. The extinction of all personal will and the detachment from all that changes, places us in that eternal peace for which we are made."⁵⁹ (Fénelon's natural "drift" is ever eastwards, towards nirvana.)

Indeed, ironically enough, it may be only Plato who can "redeem" the temporal world in some measure for Fénelon. At least, for Fénelon, disinterested friendship and disinterested civic virtue are shadows of a "pure" love; and a shadow enjoys a ghostly, secondary, epiphenomenal existence. It is not utterly illusory: it is "cast" by something real – as in Plato's *Timaeus* (49b) the apparent strives to "participate" in the real. Fénelon's Platonism, shaped above all by *Phaedrus* and the *Symposium*, certainly reduces genesis/Genesis to a bare wisp of being: "Let us love eternal beauty, which does not grow old, and which keeps from aging those who love only her; let us have contempt for this world which is already falling into ruins in all its parts."⁶⁰

V

Why should Fénelon have chosen Telemachus? Simply because he is the perfect Greek candidate for Fénelonian education. He is young, not yet fully formed; he providentially vanishes from Book 5 to Book 15 of the *Odyssey*, leaving Fénelon a chance to "develop" him freely; he is the son of the wisest of the heroes of the Trojan War, Ulysses, and destined by the Fates to be king of Ithaca. That descent from Ulysses was central to Fénelon, as a glance at the *Dialogues on Eloquence* and the *Dialogues of the Dead* ("Ulysses and Achilles") will show.

In the *Iliad* Achilles is . . . represented naturally, with all his faults; these faults themselves are one of the subjects on which the poet wanted to instruct posterity . . .

It is true that the *Odyssey* represents, in Ulysses, a hero who is more regular and more accomplished . . . it is indeed the case that a man whose character is that of wisdom, like Ulysses, shows a conduct which is more exact and more uniform than that of a young

⁵⁹ Fénelon, letter to Mme de Maintenon (1 January 1693), in *Correspondance de Fénelon*, ed. Orcibal, Vol. II, pp. 254–5.

⁶⁰ Fénelon, "Bonheur de l'âme," p. 331.

man such as Achilles, who is of a boiling and impetuous nature . . . The *Odyssey* contains, on all sides, a thousand moral instructions for all the situations of life; one has only to read it to see that the painter has only painted a wise man (who is equal to everything through his wisdom) in order to teach posterity those fruits that one must expect from piety, prudence, and good morals.⁶¹

And in "Ulysses and Achilles" Fénelon has Telemachus' father tell Hector's killer that "I have borne for twenty years, at the siege of Troy and in my voyages, all the dangers and all the misfortunes that can exercise the courage and the wisdom of a man." By contrast, in Ulysses' view, Achilles shows only "impetuous folly," and is as "brutal" as Ajax.⁶² For Fénelon the Greek "heroes" at Troy are as egomaniacal as those in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* – with the crucial exception of Ulysses.

But in a sense what matters most about Telemachus is his "pre-Christianity": that is an advantage because "interested" hope for personal happiness is not his motive. For it is Fénelon's view that Christianity vibrates between the sublime ("pure love" of God) and the contemptible (anxiety over personal well-being, egoism eternalized). If ancient virtue lacks the sublime object of "high" Christianity, it is at least not selfish; its motive is sublime. Horrified as Fénelon would have been by most of Nietzsche's *Antichrist*, he would have agreed that the obsession with personal salvation is reducible to the notion that "the world revolves around me."⁶³

Thus it is a constant Fénelonian strategy to say: you see that even the pagans had a loftier idea of *disinterestedness* than is usually found in our modern times; the ancients at least understood non-egoistic motivation, even if they aimed at a less-than-final object – at friendship or civic virtue or beauty, not at God. The intention was right even if the end was admirable rather than final. For Fénelon most Christians have the right "object" (God) but the wrong motive (self-love); for him most ancients have the right motive (disinterestedness) but the wrong object (the *polis*).

⁶¹ Fénelon, *Dialogues on Eloquence*, in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn.), Vol. 1, p. 681. For a fine treatment of the *Dialogues on Eloquence*, see Goré, *L'inéraire de Fénelon*, pt. I, ch. 8, pp. 250ff.

⁶² Fénelon, *Dialogues des morts*, pp. 13–14.

⁶³ Nietzsche, *The Antichrist*, in *The Portable Nietzsche*, trans. W. Kaufmann (New York: Viking, 1954), pp. 618–19.

It is revealing that, in the great quarrel with Bossuet over "disinterested" love, Fénelon can find nothing more damning than the assertion that even the Epicureans (never mind the Platonists!) had a higher idea of disinterested love than those modern Christians who "mix" personal hope and fear with their devotion to God. Since the gods of Epicurus are famously without "providence," what could be more telling than to rank Bossuet's celebrated *Provédence particulière* (which supplies Louis XIV to France *en particulier*)⁶⁴ beneath the most reviled and execrated of ancient philosophical sects? The central practical maxim of the Epicureans, Fénelon urges, was "based on the idea of love which is due for itself and which is excellent in itself, even if it should not be useful to us. This idea is much more perfect than that of a love which has no other *raison d'aimer* than our own happiness."⁶⁵ Thus Bossuet, in Fénelon's view, becomes a kind of cosmic Benthamite, *avant la lettre*.

To prop up his debased notion that one loves God for oneself – for present earthly benefits achieved through wheedling prayer followed by eternal felicity – Bossuet, in Fénelon's view, tries to warp St. Augustine. But Augustinian *delectio* cannot be bent in that direction:

Let us come to St. Augustine. If he says only that nature ceaselessly has the non-deliberated inclination to content itself, he says what is quite true; and at bottom that is all that he says. If you [Bossuet] want to make him say in addition that the motive of being happy is the sole reason for loving that can operate in man, you will make him say that man only loves God for his own happiness . . . [But] when he says what you report, he speaks only, with the philosophers, about natural inclination. It is Cicero whom he cites . . . In representing this kind of beatitude towards which nature tends, he does not claim at all to speak of supernatural and eternal beatitude . . . he speaks only of a *delectation* which is as transient as this life.⁶⁶

VI

For Fénelon even good politics – ancient "disinterestedness" and civic virtue – is not a sufficient "going out of oneself" (*sortir de soi*).

⁶⁴ Bossuet, *Oraison funèbre de Marie-Thérèse d'Autriche* (1683), in *Oeuvres*, ed. Abbé Vélat (Paris: Pléiade, 1961), p. 110.

⁶⁵ Fénelon, third letter to Bossuet on the *Maximes des saints*, in *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (1835 edn.) vol. II, p. 136

⁶⁶ Fénelon (1835 edn.), Vol. II, p. 138. *Ibid.* (second letter), p. 130.

But if politics cannot be simply good (God alone is good), it can be less bad: one can at least avoid a Hobbesian politics in which "the passion to be reckoned upon is fear," or a Hegelian type of politics in which the state is a satisfying realization of "mind on earth."⁶⁷ At a minimum Fénelon can be a kind of neo-Augustinian: recognizing politics' necessity but not "taking it for more than it is" (Oakeshott).⁶⁸ What is plainly ruled out, for Fénelon, is a Machiavellian view of politics as glorious, as the supreme work of human art (as in the Introduction to Book I of the *Discourses*). For Fénelon the politics of Bétique (or even Salente) can at best offer a morally tolerable, austere refuge while one waits for an eternal felicity that one scarcely dares hope for.

Those who cultivate their reason and who love virtue – can they compare the vain and ruinous luxury which in our times is the plague of morality and the shame of the nation, with the happy and elegant simplicity which the ancients place before our eyes?

Virgil, who saw all the magnificence of Rome from close up, turned the poverty of King Evander into the grace and the ornament of his poem [the *Aeneid*] . . . Virgil even goes to the point of comparing a free, peaceable, and pastoral life with the voluptuous actions, mixed with trouble, which come into play with great fortunes. He imagines nothing happy except a wise mediocrity, in which men would be secure from the desire for prosperity, and [full of] compassion for the miseries of others.⁶⁹

Insofar as Fénelon fuses "ancient" disinterested love with a "modern" object (the Christian God), he truly is, in the words of Sainte-Beuve, "si athénien et si chrétien, tout ensemble",⁷⁰ and he truly is – anticipating the language of the Rousseau who loved him disinterestedly – a "modern who has an ancient soul."⁷¹

⁶⁷ Hegel, *Philosophy of Right*, trans. T. M. Knox (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1942), pp. 11–12.

⁶⁸ M. Oakeshott, "The Claims of Politics," *Scrutiny*, September 1939.

⁶⁹ Fénelon, *Lettre sur les occupations de l'Académie Française*, pp. 248–50.

⁷⁰ C. A. Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries de lundi* (27 March 1854) (Paris: Garnier, 1875), Vol. x, p. 19.

⁷¹ Rousseau, "Jugement sur la Polysynodie" (of Abbé de St. Pierre), in *Political Writings*, ed. Vaughan, Vol. 1, p. 421.

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Works of Fénelon

Oeuvres de Fénelon (Paris 1835), 3 vols., with a good "Vie de Fénelon" by M. Aimé-Martin. The most useful collected edition; it contains all the works of Fénelon mentioned in this edition of *Telemachus*.

Correspondance de Fénelon, ed. J. Orcibal (Geneva, 1975-), series still in progress. A splendid critical edition in which every second volume contains a detailed commentary on the letters themselves.

Explication des maximes des saints (1697), critical edition of Albert Cherel (Paris, 1911). Fénelon's main work on "quietism" and the "disinterested love of God"; condemned by Rome in 1699.

Les aventures de Télémaque, fils d'Ulysse (Suite du quatrième livre de l'Odyssée) (Paris 1699). This first, unauthorized edition was printed, without Fénelon's permission, through "the infidelity of a copyist." Fénelon never published a definitive version, but his nephew edited a more reliable version (from Fénelon's copy) after the death of the archbishop (1715). Before the French Revolution at least 200 editions of *Télémaque* were printed; it was the most read work in eighteenth-century France. An English translation appeared in 1699; for a long time the "standard" English version was that of Hawkesworth (London 1741), but incomparably the best translation is the little-known one by Tobias Smollett (London 1776, 2 vols.). Since Smollett captures Fénelon's tone so well, his version has been followed here whenever possible – while correcting his deviations from accuracy. The best modern French version of *Télémaque* is that of Albert Cahen (Paris 1922); the fine notes to this critical edition bring out Fénelon's debts to Homer, Plato, Virgil, Ovid, etc.

Works about Fénelon

Bausset, L. F., cardinal de, *Histoire de Fénelon* (Paris 1809), 3 vols. The standard nineteenth-century life, reasonably impartial concerning the great quarrel between Fénelon and Bossuet over "quietism."

Bossuet, Jacques-Bénigne, *Quatre écrits sur les maximes des saints*, in *Oeuvres de Bossuet* (Versailles 1818), Vol. xvii. A collection of Bossuet's attacks on Fénelonian "quietism." Bossuet accused Fénelon of deviating from Thomist orthodoxy and of destroying all hope of salvation.

Carcassonne, Ely, *Fénelon: L'homme et l'œuvre* (Paris 1946). Judicious and fair-minded.

Cognet, Louis, *Le crépuscule des mystiques: le conflit Fénelon–Bossuet* (Tournai 1958). The best work on the subject.

Davis, J. H., *Fénelon* (Boston 1979). Brings out Fénelon's politics; best on Fénelon's *Education of Girls* (1687).

Dix-septième siècle, special number (1951) for the 300th anniversary of the birth of Fénelon (1651–1951). Excellent pieces by Gouhier, Goré, Cognet, Orcibal, etc.

Goré, Jeanne-Lydie, "Fénelon ou du pur amour: à la politique de la charité," in *Dix-septième siècle*, No. 90–1, 1971, pp. 57–73. Argues that Fénelon's practice (as archbishop of Cambrai) was better than his theory (of disinterested love): he showed himself very interested in alleviating the misery of his war-wracked diocese.

Goré, Jeanne-Lydie, *L'itinéraire de Fénelon: humanisme et spiritualité* (Paris 1957), 2 vols. A wonderful treatment of every facet of Fénelon's life and thought; one of the magistral works of post-war French scholarship.

Gouhier, Henri, *Fénelon philosophe* (Paris 1977). The best book to take Fénelon seriously as a philosopher, à la Descartes or Malebranche; excellent on Fénelon's theology.

Hillenaar, Hink, *Fénelon and the Jesuits* (The Hague 1967). Shows that the odd and unexpected alliance between Fénelon and the Jesuits was based on a shared loathing of Jansenism.

Janet, Paul, *Fénelon: His Life and Work*, trans. V. Lenliette (London 1941). Good on Fénelon's political thought, and on his activity as preceptor to the duc de Bourgogne.

Kapp, Volker, *Télémaque de Fénelon* (Paris 1982). Argues that Fénelon's "mysticism" and his politics meet at only one point: in opposition to "self-love."

Kelly, George Armstrong, *Mortal Politics in Eighteenth-Century France* (Waterloo, Canada, 1986). Contains a few beautiful pages on Fénelon's *Dialogues of the Dead*.

Keohane, Nannerl O., *Philosophy and the State in France* (Princeton 1980). Especially good on Fénelon's plans for reform in France (as outlined in the so-called *Tables de Chaulnes*); also good on Fénelon's crucial essay, "Sur le pur amour."

Leibniz, G. W., "Felicity" (c. 1694-8), in *Leibniz: Political Writings*, 2nd edn., ed. and trans. Patrick Riley (Cambridge 1988). A critique of "disinterested" love by the greatest German thinker of Fénelon's time.

Malebranche, Nicolas, *Traité de l'amour de Dieu* (1697), in *Oeuvres complètes de Malebranche*, ed. André Robinet et al. (Paris 1958-), Vol. XIV. A critique of Fénelonian quietism by the greatest French metaphysician after Descartes.

Riley, Patrick, *The General Will before Rousseau* (Princeton 1986). Brings out Fénelon's attack on Malebranche's *Providence générale* and comments on the growing rift between Fénelon and Bossuet.

Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, *Emile*, Pléiade edn. (Paris 1959). Towards the end of the work Rousseau brings out parallels between Mentor/Telemachus and Rousseau/Emile; he also brings out key differences.

Sainte-Beuve, C. A., "Fénelon," in *Causeries de lundi*, 27 March 1854 Garnier edn. (Paris 1875), Vol. x. Argues that Fénelon was at once, and equally, "Athenian" and "Christian."

Schmittlein, R., *L'aspect politique du différend Bossuet-Fénelon* (Mainz 1954). Fénelon as saint and martyr; by contrast Bossuet is "a serf dazzled by his sovereign" (Louis XIV).

Critical bibliography

Shklar, Judith N., *Men and citizens: A Study of Rousseau's Social Thought* (Cambridge 1969, re-issued 1975). Splendid on Rousseau's devotion to Fénelon.

Terestchenko, Michel, "La volonté déracinée dans la doctrine de Fénelon du pur amour," in *Les études philosophiques* (Paris 1992, no. 2). Argues that Fénelon, out of would-be Augustinian orthodoxy, tried to preserve "will" and "voluntariness" but that his attack on the "self" makes will problematical. The best piece on Fénelon's ethics in recent times.

Biographical sketches

AUGUSTINE, St. (Augustinus Aurelius) (AD 354–430), bishop of Hippo Regius (Roman Africa) and principal Father of the Church. For Fénelon, Augustine is problematical because of *delectio*: the notion that through erotic “ascent” we rise from the concupiscent love of bodies to a higher love of God and truth. Fénelon tries to confine Augustinian “delight” to the realm of nature, urging that personal *delectio* should not apply to a supernatural being (God).

BOSSUET, Jacques-Bénigne (1627–1704). The most formidable French ecclesiastic of the *grand siècle*: bishop of Meaux, confessor to Louis XIV, tutor to the Dauphin, author of *Politics from Scripture* and the *Universal History*. Bossuet “discovered” and promoted Fénelon, but the latter’s *rapproches* with Mme Guyon, mysticism, and “quietism” led to an acrimonious rupture and *guerre de plume*; Bossuet dispatched his nephew to Rome to guarantee Fénelon’s condemnation (1699).

BOURGOGNE, duc de (1682–1712), grandson of Louis XIV and heir apparent to the French throne after the death of the Grand Dauphin; Fénelon’s pupil, beginning in 1689. According to Saint-Simon’s *Mémoires*, the duc de Bourgogne was “born terrible” but became affable, gentle, and pious through Fénelon’s transformative efforts. Had Burgundy lived to succeed Louis XIV, Fénelon might well have become his first minister.

CICERO, Marcus Tullius (106–43 BC). For Fénelon, Cicero is above all the author of *De amicitia* – the treatise praising self-effacing friendship. Fénelon had his doubts about Cicero’s political works

and forensic efforts, saying that Demosthenes was more "disinterested" and civic-minded.

GUYON, Mme (Jeanne-Marie Bouvier de la Motte) (1648–1717). Fénelon's careful and limited defense of the mystical transports of this provincial enthusiast finally led him to write *Maxims of the Saints on the Inner Life* in 1697 – which was condemned by Rome in 1699.

HOMER (eighth century BC). For Fénelon, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are a pair of cautionary moral tales: the honor-seeking heroics of Achilles, Ajax, and Hector are subordinated to the wisdom and patience of Ulysses. Then Ulysses furnishes Telemachus as raw material for Mentor's educative ministrations in *Telemachus*.

LEIBNIZ, Gottfried Wilhelm (1646–1716). The greatest German philosopher before Kant, Leibniz opposed Fénelon's version of "disinterested" love, saying that we find our pleasure (not profit or interest) in the perfection of others, and that this constitutes "charity" (*Felicity*, c. 1694–8).

LOUIS XIV (1638–1715), king of France from 1643, viewed Fénelon as brilliant but "chimerical," and banished him from Versailles in 1697 as the "quietist" controversy grew. Fénelon was divested of his tutorship to the duc de Bourgogne, and never saw Versailles or Paris again. Louis XIV survived Fénelon by a few months.

MALEBRANCHE, Nicolas (1638–1715). The "greatest French metaphysician after Descartes" (Rodis-Lewis). His *Traité de l'amour de Dieu* (1697) cast doubt on Fénelon's notion of disinterested love which hopes for nothing for itself.

PLATO (428–347 BC). For Fénelon two things matter most in Platonism: disinterested or de-eroticized love in the *Phaedrus* and *Symposium*, and the notion of changeless eternity as superior to mere "genesis" and Heraclitean flux in *Phaedo*, *Meno*, *Euthyphro*, and the *Republic* (Book VII).

ROUSSEAU, Jean-Jacques (1712–78), greatly admired Fénelon's *Télémaque* as a *Bildungsroman* stressing moral and political education; Fénelon's book is the only one given to Emile by his tutor when the pupil reaches adulthood at the end of *Emile*.

VIRGIL (70–19 BC). For Fénelon Virgil is above all the author of the *Georgics* and the *Elegies*, with their praise of pastoral simplicity

and rural felicity. Some details from the *Aeneid* are borrowed by Fénelon for *Telemachus* – above all Telemachus' descent into Hades in search of Ulysses.

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FRANCOIS DE FENELON
TELEMACHUS, SON OF
ULYSSES



Book I

The argument

Telemachus, conducted by Minerva in the guise of Mentor, after being shipwrecked, goes ashore on the island of the goddess Calypso, who still lamented the departure of Ulysses. The goddess gives him a favorable reception, becomes enamored of him, offers him immortality, and desires to know his adventures. He entertains her with a story of his voyage to Pylos and Lacedaemon; his shipwreck on the coast of Sicily; the risk he ran of being sacrificed to the soul of Anchises; the assistance which Mentor gave Acestes during an incursion of the barbarians; and the king's gratitude for that service, in bestowing upon them a Tyrian ship to return to their country.

Calypso remained inconsolable for the departure of Ulysses. In her sadness, she found herself miserable in being immortal. Her grotto no longer resounded with her song; her attendant nymphs were afraid to speak to her. She often walked alone upon the flowery turf, which a perpetual spring had diffused around her island; but these beautiful places, far from assuaging her grief, served only to recall the melancholy remembrance of Ulysses, by whom she had been so often accompanied. Frequently did she stand motionless on the beach of the sea, which she watered with her tears; and her face was always turned towards that quarter where the ship of Ulysses, plowing the waves, had disappeared from her eyes.

All of a sudden she perceived the debris of a vessel, which had just been shipwrecked; the banks of rowers broken in pieces, the oars scattered here and there upon the sand, together with the rudder, mast, and cordage floating along the beach. Then she became aware

of two men at a distance, one of whom appeared to be aged; the other, though a youth, bore a strong resemblance to Ulysses. He had his gentleness and pride, together with his majestic make and his size. The goddess understood that it was Telemachus, the son of the hero. But though the gods far surpass mankind in knowledge, she could not recognize that venerable man by whom Telemachus was accompanied: for the superior gods conceal whatever they please from the inferior deities; and Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the form of Mentor, was resolved to remain unknown to Calypso.

Meanwhile, this goddess rejoiced at the shipwreck which had thrown on her isle the son of Ulysses, so much the image of his father. Advancing towards him without pretending to know who he was, "Whence," she said, "proceeds this rashness, of landing on my island? Know, young stranger, that no person enters my empire with impunity."

Under these threatening words she endeavored to conceal the joy of her heart, which, in spite of all her efforts, sparkled in her eyes.

Telemachus thus replied, "O you, whosoever you are, mortal or goddess, (though by your appearance you can be no other than a divinity), will you not sympathize with the misfortune of a son, who, in quest of his father, tossed at the mercy of the winds and waves, has seen his vessel wrecked upon your rocks?"

"Who is that father you are in quest of?" resumed the goddess.

"His name is Ulysses," said Telemachus; "one of those kings who, after a ten years' siege, have overthrown the famous city of Troy. His name was celebrated all over Greece and Asia for his valor in battle, but still more for his wisdom in council. At present roving through the whole extent of ocean, he is exposed to the most dreadful perils. His country seems to fly before him. His wife Penelope, and I, who am his son, have lost all hope of seeing him again. I undergo the same dangers in order to learn where he is. But what do I say! Perhaps he is now buried in the profound abysses of the sea. Have pity on our misfortunes; and if you know, O goddess, what the destinies have accomplished, either to save or destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe to make his son Telemachus acquainted with his fate."

Calypso, astonished and affected by so much wisdom and eloquence in such early youth, surveyed him in silence, as if her eyes could never be satisfied. At length she said to him: "Telemachus, we

will inform you of what has happened to your father. But the story is long, and it is time for you to refresh yourself after all your fatigues! Come to my habitation, where I will receive you as my own son; come, you will be my consolation in this solitude, I will crown you with happiness, provided you know how to enjoy it."

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was surrounded by a bevy of young nymphs, among whom she towered the tallest by a head, as a lofty forest oak uprears his thick boughs above all the other trees that surround him. He admired the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple dye of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied behind with the most graceful negligence, the fire that sparkled in her eyes, and the sweetness of look that tempered their vivacity. Mentor, with down-cast eyes, followed Telemachus in modest silence.

When they arrived at the entrance of Calypso's grotto, Telemachus was astonished to see such a profusion of all that could delight the view, mingled with the appearance of rural simplicity. Here one saw neither gold nor silver, neither marble columns, pictures, nor statues; but the grotto was scooped out of the rock in arcades abounding with pebbles and shell work; and it was lined with a young vine which extended its pliant branches equally on every side. The balmy zephyrs here preserved a most delicious coolness, in spite of the sun's heat; fountains, sweetly murmuring as they ran along the meadows, adorned with amaranths and violets, formed in different parts delightful baths, as pure and transparent as crystal. A thousand springing flowers enameled the green carpet with which the grotto was surrounded. And here was seen a wood of those trees that bear the golden apple, which flower in every season, and diffuse the sweetest of all perfumes; this wood that seemed to crown those charming meads, produced a shade which the sun's rays could not penetrate. There nothing was ever heard but the song of birds, or the sound of a brook, which gushing from a rock on high, and boiling and foaming as it fell, escaped across the adjacent meadow.

The grotto of the goddess was situated upon the declivity of a little hill, from whence there was a prospect of the sea, sometimes clear and smooth as glass, sometimes as madly raging, dashing itself against the rocks with furious din, and spouting its billows mountain-high. On the other side was the view of a river that formed a number of islands, bordered with flowering limes, and tall poplars that raised their lofty heads even to the clouds. The different streams by which

the islands were formed seemed to play along the field; some rolled their crystal waves with rapidity; others glided with a gentle sleepy course; while others in long meanders returned as if they meant to revisit their source, and seemed incapable of leaving those enchanted scenes. At a distance appeared a number of hills and mountains, which seemed to lose themselves among the clouds, and whose fantastic figures formed an agreeable horizon to delight the view. The neighboring mountains were covered with verdant vines hanging in festoons, and so loaded with fruit that their leaves could not conceal the ripe clusters, more beautiful than the finest purple. The country was covered with all kinds of trees, the fig, the olive, and the pomegranate; so that it looked like one great garden.

Calypso having shown these natural beauties to Telemachus, said to him: "Repose yourself; your garments are wet, and it is necessary they should be changed; when you are refreshed we will visit you again, and tell you such things as will not fail to touch your tender heart."

So saying, she introduced him and Mentor to the most remote and secret part of a grotto not far from her own habitation. There the nymphs had taken care to light a blazing fire of cedar, which diffused an agreeable odor all around, and left fresh garments for the new guests.

Telemachus perceiving what was intended for him, to be a tunic of the finest wool, more white than drifted snow, and a purple robe embroidered with gold, surveyed this magnificence with those emotions of pleasure so natural to the mind of youth.

Mentor said to him in a grave tone:

"Are these then, O Telemachus! the thoughts which ought to possess the heart of the son of Ulysses? Think rather of the means of supporting your father's reputation, and of surmounting that [adverse] fortune by which you are persecuted. A young man who delights in gaudy ornaments like a weak woman, is unworthy of wisdom and of glory; glory is the portion of that heart alone which can endure affliction, and spurn pleasure with disdain."

Telemachus sighing replied, "May the gods condemn me to perish, rather than suffer softness and voluptuousness to take possession of my heart. No, no; the son of Ulysses shall never be vanquished by the charms of a base effeminate life. But by what favor of heaven have we found, after our shipwreck, this goddess or mortal, who thus loads us with benefits?"

"You have more reason to be afraid," replied Mentor, "of her overwhelming you with misfortunes; you have more reason to dread her deceitful caresses than those rocks and shallows on which our vessel was wrecked; shipwreck and death are less fatal than those pleasures that attack virtue. Beware of believing what she is going to relate. Youth is presumptuous and self-sufficient in all things: though frail, it believes itself all-powerful, and thinks it has nothing to fear. Its confidence is built upon the slightest grounds, and without any precaution. Take care how you listen to the soft and flattering speeches of Calypso, which will glide like a serpent under flowers; dread that concealed poison; be diffident of yourself, and never take any resolution without first waiting for my advice."

Then they returned to Calypso, who expected them. The nymphs, clad in white, with their plaited tresses, immediately served up a repast, which, though simple, was exquisite to the taste and of sober elegance. Here appeared no other viands than the birds they had taken in the snares, or the wild beasts they had pierced with their arrows at the chase: a wine more delicious than nectar was poured from large silver flagons into cups of gold adorned with flowers. Baskets were brought loaded with all the fruits that spring had promised and autumn spread upon the face of the earth. At the same time four young nymphs began to tune their voices. First they sang of the battles of the gods against the giants; then the amours of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education conducted by old Silenus; the race of Atalanta and Hippomanes, who came off conqueror by means of the golden apples gathered in the garden of the Hesperides. At length the war of Troy was likewise sung, and the valor and wisdom of Ulysses extolled to the skies. The chief of the nymphs, who was called Leucothoe, accompanied with her lyre the charming voices of all the rest. When Telemachus heard his father's name mentioned, the tears ran down his cheeks, and gave a new luster to his beauty. But Calypso, perceiving that he could no longer eat and was seized by sadness, gave a sign to the nymphs. On the instant they began to sing the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapiths, and the descent of Orpheus into hell to fetch from thence Eurydice.

When the repast was finished, the goddess took Telemachus aside, and addressed him to this effect: "You see, son of the great Ulysses, the favorable reception you meet with at my hands. I am immortal: no man can enter this island without being punished for his rashness; and even the circumstance of your shipwreck should not screen you

from my resentment, if I did not otherwise love you. Your father had the same good fortune; but alas! he was not wise enough to enjoy it. I kept him a long time in this island, and it was in his option to live with me in a state of immortality: but a blind passion for returning to his miserable country impelled him to renounce all these advantages. You see what he has lost for Ithaca, which he never more beheld. He wanted to leave me; he departed, and I was revenged by means of a storm: his vessel, after having been long the sport of the winds, was buried in the waves. Profit by such a melancholy example! After his shipwreck you have nothing more to hope, neither to see him again, nor to reign his successor in the island of Ithaca: console yourself for the loss of him, since you here find a divinity ready to make you happy, with a kingdom in your reach."

The goddess added to these words some long speeches, to show how happy Ulysses had been while he stayed with her: she recounted his adventures in the cave of Cyclops Polyphemus, and at the court of Antiphates king of the Lestrigons; nor did she forget what befell him in the island of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, and the dangers to which he was exposed in his passage between Scylla and Charybdis. She described the last tempest which Neptune had raised against him, when he departed from her habitation. Her design was to make him believe that his father had perished in the storm, for she suppressed [the truth about] his arrival in the island of the Pheacians.

Telemachus, who had at first abandoned himself too suddenly to the joy of being so kindly treated by Calypso, at length recognized her artifice and the wisdom of that advice which he had just received from Mentor. He answered in a few words.

"O goddess! forgive my grief, which now I cannot help indulging; perhaps I shall hereafter be more able to enjoy the good fortune which you offer; allow me at present to lament my father; you know better than I how much he deserved to be lamented!"

Calypso dared not at first press him farther upon the subject; she even pretended to sympathize with his sorrow, and to be affected with the fate of Ulysses. But that she might the better understand the springs that moved the young man's heart, she asked in what manner he had suffered shipwreck, and by what adventure he was thrown upon that coast.

"The recital of my misfortunes," he said, "would be tedious."

"By no means," she replied; "I am impatient to know them, make haste and relate them to me." She pressed him for a long time. Finally he could no longer resist her, and spoke to this effect:

"I set sail from Ithaca, to learn tidings of my father, from the other kings that had returned from the siege of Troy. My mother Penelope's lovers were surprised at my departure, which I had carefully concealed from them, because I was well aware of their treachery. Neither Nestor, whom I visited at Pylos, nor Menelaus, who received me kindly at Lacedaemon, could inform me whether my father was still alive. Tired of living always in suspense and uncertainty, I resolved to go to Sicily, where I was told my father had been thrown by the winds. But the sage Mentor, whom you see here present, opposed that rash design: he represented on one side the Cyclops, those monstrous giants, who feed on human flesh; on the other, the fleet of Aeneas and the Trojans, which was cruising on that coast. 'Those Trojans,' he said, 'are exasperated against all the Greeks; but they would have peculiar pleasure in shedding the blood of the son of Ulysses. Return to Ithaca,' he added; 'perhaps your father, favored by the gods, will be there as soon as you. But if the gods have decreed that he should perish, if he is never more to see his native country, at least you must go forth to avenge him, to deliver your mother, display your wisdom to the nations, and let all Greece behold you a king as worthy to reign as ever was Ulysses himself.'

"These words were salutary, but I was not wise enough to listen to them: I gave ear to nothing but my passion. The sage Mentor loved me so far as to attend me in a rash voyage which I undertook against his advice; and the gods allowed me to commit one fault, which was to serve as a lesson to correct my presumption."

While he was speaking, Calypso looked at Mentor. She was astonished at his appearance, under which, she thought, she perceived something divine, but as she could not unravel the confusion of her thoughts, she was filled with fear and suspicion, at sight of this unknown person. Then, apprehensive that her perturbation would be observed, she said to Telemachus, "Proceed and satisfy my curiosity."

Telemachus thus resumed the thread of his narration. "For some time we had a favorable wind for Sicily, but at last a gloomy tempest shrouded the face of heaven, and we were wrapped in the profoundest darkness. By the flashes of the lightning, however, we perceived

a number of other ships exposed to the same danger, and soon discovered them to be the fleet of Aeneas, which were no less dreadful to us than the rocks themselves. Then I discerned, though too late, that which the ardor of my imprudent youth had hindered me from considering with due attention. In this emergency, Mentor appeared not only firm and intrepid, but even more gay than usual. It was he who encouraged me, and I perceived that he inspired me with invincible fortitude. He gave all the directions with tranquillity, while the pilot was under the most violent perturbation. I said to him, 'Dear Mentor, why did I refuse to follow your advice? How wretched am I in having obstinately trusted to my own judgment, at an age which has neither foresight for what is to happen, nor experience of what is past, nor moderation to conduct the present? O if ever we escape this storm, I shall distrust myself as the most dangerous enemy, and in you, Mentor, I shall always confide.'

"Mentor replied with a smile, 'I have no intention to reproach you with the fault you have committed; it is enough that you perceive it, and that it will serve to make you more temperate another time. But perhaps when danger is past, your presumption will return. Meanwhile we must support ourselves by our courage: we ought to foresee and be apprehensive of danger before we expose ourselves to it; but once we are engaged, nothing is to be done but to face it with contempt. Be then a son worthy of Ulysses, and show you have a heart still superior to the evils that assail you.'

"I was charmed with the gentleness and courage of the sage Mentor; but still more surprised to see with what address he delivered us from the Trojans. At that very moment when the skies began to clear, and the Trojans, having now a nearer view, would not have failed to discover us, he observed one of their vessels not unlike our own, which the storm had separated from the rest having her poop garnished with flowers. He forthwith prepared garlands of the same flowers, which he fastened on our poop with fillets of the same color as those used by the Trojans; he ordered all our rowers to stoop as much as possible along their banks, so that they might not be known by the enemy. In this manner we passed through the middle of their fleet while they shouted with joy, as at seeing one of their consorts which they had given up for lost. We were even compelled by the violence of the sea to keep them company for some length of time; at last

we dropped astern, and while they were driven by the impetuosity of the wind towards Africa, we exerted all our endeavors to reach, by dint of rowing, the neighboring coast of Sicily.

"There indeed we arrived, but what we had so eagerly sought to find, was not less fatal to us than the fleet which we had striven to avoid. We found on this part of the coast another nest of Trojans, enemies to the Greeks. It was there that reigned old Acestes, who came from Troy. Scarcely had we reached the shore, when the inhabitants, believing we were either people of another nation of the island, who had taken arms to surprise them, or strangers come to invade their territories, burnt our vessel in the first transports of that apprehension, butchered all our companions, and only preserved Mentor and me to be presented to Acestes, that he might learn from our own mouths whence we came, and what were our designs. We entered the city, with our hands tied behind our backs; and our death was only delayed, in order to furnish a spectacle for a barbarous people, as soon as ever it should be known that we were Greek.

"We were immediately presented to Acestes, who, with a golden scepter in his hand, was administering justice to his people, and preparing for a great sacrifice. He asked with a severe accent what country we were from, and what was the occasion of our voyage. Mentor instantly replied, saying: 'We come from the coast of the great Hesperia, and our country is far from thence'.

"Thus he avoided saying that we were Greeks. But Acestes, without hearing more, taking it for granted that we were strangers who concealed their true design, ordered us to be sent to a neighboring forest to serve as slaves under those who tended his flocks.

"Such a condition appearing to me more wretched than death, I exclaimed: 'O king, let us rather die, than treat us with such indignity: know that I am Telemachus son of the sage Ulysses, king of Ithaca: I am in search of my father through all the seas; and as I can neither find him, nor return to my native country, nor avoid slavery, I beg to be deprived of life, which I cannot support.'

"Scarcely had I pronounced these words, when all the people cried with the utmost emotion: 'Perish the son of that cruel Ulysses, whose arts have overthrown the city of Troy!' 'Son of Ulysses,' said Acestes, 'I cannot refuse your blood to the souls of so many Trojans whom your father has sent untimely to the banks of the black Cocytus: you and your tutor shall die.'

"At that instant an old man of the multitude proposed to the king that we should be sacrificed upon the tomb of Anchises. 'Their blood,' he said, 'will be agreeable to the shade of that hero: Aeneas himself, when he shall hear of the sacrifice, will be pleased to find that you pay such respect to that which he held most dear in life.'

"This proposal met with universal applause; and nothing now was thought of but the sacrifice. Already we were conducted to the tomb of Anchises, where they had raised two altars, on which the sacred fire was kindled: the sword that was to pierce us was before our eyes; we were crowned with flowers; and no compassion could avail to save our lives; our fate seemed fixed, when Mentor with great tranquillity asked to speak to the king, and addressed him in these words:

"'O Acestes, if the misfortunes of young Telemachus, who never carried arms against the Trojans, cannot excite your compassion, at least have some regard to your own interest. By the skill which I have acquired in presages, and in foreseeing the will of heaven, I am enabled to foretell that, before three days shall be elapsed, you will be attacked by barbarous nations, rushing like a torrent from the tops of the mountains, to deluge your city, and lay your whole dominions waste. Make haste then to prevent them: put your people under arms, and lose not a moment to secure within your walls the numerous flocks that you have in the open country. If my prediction prove false, you will be at liberty to sacrifice us in three days; if, on the contrary, it be verified, remember you ought not to deprive of life those to whom you owe your own existence.'

"Acestes was astonished at these words, which Mentor pronounced with such an air of confidence as he had never observed in any other man.

"'I plainly perceive, O stranger,' he replied, 'that the gods, by whom you are so indifferently provided with the gifts of fortune, have in recompence granted you that wisdom which is more valuable than all the wealth of prosperity.'

"At the same time he delayed the sacrifice, and diligently issued the necessary orders to prevent the attack of which Mentor had warned him. Nothing was now seen on every side but trembling women, decrepit old men, and little children all in tears, hurrying into the city. The lowing oxen and bleating sheep came, in numerous herds and flocks, quitting the rich pastures, without finding stalls sufficient to put them under cover. On every side was heard the

confused noise of people crowding together, without being able to hear distinctly what each other said, who, in the midst of their perturbation, took any unknown stranger for their friend, and ran along without knowing whither they were going. But the principal inhabitants of the city, believing themselves wiser than the rest, looked upon Mentor as an impostor, who had uttered a false prediction to save his own life.

"Before the close of the third day, while they amused themselves with these reflections, a cloud of dust was perceived upon the declivity of the neighboring mountains; then appeared a vast multitude of armed barbarians: those were the Hymerians, a savage race, together with the nations which inhabit the mountains of Nebrodes, and dwell upon the summit of Agragas, where reigns a winter, which the zephyrs have never softened. Those who despised the prediction lost their slaves and flocks.

"The king addressed himself to Mentor: 'I forget that you are Greeks,' he said 'Our enemies have now become our faithful friends: the gods have sent you to save us from destruction: I expect no less from your valor than the wisdom of your advice; make haste and fly to our assistance.'

"Mentor's eyes sparked with such vivacity of courage as confounds the boldest warriors. He seizes a buckler, helmet, sword, and lance; he arranges the soldiers of Acestes and, marching at their head, advances in good order against the enemy. Acestes, though full of courage, could not in his old age keep pace with them, but followed at a distance; for my part, I kept closer to him but could not equal him in valor; in the fight his cuirass shone like the immortal aegis. Death stalked from rank to rank wherever he directed his blows. Like a Numidian lion, impelled by savage hunger, who rushes amidst a flock of feeble sheep, he tears, he slays, he swims in blood; and the shepherds, far from assisting their flock, fly trembling to escape his fury.

"Those barbarians who hoped to surprise the city, were themselves surprised and utterly disconcerted. The subjects of Acestes, animated by the voice and example of Mentor, exerted a vigor of which they thought themselves incapable. I overthrew with my lance the son of the king who reigned over that hostile nation: he was about my own age but taller than me; for those people were descended from a race of giants who had the same origin as the Cyclops. He despised an

enemy as weak as me; but without being confounded by his prodigious strength, or his fierce and brutal air, I thrust my lance into his breast, and made him vomit up his soul in sable torrents of blood. He almost crushed me in his fall: the sound of his arms echoed from the mountains: I seized his spoils and returned to Acestes. Mentor having completed the disorder of the enemy, cut in pieces a great number, and drove the fugitives into the forest.

"In consequence of such unexpected success, Mentor was looked upon as a man favored and inspired by the gods. Acestes, moved by gratitude, communicated the apprehensions he had on our account, should the vessels of Aeneas return to Sicily. He therefore supplied us with one that we might return without delay to our own country, loaded us with presents, and pressed us to depart, in order to prevent all the misfortunes which he foresaw from our stay: but he would not give us either a pilot or rowers of his own nation, lest they should be too much exposed upon the coasts of Greece. He manned us however with a crew of Phoenicians, who, as they carried on an open trade with all the world, had nothing to fear; and they were to bring back the ship to Acestes, after having landed us safe in Ithaca. But the gods, who make sport of human designs, reserved us for other dangers."

Book II

The argument

Telemachus recounts the manner in which he was taken in the Tyrian vessel, by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of that country, and the wisdom of the king's administration. He proceeds to tell how Mentor was sent as a slave into Ethiopia; that he himself was reduced to the condition of a shepherd in the desert of Oasis; that Temosiris, priest of Apollo, consoled him in his distress by teaching him to imitate the example of Apollo, who had been formerly a shepherd under King Admetus; that Sesostris had at last been informed of all the wonders he had wrought among the shepherds; that, convinced of his innocence, he had recalled him to his court, and promised to send him safe to Ithaca: but the death of this king involved him in fresh disasters; that he was imprisoned in a tower upon the seashore, from which he beheld the new king Bocchoris lose his life in a battle against his own subjects, who had rebelled, and were assisted by the Tyrians.

"The Tyrians, by their pride, had attracted the resentment of King Sesostris, who reigned in Egypt and conquered so many realms. The riches they had acquired by commerce, and the strength of the impregnable city of Tyre, which was built in the sea, had inflated the hearts of those people. They had refused to pay the tribute which Sesostris imposed upon them on his return from his conquests; and they had furnished troops to his brother, who had formed a design to assassinate him at his arrival in the midst of the rejoicings of a great festival. Sesostris, in order to abase their pride, had resolved to interrupt their commerce in all the seas. His ships of war cruised everywhere in quest of the Phoenicians. An Egyptian fleet fell in with

us, just as we began to lose sight of the mountains of Sicily. The harbor and the land seemed to fly behind us, and lose themselves in the clouds, when we descried the Egyptian navy approaching like a floating city. The Phoenicians soon discovered what they were, and endeavored to bear away; but it was too late. Their tackle was better than ours; the wind favored them, and their rowers were more numerous: they boarded, took, and carried us prisoners into Egypt.

"In vain did I represent to them that we were not Phoenicians; they would scarcely deign to hear me; they looked upon us as slaves, of whom the Phoenicians make a traffic, and thought of nothing but the profit that such a prize would produce. Already we observed the white color of the sea occasioned by a mixture of waters of the Nile, and discerned the coast of Egypt almost on a level with the ocean. We afterwards arrived at the island of Pharos in the neighborhood of the city of No, from whence we sailed up the Nile as far as Memphis.

"If the grief arising from our captivity had not rendered us insensible to all the pleasures, we should have been delighted with the view of this fertile country of Egypt, which resembled a delicious garden watered with an infinite number of canals. We could not cast our eyes on either bank, without perceiving opulent cities, country houses agreeably situated, lands that were every year covered with golden harvests without ever lying fallow, rich pastures filled with flocks, peasants laden with the fruits which the earth discharged from her womb, and shepherds who made all the neighboring echoes resound with the agreeable notes of their flutes and pastoral pipes.

"'Happy,' said Mentor, 'are the people governed by a sage monarch! They live happy in the midst of abundance, and love him from whom their happiness is derived. It is thus,' he added, 'O Telemachus, that you must reign, and make your people rejoice, if ever the gods grant you possession of your father's kingdom. Love your subjects as your own children, enjoy the pleasure of being beloved by them; and behave in such a manner that they shall never be sensible either of peace or happiness without remembering that it is their good king to whom they owe these rich presents. Those kings whose sole endeavor is to excite the fear of their subjects, that in being depressed they may become more submissive, are the plagues of the human race. They are feared as they desire to be, but at the same time they are hated, detested, and have still more cause to dread their subjects, than their subjects have to be afraid of them.'

"I replied to Mentor, 'Alas! the business now is not to think of maxims by which we ought to reign. With respect to us Ithaca is now no more; never more shall we behold our country or Penelope; even should Ulysses return to his kingdom full of glory, he never will enjoy the pleasure of seeing me, nor I that of learning to govern, by practicing obedience to his commands. Let us die, dear Mentor, we have nothing else to think of; let us die, since the gods have no pity on us.'

"While I thus spoke, my words were interrupted with profound sighs. But Mentor, who dreaded misfortunes before they befell him, no longer feared them when they actually happened.

"'Unworthy son of the sage Ulysses!' cried he, 'What! Allow yourself to be overcome by this disaster! Know that you will one day return to Ithaca and see your mother Penelope. You will even see, in his pristine glory, him whom you never knew; the invincible Ulysses, whom adverse fortune never could depress, and whose disasters, still greater than yours, ought to teach you never to despair. O! if it was possible for him to learn, in those remote countries to which he has been driven by the storm, that his son does not know how to imitate either his patience or his courage, these tidings would overwhelm him with shame, and afflict him more severely than all the misfortunes he had suffered so long.'

"Mentor afterwards made me remark the joy and abundance that overspread the whole country of Egypt, in which he counted no less than two and twenty thousand cities. He admired the wise policy of those cities, the justice exercised in favor of the poor against the rich, the proper education of the children, who were accustomed to obedience, to labor, and sobriety, to the love of arts and literature; the precision with which all the ceremonies of religion were performed; the disinterestedness, the love of honor, the honesty in their dealings with men, and the reverence for the gods, which every father infused into his children. There was no end of his admiring this excellent order.

"'Happy the people,' he said, without ceasing, 'who are thus governed by a wise sovereign! But happier still is the king who makes so many nations happy, and who finds his reward in his own virtue! He is more than feared, for he is loved. He is not only obeyed, but is king of all hearts. Each individual, far from wishing to be rid of his dominion, would lay down his own life for him.'

"I attentively listened to what Mentor said; and felt my heart re-inspired with fresh courage at every word which that sagacious friend pronounced. As soon as we arrived at the opulent and magnificent city of Memphis, the governor ordered us to proceed to Thebes, that we might be presented to King Sesostris himself, who was resolved to examine everything for himself, and was particularly incensed against the Tyrians. We therefore went farther up the Nile, to that famous Thebes with a hundred gates where this great king resided. The city appeared of a vast extent, more populous than the most flourishing cities of Greece. There policy is carried to perfection, with respect to the neatness of the streets, the course of the canals, the convenience of the baths, the cultivation of the arts, and the safety of the public. The squares are adorned with fountains and obelisks, the temples are built with marble, in a taste of architecture simple yet majestic. The prince's palace alone appears like a great city; for nothing is seen but marble columns, pyramids, and obelisks, colossal statues, and furniture of massy gold and silver.

"Our captors told the king that we had been found in a Phoenician ship. At certain hours, he gave audience to all those of his subjects who had either complaints to make, or advice to offer. No person whatever met with either contempt or repulse: he looked upon himself as king for no other purpose but the good of his subjects, whom he loved as his own children. As for strangers, he received them with affability, believing that he should always learn something useful in being made acquainted with the manners and customs of remote countries. This curiosity was the occasion of our being presented to the king. He was seated upon a throne of ivory with a golden scepter in his hand. He was already advanced in years, but agreeable, with a mixture of majesty and sweetness in his countenance; every day he heard causes with such patience and sagacity as were admired without adulation. After having worked all day in regulating his affairs and administering impartial justice, he unbent himself in the evening, in hearing the discourses of learned men, or in conversing with the most virtuous individuals, whom he well knew how to choose, as companions worthy to be admitted into his familiarity. In his whole life he could not be justly reproached for anything, except for having triumphed with too much pride over the kings whom he had vanquished, and with having bestowed his confidence on one of his subjects whom I shall presently describe.

"When he saw me, he seemed touched with my youth, and asked my name and country; while we stood astonished at the wisdom which flowed from his lips, I answered:

"O mighty king, you have heard of the siege of Troy which lasted ten years; and its destruction, which cost so much blood to all of Greece. My father Ulysses is one of the principal kings who destroyed that city: he now wanders through the watery main, without being able to regain the island of Ithaca, which is his kingdom; I being in quest of him, have, by misfortune that resembles his own, been taken and made captive. Restore me to my father and country; so may the gods preserve you to your children, and make them feel the joy of living under the protection of such a worthy father.'

"Sesostris still surveyed me with an eye of pity: but, determined to know if what I said was true, he sent us to one of his officers, who had orders to inquire of those who took our ship, whether we were really Greeks or Phoenicians.

"'If they are Phoenicians,' said the king, 'they must be punished with double severity, not only as our enemies, but still more for having attempted to impose upon us by false pretenses. If, on the contrary, they are Greeks, it is my pleasure that they should be favorably treated, and sent back to their own country in one of my ships; for I love Greece, where several Egyptian legislators have flourished. I know the virtue of Hercules; the glory of Achilles has reached our dominions; and I have heard with admiration what is reported of the wisdom of the unfortunate Ulysses: it is my greatest pleasure to succor virtue in distress.'

"The officer to whom the king referred the examination of our affair, had a soul as deceitful and corrupt as that of Sesostris was generous and sincere. His name was Metophis. The questions which he put were made with a view to surprise us; and as he perceived Mentor's answers savored more of wisdom than mine, he looked upon him with aversion and distrust; for the wicked are always incensed against the good. He separated us; and from that time I never could learn what had become of Mentor.

"I was thunderstruck at this separation. Metophis still hoped that interrogating us apart, he should find us contradicting one another: in particular, he thought to dazzle me with flattering promises, and make me confess what Mentor would have concealed. In a word, he did not really desire to know the truth; but wanted to find some

pretext for telling the king that we were Phoenicians, that he might be able to make us his slaves. And indeed, in spite of our innocence, in spite of the king's own wisdom, he found means to deceive him.

"Alas! to what [misrepresentations] a king is exposed! Even the wisest are often thus deceived. They are surrounded by artful and interested men; the virtuous withdraw, because they can neither fawn nor flatter; they wait till they are called, and few princes know where to find them. On the contrary, the wicked are bold, deceitful, insinuating, and complying, expert in dissimulation, and ready to fly in the face of honor and of conscience to gratify the passions of him who reigns. How wretched is the monarch exposed to the arts of the wicked! He is lost, if he does not resist flattery, and if he does not love those who boldly speak the truth. Such were the reflections I made in my misfortune; for I recollect all that I had heard Mentor observe upon the subject.

"Meanwhile Metopis sent me with the slaves to the mountains in the desert of Oasis, as their fellow-servant in feeding his numerous flocks of sheep."

Here Calypso interrupted Telemachus, saying, "Well, what step did you then take, you, who in Sicily had preferred death to slavery?"

"My misfortune," replied Telemachus, "every day increased, and I no longer had the miserable consolation of choosing between slavery and death; I was compelled to be a slave, and to exhaust, if I may be allowed the expression, the whole severity of fortune. Not the slightest hope remained, and I could not even speak one word with a view to effect my own deliverance. Mentor has since told me that he was sold to some Ethiopians, whom he followed as a slave to Ethiopia.

"As for me I arrived in those frightful deserts, where the plains are covered with burning sands; and the snows that never melt form an eternal winter upon the tops of the mountains. Nothing is to be found but some herbage among rocks that serves to feed the flocks. About midway up these steep and frightful mountains, the valleys are so deep, as scarcely to be penetrable by the light of day.

"I found nobody in this country but shepherds as savage as the desert itself. There I passed the nights in bewailing my misfortune, and the days in tending my flock, that thus I might avoid the brutal fury of the first slave who, in hopes of obtaining his liberty, incessantly accused the rest, in order to impress his master with his zeal and attachment to his interest. His name was Butis.

"I ought to have succumbed on this occasion; oppressed with grief I one day forgot my flock, and stretched myself upon the grass hard by a cavern, where I resolved to wait for death, no longer able to support my pains.

"At that instant I beheld the whole mountain tremble; the oaks and pines seemed to descend from its summit; and not a breath of wind was heard; then a hollow voice issuing from the cavern, addressed me in these words:

"Son of the sage Ulysses, thou must, like him, become great by the exercise of patience: princes who have always been happy are scarcely worthy of being so; they are corrupted with effeminacy, and intoxicated with pride. How happy wilt thou be if thou surmountest thy misfortunes and never forget them. Thou shalt revisit Ithaca, and thy glory shall ascend to the stars. When thou shalt become master of the lives of other men, remember thou thyself hast been as weak, and poor, and miserable as they; take pleasure in relieving their burdens; love thy people; detest flattery; and know that thou canst only be great in proportion to thy moderation, and the victory thou shalt obtain over thy own passions.'

"These divine words made a deep impression upon my heart; and reinspired it with joy and fresh courage. I felt none of that horror which makes the hair stand on end, and the blood run cold in the veins, when the gods disclose themselves to mortals; I calmly rose, and kneeling with uplifted hands, adored Minerva, to whom I thought myself indebted for this oracle. At once I found myself a new man; my mind was enlightened by wisdom; and I felt within me an agreeable energy sufficient to moderate all my passions, and restrain the impetuosity of my youth. I acquired the love of all the shepherds of the desert; my affability, patience, and the exact discharge of my duty appeased at last the cruel Butis, who was vested with authority over the other slaves and seemed at first inclined to torment me.

"The better to support the chagrin of captivity and solitude, I endeavored to find books, for I was overwhelmed with melancholy for want of some instruction to nourish my mind, and to sustain it. 'Happy are those,' I said, 'who, disgusted with violent pleasures, have philosophy enough to be satisfied with the sweets of an innocent life! Happy are those who find amusement in search of instruction and take pleasure in cultivating their understanding with science! Wheresoever they are thrown by adverse fortune, they still carry along with

them a fund of entertainment; and that chagrin that preys on other men even in the midst of pleasures, is unknown to those who can employ themselves with reading. Happy are those who love reading, and are not, like me, deprived of books!"

"While I was engrossed by these thoughts, I lost myself in a gloomy forest, where all of a sudden, I beheld an old man with a book in his hand. His forehead was ample and bald, but a little wrinkled; his white beard flowed down to his middle; his stature was lofty and majestic; his complexion still fresh and rosy; his eyes still keen and sparkling; his voice gentle, his words simple and amiable. I never beheld such a venerable old man! He was called Termosiris, and being priest of Apollo, he officiated in a marble temple which the kings of Egypt had consecrated to the god in this forest. The book which he held was a collection of hymns in honor of the gods. He accosted me in the most friendly manner, and we entered into conversation. He recounted events so naturally that they seemed to pass before your eyes; but his narrative was so succinct that I was never tired with hearing him! He foresaw the future by means of that profound sagacity which made him acquainted with the characters of mankind, and the designs of which they are capable. With all this prudence, he was gay, complacent, and in his decline of age had all that graceful ease by which the most sprightly youth is distinguished. He likewise loved young people when they had the spirit of docility, and a taste for virtue. Soon he loved me tenderly, and gave me books to console me. He called me, 'my son.' I often said to him: 'Father, the gods who deprived me of Mentor, have taken pity on my sufferings, and afforded me another support in you.'

"This man, like Orpheus or Linus, was doubtless inspired by the gods: he recited to me verses of his own composing; and favored me with others, the works of several excellent poets, the favorites of the Muses. When he put on his flowing robe of snowy white, and began to touch his ivory lyre, the tigers, bears, and lions came to fawn upon him, and lick his feet: the satyrs, quitting the forest, danced around him; the trees themselves seemed affected; and you would have thought that even the rocks, softened by the charms of his enchanting notes, were going to descend from the summits of the mountains. He sang no other themes but the greatness of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wisdom of those men, who prefer glory to pleasures.

"He told me often to take courage, for the gods would never abandon Ulysses nor his son. Finally he assured me that I ought, after the example of Apollo, to teach the swains to cultivate the Muses.

"'Apollo,' he said, 'seeing with indignation that Jupiter with his thunder overcast the fairest days, resolved to take vengeance on the Cyclops who forged his bolts, and slew them with his arrows. Immediately mount Aetna ceased to discharge its curling sheets of flame; no longer was heard the din of those terrible hammers which, striking on the anvil, made the caverns of the earth and the abyss of sea tremble. The iron and the brass, no longer polished by the Cyclops, began to rust. Vulcan, enraged, sallied from his smithy; though lame he soon ascends to the summit of Olympus, and entering the assembly of the gods all covered over with sweat and black dust, prefers his bitter plaints. Jupiter, incensed against Apollo, exiles him from heaven and throws him headlong down to earth. But his empty chariot performed of itself its usual course, that mankind might still enjoy the succession of night and day, together with the regular change of seasons. Apollo, shorn of all his rays, was obliged to turn shepherd, and tend the flocks of King Admetus. While he played upon his flute, all the other shepherds came to listen under the shade of elms, on the banks of a transparent stream. Till that period they had led a brutal and a savage life. All they knew was now to tend their flocks, to shear their sheep, to milk their ewes, and make cheeses: the whole country was no better than a frightful desert.'

"'Apollo soon taught those swains the arts that serve to render life agreeable. He sang of the flowers that crown the spring; the perfumes that it diffuses around, and the verdure that shoots up under its feet. Then he sang of the delightful nights of summer, when the cool zephyrs assuage the heat, and the dew refreshes the thirsty earth. He mingled also in his themes the golden fruits with which autumn rewards the husbandman's toil, and the quiet repose of winter, during which the sprightly youth of both sexes dance round the fire. In fine, he described the gloomy forests that shroud the mountains, and the crooked valleys through which the rivers wind in the thousand meanders amidst the flowery meads. He likewise taught the swains to know the charms of a country life, and to enjoy every delight which simple nature can produce. Soon the swains with their flutes found themselves happier than kings; and their cottages attracted in crowds those

pure pleasures that fly from gilded palaces. The Games, the laughing Loves, and Graces followed everywhere the innocent shepherdesses. Every day was a holiday: nothing now was heard but the warbling of birds, or the soft breath of zephyrs sporting among the boughs of trees, or the murmuring lapse of a transparent stream sliding down some rock, or the songs with which the Muses inspired the swains that followed Apollo. This god taught them to win the prize in running, and to pierce with arrows the stags and fallow deer. The gods themselves grew jealous of the shepherds: that life appeared to them more agreeable than all their glory, and they recalled Apollo to Olympus.

"Son," he continued, "this story ought to serve you for instruction. Since you are now in the same station which Apollo filled, cultivate this wild land, like him make the desert flourish, and teach all those shepherds the charms of harmony; soften their savage hearts; display the amiable side of virtue, and make them feel how happy it is to enjoy, amidst their solitude, those innocent pleasures which nothing can deprive them of. One day, my son, one day, the pains and cruel cares that environ royalty, will make you think with regret of a pastoral life, even while you sit upon a throne."

"So saying, Termosiris presented me with a flute of such a sweet tone, that the echoes of all those mountains that resounded on every side, soon collected around me all the neighboring swains. My voice had a divine harmony: I found myself transported, as if outside myself to sing those beauties with which nature has adorned the country. We passed whole days, and even part of the nights, in singing together. All the shepherds, forgetting their cottages and flocks, stood motionless in pleasing suspense around me, while I gave lessons: nothing savage now appeared amidst those deserts. All was agreeable and smiling: the very lands themselves seemed to improve in proportion as the inhabitants were civilized.

"We often assembled to sacrifice in the temple of Apollo, where Termosiris was priest: there the swains repaired with crowns of laurel in honor of the god, while the shepherdesses went dancing all the way, adorned with crowns of flowers, and bearing sacred presents in baskets on their heads. After the sacrifice, we made a rural feast: our most delicate dishes were composed of the milk of our goats and sheep, which we ourselves had milked, with fresh fruit gathered by our own hands, such as dates, and figs, and grapes: the green turf

served us for seats; and the tufted trees afforded us a shade more agreeable than the gilded roofs of royal palaces.

"But the following adventure served to render me completely famous among our shepherds. One day a hungry lion rushed upon the flock. Already he began a dreadful slaughter. I had nothing in my hand but my crook; nevertheless I boldly advanced. The lion, bristling up his mane, showed his teeth and claws, and opened wide his throat all parched and inflamed: his bloodshot eyes seemed all on fire, while he lashed his sides with his long extended tail. I overthrew him: the light coat of mail, which I wore according to the custom of the Egyptian shepherds, secured me from his claws. Three times he rose again, and roared so loud that all the forests echoed with the sound. Three times I beat him back. At length I stifled him in my grasp, and the shepherds who were witnesses of my victory, insisted upon my wearing the skin of this terrible lion.

"The fame of this exploit, and the happy change I had effected among the shepherds, diffused itself through all of Egypt, and even reached the ears of King Sesostris. He knew that one of the two captives, who were taken for Phoenicians, had recalled the golden age in these almost uninhabitable deserts. He wanted to see me; for he loved the Muses, and his great heart was touched by everything that could improve mankind. He saw me; he heard me with pleasure; he discovered that Metophis had deceived him through avarice: he condemned him to perpetual imprisonment, and stripped him of all the wealth he so unjustly possessed.

"'How wretched are kings,' he said, 'in being placed so far above the rest of mankind! It is not often that they can see the truth with their own eyes; and they are surrounded by individuals who carefully hinder it from reaching those who command: it is the interest of everyone to deceive him; and each cloaks his own ambition under the appearance of zeal. They pretend to love the king, when in fact they have no attachment but to the riches which he gives: far from loving him, they, in order to obtain his favors, first flatter and then betray him.'

"Sesostris finally treated me with most tender friendship, and resolved to send me to Ithaca, with ships and forces sufficient to deliver Penelope from all her lovers. The fleet was already equipped; we dreamed only of embarkation. I could not help admiring the sudden turns of fortune, which suddenly raises those whom it had

before the most abased. This experience inspired me with hope that Ulysses would finally return to his kingdom, however long his sufferings first might be. I thought also, within myself, that I should see Mentor again, although he had been carried away into the most remote province of Ethiopia. While I delayed a little my departure, endeavoring to learn tidings of him, Sesostris, who was quite aged, died suddenly, and his death plunged me back in fresh disasters.

"All Egypt appeared inconsolable upon this occasion: every family thought they had lost their best friend, their protector, and their father. The old men lifting up their hands to heaven, exclaimed: 'Never before had Egypt such an excellent king: never more shall she behold his like. O gods! ye should either not have shown him at all to mankind, or never have deprived them of the blessings: wherefore should we survive the great Sesostris?' The young people said: 'The hope of Egypt is destroyed: our fathers were happy in living under the protection of such a worthy king: as for us, we have just seen enough of him to feel the loss of his death.' His domestics passed the night and day in lamentation. When his funeral obsequies were performed for forty days, the people from the most distant provinces flocked thither. Every individual was desirous of seeing once more the body of Sesostris; everyone wanted to preserve the image of him; and many wished to be interred with him in the same tomb.

"What still increased their grief for the loss of him, was that his son Bocchoris possessed neither his humanity towards strangers, nor his curiosity for the sciences, nor his esteem for virtuous men, nor his love of glory. His father's greatness had contributed to render him so unworthy to reign. He had been nourished in effeminacy and brutal pride: he counted men as nothing, believing that they were only made for him, and that he was of another nature than they. He thought of nothing but how to gratify his passions, to dissipate the immense treasures that his father had saved with so much care; to oppress his subjects, and suck the blood of the unfortunate; in a word, to follow the flattering advice of some senseless young men that surrounded him, while he removed with contempt all the ancient sages who had enjoyed the confidence of his father. He was a monster, and not a king.

"All Egypt groaned, and although the name of Sesostris, so dear to the Egyptians, induced them to bear with the weak and cruel

conduct of his son, that son ran headlong to his ruin; and a prince so unworthy of the throne could not reign for any length of time.

"For my part, I lost all hopes of returning to Ithaca. I remained in a tower on the seaside near Pelusium, where our embarkation was to have taken place if Sesostris had not died. Metophis having had the address to obtain his discharge from prison, and even to reestablish his influence with the new king, ordered me to be confined in this tower, by way of avenging himself for his disgrace, which I had occasioned. I passed my days and nights in a state of profound melancholy. All that Termosiris had predicted to me, and all that I had heard in the cavern, seemed now no other than a dream. I was plunged into an abyss of the most bitter sorrow. I saw the waves as they came to lash the foot of the tower where I was prisoner. I often occupied myself with looking at the tempest-beaten ships which were in danger of being shattered among the rocks on which the tower was built. Far from pitying those men threatened with shipwreck, I envied their condition. 'In a little time,' said I to myself, 'the misfortunes of their lives will end, or they will arrive in safety in their own country. Alas! I cannot hope for either!'

"While I thus wasted myself in unavailing sorrow, I perceived a seeming forest of ship-masts. The sea was covered with sails inflated by the winds, while the water foamed beneath the strokes of oars, innumerable confused cries assailed my ears on every side: I perceived on the shore a body of Egyptians running to arms in a fright, while others seemed to advance as friends to meet that navy which approached the coast. Soon I discovered that those foreign ships were partly from Phoenicia, and partly from the island of Cyprus; for my misfortunes began to make me skillful in everything that relates to navigation. The Egyptians appeared divided among themselves: and I could easily conceive that the senseless Bocchoris had, by the violence of his conduct, occasioned a rebellion of his subjects, and kindled the torch of civil war. I stood upon the top of the tower, spectator of a bloody battle. The Egyptians who had called the foreigners to their assistance, after having favored their descent, attacked the other Egyptians who were headed by the king in person. I saw that king encouraging his men by his example; he seemed like the god Mars. Streams of blood gushed around him; his chariot wheels were dyed with black blood, congealed and foaming. Scarce could they make their way over the heaps of bodies which they had crushed

to death. The young monarch was vigorous and handsome, of a proud and lofty mien, and his eyes sparkled with fury and despair: he was like a beautiful horse with no bit; his courage impelled him to rush forward at random, for his valor was not regulated by wisdom. He could neither rectify his faults, nor give distinct orders, nor foresee the evils by which he was threatened, nor retain the good will of his people when he had the greatest occasion for their attachment. Not that he was destitute of genius: his capacity was equal to his courage; but he had never been taught by ill fortune. His disposition, naturally good, had been poisoned by the flattery of his masters. He was intoxicated with his power and good fortune; and believed that all things ought to yield to his impetuous desires. He was inflamed to rage by the least shadow of opposition: then away with reason; he was transported beside himself: his furious pride metamorphosed him into a savage beast: he was at once abandoned by his natural good humor, as well as by his rational powers; his most faithful servants were compelled to leave him; and he loved none but those who flattered his passions. Thus he rashly took his resolutions in extremes, contrary to his true interest; and he obliged every man of sense and virtue to detest his mad conduct.

"For a long time his valor supported him against the multitude of his enemies; but at last he was overwhelmed. I saw him fall: a Phoenician javelin pierced his breast; the reins dropped from his hands; and he fell from his chariot under the horses' feet. A Cyprian soldier cut off his head, and seizing him by his locks, exposed it as a trophy to the whole victorious army.

"I shall all my life remember the dismal sight of that head flowing with blood; the eyes closed and extinguished; the visage pale and disfigured; the mouth half open, as if to complete the unfinished words; and the haughty threatening air, which death itself could not efface. While I live, this picture will appear before my eyes; and if the gods ever make me reign, I shall not forget after so unhappy an example, that a king is only worthy to command, and happy in his power, in proportion as he himself submits to the restraints of reason. Ah! how wretched is that man destined to reign for the good of the public, if he thinks he is master of so many lives for no other reason but to make them miserable!"

Book III

The argument

Telemachus proceeds to relate that, the successor of Bocchoris restoring all the Tyrian prisoners, he (Telemachus) was carried to Tyre on board the ship of Narbal, who commanded the Tyrian fleet; that this Narbal described to him their king Pygmalion, from whose avarice everything was to be feared; that Narbal afterwards made him acquainted with all the regulations of the Tyrian commerce; that he was just going to embark on board a Cyprian vessel, so that he might sail from the island of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion (discovering that he was a foreigner) resolved to detain him captive; that when he was thus reduced to the brink of ruin, Astarb  , the tyrant's mistress, had saved his life, in order to sacrifice in his place a young man who had incurred her resentment by treating her with contempt.

Calypso listened with astonishment to such wise words. What most pleased her was to find Telemachus ingenuously recounting the faults he had committed through precipitation and want of due attention to the advice of the sage Mentor; she found a surprising nobility and greatness in this young man who accused himself, and who seemed to have profited so much by his indiscretion, as to become wise, far-sighted, and moderate.

"Proceed," she said, "my dear Telemachus, I am impatient to know how you left Egypt, and where you found the sage Mentor, the loss of whom you so reasonably regretted."

Telemachus thus resumed the thread of his discourse:

"The most virtuous and loyal part of the Egyptians happened to be the weaker side, and seeing their monarch slain, were constrained

to submit: a new king, called Termutis, was established. The Phoenicians, together with the troops of Cyprus, retired after having concluded an alliance with the new king. He restored all the Phoenician prisoners, in which number I was included. Being released from the tower, I embarked with the rest, and hope once more began to dawn within my breast. A favorable wind already swelled our sails; the rowers cleft the foaming billows; the vast ocean was covered with our ships; the mariners shouted with joy; the coast of Egypt seemed to fly far behind us, and the hills and mountains diminished gradually to our view. We began to see nothing but sky and water, while the sun rising seemed to issue from the ocean with all his vivid fires; the tops of the mountains, still visible a little above the horizon, were gilded with his rays; and the whole sky, exhibiting an expanse of deep azure, seemed to promise a happy voyage.

"Although I had been embarked as a Phoenician, I was not known to any one person on board. Narbal, who commanded the ship to which I was allotted, asked me my name and country.

"From what town of Phoenicia are you?" he said.

"I am not from Phoenicia," I replied; "but the Egyptians took me at sea on board a Phoenician vessel: I have been detained captive in Egypt as a Phoenician; under that name I have suffered a long captivity; under that name I am now delivered."

"Of what country are you then?" resumed Narbal.

"I thus replied: 'I am Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, king of Ithaca in Greece. My father is one of the most renowned of all kings who besieged the city of Troy: but the gods have not let him see his native country again. I have sought him in several countries; like him, I am persecuted by fortune; and you see in me an unhappy youth, who longs for nothing so much as the pleasure of returning to his friends, and finding his father.'

"Narbal looked at me with astonishment, and thought he perceived in me certain happy traits proceeding from the gift of heaven, which are not to be found in the common run of mankind. He was naturally generous and sincere; he was touched with my misfortunes, and spoke to me with a confidence inspired by heaven, in order to save me from a great peril.

"'Telemachus,' he said, 'I do not doubt what you have told me; I cannot doubt your veracity; the sadness and virtue so conspicuous in your countenance will not permit me to suspect you: I even perceive

that you are beloved by the gods whom I have always served, and that it is their pleasure that I should likewise love you, as if you were my son. I will now give you some salutary advice, and require of you nothing but secrecy in return.'

"'Fear not,' I said to him, 'that I shall have any difficulty in keeping silence about the things you want to confide to me: young though I be, I am grown old in the practice of never disclosing my own secrets, much less betraying on any account whatsoever, the secrets of others.'

"'How have you been able,' he said, 'to accustom yourself to secrecy in such early youth? I should be glad to know by what means you acquired that quality, which is the foundation of the wisest conduct, and without which all other talents are useless.'

"'When Ulysses,' I replied, 'departed on his expedition to Troy, he set me on his knees and pressed me to his breast (as I have been informed): having embraced me tenderly, he pronounced these words, though I could not understand them: "O my son! may the gods keep me from seeing thee again; may the shears of the Fates cut the thread of thy days, which is scarce yet formed, as the reaper with his sickle cuts the tender opening flower; may our enemies prevail and crush thee under the eyes of thy mother, and even in my view, rather than that thou shouldst one day be corrupted and abandon the paths of virtue! O my friends," he added, "I leave in your hands this child who is so dear to me; watch over his infancy with care: if you love me, remove far from him the pernicious band of flatterers, teach him to gain a conquest over his passions; let him be like a young plant still tender, which will take any bent in order to be improved. Above all things, omit nothing to make him just, benevolent, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret. He that can lie is unworthy to be called a man; and whoever cannot keep his own counsel, is unworthy to govern." I mention these words to you, because care was taken to repeat them often in my hearing, until they penetrated to the very bottom of my heart: I often repeat them to myself. My father's friends took care to exercise me early in the practice of secrecy: even in my tender years, they communicated to me all the affliction they felt in seeing my mother exposed to a great number of insolent pretenders who wanted to marry her. From thenceforward I was treated as a reasonable and trustworthy man: I was in private consulted on affairs of the greatest importance, and made acquainted with all the steps that were taken to remove those

suitors. I was delighted with those marks of confidence, in consequence of which I thought myself already a complete man. Never did I abuse their trust: never did one word escape me that could reveal the least secret. Those pretenders often endeavored to make me speak, hoping that a child could not possibly conceal whatever circumstance of importance he might have heard: but I well knew how to answer them without lying, yet without telling them what I ought not to say.'

"Narbal then said to me: 'You see, Telemachus, the power of the Phoenicians: they are formidable to all the neighboring nations by their numerous vessels; from the trade they carry on as far as the Pillars of Hercules, they derive such wealth, as surpasses that of the most flourishing nations. The great King Sesostris, who could never have vanquished them by sea, found great difficulties in subduing them by land, with his armies which had conquered all the East: he imposed upon us a tribute which we did not pay for long: the Phoenicians were too rich and powerful to bear patiently the yoke of subjection; we recovered our liberty. Death did not give Sesostris time to finish the war against us. It is true that we had everything to fear, more from his wisdom than his power; but that power passing to his son, who was totally destitute of wisdom, we concluded that we had nothing further to fear. And, indeed, the Egyptians, far from reinvading our country in a hostile manner, in order once more to subdue us, have been obliged to call us in to their assistance, in order to deliver them from this impious and mad king. We have been their deliverers. What glory added to the liberty and opulence of the Phoenicians! But while we deliver others, we are slaves ourselves. O Telemachus! beware of falling into the cruel hands of our king Pygmalion: he has bathed those cruel hands in the blood of Sicheus, his sister Dido's husband. Dido, full of honor and vengeance, escaped from Tyre with several ships. The majority of those who loved liberty and virtue followed her: she has founded a noble city, called Carthage, on the coast of Africa. Pygmalion, tormented by an insatiable thirst after riches, becomes every day more and more miserable and odious to his subjects. To be wealthy at Tyre is criminal: avarice rendering him distrustful, suspicious, cruel, he persecutes the rich, and fears the poor. It is still more criminal at Tyre to be virtuous: for to such Pygmalion thinks himself insufferable on account of his injustice and infamies; virtue condemns him; he hates and reviles her in return. Everything disturbs, frets, and disquiets him; he is afraid

of his shadow, and sleeps neither night nor day: to complete his misery, the gods heap riches upon him which he dares not enjoy. What he seeks in order to be happy is precisely what prevents his being so. As he regrets whatever he gives away, and is always afraid of losing what he has, so he torments himself continually to increase his wealth. He is scarcely even seen; he is alone, sad, immured in the most secret part of his palace: even his friends dare hardly approach him, for fear of becoming the objects of his distrust. A terrible guard with naked swords and pikes extended continually surround his house. Thirty chambers that have a communication one with another, with each an iron door, and six strong bolts, are the place where he shuts himself up; nor is it ever known in which of these chambers he sleeps; and it is said he never sleeps two nights successively in the same one, for fear of being assassinated. He is a stranger to every sweet enjoyment; and to friendship, the sweetest of all; if anyone exhorts him to seek after joy, he declines the attempt; sensible that joy flies far from him, and will not take possession of his heart. His eyes that fiercely gleam with cruel fire, incessantly roll about on every side: alarmed by the least noise that strikes his ear, he turns pale, and stands aghast; and black corroding care is ever painted on his wrinkled face. He keeps quiet, sighs often, fetching deep groans from the bottom of his heart; he cannot conceal the remorse that preys upon his vitals. The most exquisite dishes displease him. His children, far from being the objects of his hope, excite his fears, and thus become his most dangerous enemies. He has not been one moment during his whole life in security: it is only by making away with all those whom he dreaded, that he has hitherto preserved himself. Fool! not to see that the cruelty, in which he trusts for his safety, will one day prove his ruin! Some one of his domestics, as distrustful as himself, will not fail soon to deliver the world from such a monster. As for myself, I fear the gods; be the consequence what it will, I will be faithful to the king whom they have set over me. I had rather lose my own life than take away his, or even refuse to assist in defending him. As for you, O Telemachus, beware of letting him know that you are the son of Ulysses; he would hope that Ulysses, on his return to Ithaca, would give him a great sum of money for your ransom, and he would certainly hold you in prison.'

"When we arrived at Tyre, I followed Narbal's advice, and recognized the truth of all he had told me. I thought it was hardly possible for a man to render himself so completely miserable as Pygmalion

appeared. A sight so frightful and unusual surprised me, and I said to myself: 'Here is a man who only sought to make himself happy: he thought to make himself so by the possession of riches and absolute power; he possesses everything that he could desire, and yet has made himself miserable by them. If he were a shepherd, as I have lately been, he would be as happy as I then was; he would enjoy the innocent pleasures of the country, and enjoy them without remorse, without the terror of either steel or poison; he would love men, and be beloved by them in his turn; he would not have more great riches, which are as useless to him as sand, since he dares not touch them; yet he would enjoy freely the fruits of the earth, and would suffer no real need. This man seems to do everything he wants, and yet this is far from being the case; he does as his ferocious passions decree, and is continually preyed upon either by avarice, fear, or suspicion. He seems to command all other men, and yet has not the command of himself, for he has as many masters and executioners as he has violent desires.'

"These were my thoughts concerning Pygmalion, though I had never seen him; for he never appeared; all that was seen were those lofty towers surrounded day and night with guards, in which he had shut himself up with his treasures as in a prison, and these were beheld with terror. I compared this invisible king with Sesostris, so humane, so accessible, so affable, so eager to see strangers, so ready to hear everybody, and so desirous to dive into men's hearts in order to discover the truth, which is generally concealed from kings. 'Sesostris,' I said, 'feared nothing, and had nothing to fear; all his subjects had access to him, for he regarded them as his children: but this man fears all, and has all to fear. This evil king is at every moment exposed to a violent death, even in his inaccessible palace, in the midst of his guards; on the contrary, the good King Sesostris lived in security amidst his numerous subjects, as a tender parent in his own house, surrounded by his family.'

"Pygmalion gave orders to send home the troops of the isle of Cyprus, which had come to join his in consequence of the alliance between the two nations. Narbal laid hold of that opportunity to set me at liberty: he made me pass for one of those soldiers when they were reviewed; for the king's jealousy extended to the least things. It is the defect of good-natured indolent princes to repose a blind, unlimited confidence in corrupt artful favorites; but the defect of this

tyrant, on the contrary, was to distrust the most honorable men: he was not capable of distinguishing honest and upright men who act without disguise; he had never seen any such, for they do not seek out so corrupt a king. Then he found in those whom he had employed since his accession to the throne, so much dissimulation and treachery, such frightful vices disguised under the appearance of virtue, that he regarded all men without exception as if they had been marked. He thought there was no sincere virtue on earth: consequently he considered all men as much alike. When he found a man false and corrupt he did not give himself any trouble to look out for another, persuaded that another would be no better. The good were accounted by him worse than the most openly vicious; because he looked upon them as equally abandoned, and more deceitful.

"But to return to myself. I passed for a Cyprian, and by that means got off unsuspected by the king, notwithstanding his watchful jealousy. Narbal trembled for fear, lest I should be discovered, as it would have cost us both our lives. His impatience to see us gone was incredible: but contrary winds kept us long enough in Tyre.

"This delay I profited from to make myself acquainted with the manners of the Phoenicians, a people so famous in all nations. I admired the happy situation of this great city, in an island in the middle of the sea. The neighboring coast is pleasant in consequence of its fertility, of the exquisite fruits which it produces, of the number of towns and villages that are almost joined one to another; and lastly by the gentleness of its climate, for it is screened from the scorching south winds by mountains, and fanned by the north wind that blows from the sea. This country lies at the foot of Lebanon, whose lofty top towering up to the stars is hid among the clouds. Its brow is covered with everlasting ice, and rivers swelled by snow fall with amazing rapidity from the rocks surrounding its summit. Lower down is seen a vast forest of ancient cedars, that seem to vie with the ground on which they stand for age, and whose lofty branches reach almost to the clouds. Below the forest, towards the bottom of the mountain, are rich pastures, in which are seen bulls lowing and roaming about, and sheep with their tender lambs bleating and skipping upon the grass: here likewise appear a thousand streams of water, clear and transparent, gliding along. In fine, the foot of the mountain next to these pastures is like a garden, in which the spring and autumn make their appearance together, the one with its flowers, and the

other with its fruits. Neither the pestilent breath of the south wind, that parches and burns up everything, nor the boisterous cold blasts of the north have ever been able to tarnish the lively colors of that garden.

"Near this delightful coast lies that island, on which the city of Tyre is built. That great city seems to float on the surface of the waters, and to be queen of the sea. Merchants from all parts of the world resort to it, nor are there any more renowned in the universe than its own inhabitants. When one enters that city, one at first believes that it is a city that belongs not to one people in particular, but to all nations in general, and the center of their commerce. It has two vast moles stretching out into the sea like two arms, forming the harbor, which the winds cannot enter. In this part one sees a forest of masts, and such is the number of the ships, that one can scarcely see the sea that bears them. All the citizens apply themselves to commerce, nor do their great riches ever produce in them an aversion to the labor necessary to increase their store. One sees on all sides the fine linen of Egypt, and Tyrian purple twice dyed, of marvelous beauty: and so durable is this double dye, that time cannot efface it: it is used only in cloth of fine wool, which they further adorn with gold and silver embroidery. The Phoenicians carry on a trade with all nations as far as the Straits of Cadiz; they have even penetrated into the ocean that surrounds the whole earth. They also navigate the Red Sea, by which they pass to unknown islands, bringing home gold, spices, and diverse animals, not to be met with elsewhere.

"I could never tear my eyes away from the magnificent spectacle of that great city, where all was in motion. There I saw none of those idle curious men, who in Greece are continually either going in quest of news of the public place, or gazing at the strangers who arrive in the port. But there they are constantly employed either in unloading their ships, transporting or selling their merchandise, laying it up in exact order in their warehouses, and keeping regular accounts of what was owing to them by their correspondents in foreign countries. The women never cease to spin wool, or make designs for embroidery, or fold rich stuffs.

"'Whence is it,' I said to Narbal, 'that the Phoenicians have made themselves the masters of the whole commerce of the world, thus enriching themselves at the expense of all other nations?'

"The reason,' he replied, 'is obvious: our city, you see, is happily situated for commerce, and we have the glory of having invented navigation: the Tyrians were the first, if credit may be given to tradition from the most remote antiquity, who ventured to sea in ships long before the age of Typhus and the Argonauts, so boasted of in Greece; they were the first, I say, who had the courage to expose themselves in a frail vessel to the mercy of the winds and waves; to sound the depths of the ocean; to observe the stars, as directed by the Egyptian and Babylonian astronomers: in fine, to unite so many nations whom the sea had separated. The Tyrians are industrious, patient, laborious, clean, sober, and frugal; they have a well-regulated administration; there is no discord among them; never was there a people more firm and steady, more candid, more loyal, more trusty, or more kind to strangers. This, without seeking out other causes, will account for their having the empire of the sea, and such a flourishing commerce in their ports. Should discord and jealousy once prevail among them; should luxury and laziness get a footing; should the first men in the nation begin to despise labor and frugality; should the arts cease to be accounted honorable in their city; should good faith towards strangers be no longer practiced; should the least alteration be made in the regulations respecting a free trade; should they neglect their manufactures, or forbear to advance the sums necessary to bring their commodities (each in its kind) to perfection; you would soon see this power, that now is so much the object of your admiration, dwindle away to nothing.'

"But,' I said, 'explain to me the proper methods of establishing one day in Ithaca a like commerce.'

"Do,' he replied, 'as is done here; give a ready and kind reception to all strangers; let them find in your havens security, convenience, and entire liberty; never suffer yourself to be blinded by avarice or pride. The true secret to gain a great deal, is never to grasp at too much, and to know how to lose suitably. Endeavor to gain the love of all strangers: even overlook some misbehavior on their part: beware of exciting jealousy by your haughtiness. Steadily observe the rules of commerce, and see that they be simple and explicit: accustom your people to adhere to them invariably; punish with severity fraud in merchants, and even remissness and extravagance; these ruin commerce, by ruining those who carry it on. But above all things beware of cramping trade in order to make it favor your views. Princes ought

not to be concerned in trade, but leave the whole profits of it to their subjects, who take all the pains; by acting otherwise, they will discourage them. They will derive advantage enough from it, by the great wealth it will bring into their dominions. Commerce is like certain springs, which, if diverted from their old channel, soon become dry. It is the prospect of gain and convenience alone that brings strangers to your country; if traffic is rendered less commodious and advantageous to them than before, they withdraw themselves insensibly and never more return because other states, profiting by your imprudence, invite them to their country, and soon accustom them to do without you. I must even acknowledge to you, that the glory of Tyre itself has been for some time upon the decline. O! my dear Telemachus, had you seen it before the reign of Pygmalion you would have been much more astonished. At present you see only the sad remains of a grandeur that seems to be near an end. O wretched Tyre! into what hands art thou fallen! Formerly tribute was brought thee by sea from every nation in the world. Pygmalion dreads everything both from strangers and his own subjects. Instead of opening his ports according to ancient usage to all nations, even the most remote, without the least constraint, he insists upon knowing the number of ships that enter them, and from what country, the names of all on board, the nature of their trade, the price of their merchandise, and the time they must remain at Tyre. He does still worse: he often employs artifice to ensnare the merchants, and confiscate their goods. He is perpetually plaguing those of them that he supposes to be rich, and introducing under various pretexts new imposts. He will be a merchant himself, though everybody is afraid to have any dealings with him. Thus our commerce begins to languish and decline. Strangers by degrees forget the way to Tyre, though formerly so well known to them; so that if Pygmalion does not alter his conduct, our power and glory must soon pass from us to a people better governed than we.'

"I then asked Narbal by what means the Tyrians had rendered themselves so powerful by sea, for I had a desire to know everything that regarded the good government of a kingdom.

"'We have,' he said, 'the forests of Lebanon to supply us with ship-timber, and we carefully reserve them for that use; they are never touched but for the public. For the building of ships, we have the most expert and able workmen.'

"How, or where," said I, "did you find these workmen?"

"They were formed," he replied, "by degrees in the country. When those that distinguished themselves in any art are properly rewarded, some individuals are always found, who carry them to the highest degree of perfection; for men of ingenuity and ability will always apply themselves to those arts to which the greatest advantages are attached. Here we treat with honor those who excel in the arts and sciences that contribute to the improvement of navigation. We esteem a good geometrician, or an able astronomer; we heap with goods a pilot who surpasses others in his function; we do not think a good carpenter unworthy of our notice; on the contrary, he is well paid and well treated. Dexterous rowers too are sure of being considered according to their merit, and of being handsomely rewarded for their services: they are well fed, and when sick, carefully tended; and during their absence, their wives and families are not forgotten. If they happen to perish by shipwreck, their families are maintained by the public, and after having served a certain limited time, they are entitled to their discharge. In consequence of this treatment, we are never at a loss for them when there is occasion: fathers are eager to breed their sons to such an agreeable calling, and therefore lose no time, but begin as early as possible to teach them to handle the oar, to manage the tackle, and to have contempt for storms. Thus it is that men are led without constraint by good treatment and good order. Authority alone will never do, nor is a bare submission sufficient; men's hearts must be won, and they must be made to find their advantage in a compliance wherever their service is wanted."

"After this conversation, Narbal showed me all the magazines, arsenals, and artisans concerned in the building and equipment of ships. I begged him for the details of the least things, which I set down in writing, for fear I should forget some useful circumstance.

"In the meantime Narbal, who knew Pygmalion, and who loved me, waited with impatience for my departure, being afraid I should be discovered by the king's spies, who were continually going about the city, day and night: but the winds still prevented our embarking. While we were employed in attentively examining the harbor, and interrogating diverse merchants, we saw one of Pygmalion's officers advance towards us, who said to Narbal:

"The king has just learned from one of the captains of the ships that came from Egypt with you, that you brought a stranger with you

who passes for a Cyprian: he has ordered him to be stopped, that he may learn with certainty of what country he is; and you must answer for him on pain of losing your head.'

"At that instant I was at a little distance, attentively examining the proportions of a ship which had been newly built with so much skill and exactness in all her parts, that she was reckoned the best sailor that had ever entered the harbor; and I interrogated the builder who had given her proportions.

"Narbal, disconcerted and confused, made answer: 'I will go immediately in quest of this stranger, who is from the isle of Cyprus.'

"But no sooner had he lost sight of the officer, than he came running to warn me of my danger.

"'My dear Telemachus,' he said, 'what I but too certainly foresaw has happened; we are undone. The king, whom distrust haunts and tortures day and night, suspects that you are no Cyprian; he has ordered you to be arrested; I must deliver you up to him, or lose my head. O God! what shall we do! Inspire us with wisdom to extricate ourselves from our present danger. Telemachus, I am obliged to carry you to the king's palace, but be sure to maintain you are a Cyprian, of the city Amalontum, the son of a statuary of Venus. I will declare that I formerly knew your father: perhaps the king, without inquiring further into the matter, will let you go. This is the only expedient I can think of to save your life and mine.'

"My reply to Narbal was this: 'Let perish an unhappy wretch devoted to destruction; I know how to die, Narbal, and I owe you too much to suffer you to endanger your life on my account. I cannot resolve to tell a lie. I neither am a Cyprian, nor will affirm that I am. The gods see my sincerity; they, if they will, preserve my life; but I am determined not to save it by a lie.'

"Narbal replied: 'There is nothing, Telemachus, that is not innocent in such a lie; the gods themselves cannot condemn it: nobody will suffer by it, and it will save the lives of two innocent persons; while the king is deceived merely to prevent his committing a great crime. You carry the love of virtue and the fear of wounding religion too far.'

"'It is enough,' I said, 'that falsehood is falsehood, to be unworthy of a man who speaks in the presence of the gods, and who owes everything to the truth. He who injures the truth offends the gods, and even himself, by speaking against his conscience. Forbear,

Narbal, to propose to me what is unworthy of you and me. If the gods have pity on us, they will know how to deliver us: if it is their will that we should perish, we shall then fall the victims of truth, and leave to mankind an example that unblemished virtue is to be preferred to long life: mine has lasted already too long, being so unhappy. It is for you alone, my dear Narbal, that I am concerned: alas! that your friendship for an unhappy stranger should have occasioned you so much trouble.'

"In this manner we contested a long time, till at last we saw a man come running up to us out of breath; he was another of the king's officers, dispatched to us by Astarb . That woman was beautiful as a goddess; to the charms of her person she joined some engaging qualities of the mind, being sprightly, obliging, and insinuating. Notwithstanding these deceitful charms, she, like the sirens, had a cruel and malignant heart; but she knew how to disguise her corrupt sentiments. By her beauty, her wit, her fine voice, and her skill in touching the lyre, she had captivated the heart of Pygmalion who, in consequence of his blind passion for her, had forsaken his queen Topha. He thought only of gratifying the desires of the ambitious Astarb ; his love for that woman was almost as fatal to him as his excessive avarice. But notwithstanding the violence of his passion for her, she felt nothing but aversion and contempt for him; she concealed her real sentiments; and she pretended to love him above all things, at the same time that she could not endure him.

"There was at Tyre a young Lydian, named Malachon, of extraordinary beauty, but soft, effeminate, and debauched. He thought of nothing but how to preserve the delicacy of his complexion, to adjust his fine flaxen hair that luxuriantly overspread his shoulders, to scent himself with perfumes; to give a graceful air to his long flowing robe; and to chant his amours to the sound of the lyre. Astarb  saw, and loved him to distraction. But he neglected her advances with disdain, being passionately fond of another woman. Besides, he was afraid of exposing himself to the cruel jealousy of the king. Astarb  seeing herself slighted, gave way to her resentment. In her despair she took it into her head that she might be able to make Malachon pass for the stranger, whom the king wanted to see, and whom, she was told, Narbal had already brought to the palace. She actually persuaded Pygmalion that Malachon was he; at the same time bribing all those who might have undeceived him. As he had no regard for virtuous

men, and did not know how to distinguish them, those about him were all mercenary and artful, still ready to execute his unjust and sanguinary commands. Such men dreaded the authority of Astarbé, and they helped her to deceive the king, lest, by refusing, they should incur the displeasure of a haughty woman who had all his confidence. Thus Malachon, though known by the whole city to be a Lydian, was taken up instead of the stranger whom Narbal had brought from Egypt with him, and put in prison.

"Astarbé, afraid lest Narbal should go the king, and reveal the trick put upon him, sent the officer immediately to Narbal with this message:

"'It is Astarbé's pleasure that you forbear telling the king who that stranger that you have with you is; all that she requires of you is silence; and she promises to satisfy the king with regard to you: however, you must lose no time in sending away along with the Cyprians the young stranger, so that he may no more be seen in the city.'

"Narbal, transported with joy that he should now be able to save both his own life and mine, promised secrecy, and the officer, satisfied with having gained my assent, returned to Astarbé to give an account of how he had executed his commission.

"Narbal and I could not help admiring the goodness of the gods in rewarding our sincerity, and in protecting those who risk everything for virtue. We were struck with horror at the thoughts of a king entirely delivered up to pleasure and avarice. 'That prince,' we said, 'who is so extremely afraid of being deceived, deserves to be so, and generally is so in the grossest manner. He is distrustful of the good, and bestows an unreserved confidence on miscreants: he is the only person who does not know what happened. Observe Pygmalion, he is the sport of a woman lost to all shame. However, the gods make use of the insincerity and falsehood of the wicked to save the lives of the good, who would rather die than utter falsehood.'

"In the meantime we perceived the wind was changed and become favorable for the Cyprian fleet.

"'The gods,' cried Narbal, 'declare themselves; they are determined to remove you out of all danger: fly then from this cruel and accursed land. Happy he who could follow you to regions the most unknown! Happy he who could live and die with you! But my cruel destiny confines me to this unhappy country; I must be content to suffer with it, and perhaps to be buried under its ruins: it matters

not, provided that I always speak the truth, and that my heart loves only justice. As for you, my dear Telemachus, may the gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, bestow upon you the most precious of all gifts, pure and unspotted virtue, to the end of your days. May you live to return to Ithaca, comfort Penelope, and deliver her from those intolerant suitors. May your eyes see, and your arms embrace, the sage Ulysses; and may he find in you a son in no way inferior to himself in wisdom. But amidst your happiness do not forget the unhappy Narbal, nor ever cease to love me.'

"When he had thus spoken, I embraced him and shed a flood of tears, without being able to make him any reply; my speech was interrupted by heaving sighs: we embraced in silence. He then accompanied me to the ship, and continued on the shore looking earnestly at me, whose eyes were fixed on him, till we lost sight of one another."

Book IV

The argument

Calypso interrupts Telemachus, so that he may take some repose. Mentor reproves him in secret for having undertaken to relate his adventures, but at the same time bids him proceed in his recital since he had begun. Telemachus tells how he had a dream in his passage from Tyre to the isle of Cyprus, in which he saw Minerva protecting him against Venus and Cupid, that he afterwards imagined he saw Mentor, who exhorted him speedily to quit the isle of Cyprus: that when he awoke, the ship would have been lost in a storm, had he not taken the management of the helm himself, because the Cyprians, being intoxicated with wine, were altogether incapable of saving her; that upon his arrival in the island, he had seen examples of the most dangerous and contagious nature; but that Hazael, a Syrian, whose slave Mentor had become, happening also to be there, had reunited the two Greeks, and carried them with him on board his ship to Crete; and that in the passage they had been highly delighted with seeing Amphitrite in her car, drawn by sea horses.

Calypso, who had thus far heard Telemachus recount his adventures with the utmost attention and transport, now interrupted him to make him take a little rest.

"It is time," she said, "that you refresh yourself with the sweetness of sleep after so much work. You have nothing to fear here; all is favorable to you. Abandon yourself then to joy; let it relish the peace and all the other gifts which the gods are going to pour down upon you. Tomorrow, when Aurora with her rosy fingers shall begin to unlock the gilded gates of the East, and the horses of the sun issuing from the briny waves shall spread abroad the light of day, driving

before them all the stars of heaven, we shall take up, my dear Telemachus, the story of your misfortunes. Your father is much your inferior in point of wisdom and courage: neither Achilles, who vanquished Hector, nor Theseus, who returned from the infernal regions, nor even the great Alcides, who delivered the earth from so many monsters, ever revealed such fortitude and virtue as you have displayed. I hope that a deep sleep may make this night seem short to you. But alas! how long will it seem to me! How shall I long to see you again, to hear you, to make you repeat what I already know, and to be informed of what I do not know! Go, my dear Telemachus, with the sage Mentor, whom the gods have restored to you, withdraw into this retired grotto, where all is prepared for your repose. I pray Morpheus to shed his gentle slumbers on your weary eyelids, to transfuse a divine balm into all your fatigued members, and to lend you pleasant dreams; that, fluttering about you, may amuse your senses with the most agreeable images, and drive far from you everything that might awake you too soon."

The goddess herself conducted Telemachus into this grotto, separated from her own. It was neither less rustic nor less agreeable. A fountain issuing from one of the corners, produced a gentle murmuring that invited repose. There were two beds of a soft verdure prepared by the nymphs, on which were spread two fine skins, on one that of a lion for Telemachus, and on the other that of a bear for Mentor.

Before Mentor let sleep close his eyes, he thus addressed himself to Telemachus:

"The pleasure of recounting the story of your life has seduced your heart; you have charmed the goddess by your account of the dangers from which you have been delivered by your own courage and dexterity: by this have you more and more inflamed her passion, and prepared for yourself a more dangerous captivity. How can you expect that she will let you quit her island, now that you have filled her with joy and admiration by the recital of your adventures? The love of vain glory has betrayed you into speaking with imprudence. She, having engaged to tell you stories, and to acquaint you with the fate of Ulysses, found a way to talk a long time without saying anything; and yet thereby induced you to inform her of all that she wanted to know: such is the art of deceitful and passionate women. When, O Telemachus, will you be so wise, as never to speak out of

vanity, and to conceal whatever tends to your own praise, when your interest does not require that you should disclose it? Others admire your wisdom at an age when the lack of it would be pardonable; as for me, I cannot pardon you anything: I am the only one who knows you, and who loves you so, as to warn you of all your faults. How far short are you yet of your father's wisdom!"

"What then," said Telemachus, "could I refuse Calypso the recital of my misfortunes?"

"No," replied Mentor, "I do not disapprove of your relating them: but then it ought to have been done so as to excite her compassion alone. You might have told her how you were some time wandering from one place to another, some time a prisoner in Sicily, and some time in Egypt. This would have been enough: the rest has served only to increase the poison that burns her heart. May the gods preserve yours from the like infection."

"But," said Telemachus, with a humble submissive accent, "what am I to do then?"

"It is now too late," replied Mentor, "to conceal from her what remains of your adventures: she already knows so much of them, that it is impossible to deceive her with respect to what remains; your reserve would only serve to irritate her. Proceed therefore tomorrow to give her an account of what further the gods have done in your favor, and learn another time to speak more moderately of what you may have done deserving in any measure of praise."

Telemachus taking this wholesome advice in good part, they both went to rest.

No sooner had Phoebus spread abroad his first rays upon the earth, than Mentor, hearing the goddess call her nymphs in the wood, awoke Telemachus.

"It is time," he said, "to shake off sleep; come, let us return to Calypso: but be upon your guard against her delusive words; beware of laying open your heart to her; fear the flattering poison of her praise. Yesterday she extolled you above your sage father, the invincible Achilles, the renowned Theseus, and Hercules exalted to a god. Did you feel how excessive these praises were? Did you believe what she said? Be assured she did not believe it herself: she praises you for no other reason but because she looks upon you as a simpleton, and vain enough to suffer yourself to be imposed upon by praises altogether disproportioned to your actions."

After these words, they went to the place where the goddess waited for them. She smiled upon seeing them, disguising under an appearance of joy, the fear and uneasiness that preyed upon their hearts; for she foresaw that Telemachus, being conducted by Mentor, would escape from her as Ulysses had done.

"Come," she said, "Telemachus, make haste and satisfy my curiosity; I thought all night that I saw your departure from Phoenicia, and following your destiny to the island of Cyprus, without loss of time, what befell you in that voyage."

Upon this they all sat down upon the grass, that was interspersed with violets, under the shade of a thick grove.

Calypso could not help continually eyeing Telemachus in a tender and passionate manner, nor being transported with indignation upon observing that Mentor narrowly watched her looks. All the nymphs leaned forward in silence, forming a kind of semicircle, the better to hear and see; and the eyes of the whole company were steadfastly fixed upon the young man. Telemachus, lowering his eyes, and speaking in a very graceful manner, pursued the story of his adventures.

"Scarcely had the favourable breeze filled our sails, when the coast of Phoenicia began to disappear. As the manners of the Cyprians, with whom I now was embarked, were unknown to me, I resolved with myself to observe in silence all that passed, and to act with the utmost discretion, in order to gain their esteem. While I thus kept silence, a deep sleep stole insensibly upon me; my senses were all locked up and suspended; a delightful quiet took possession of my heart.

"In a moment I thought I saw Venus cleaving the clouds, drawn by two turtle doves. She appeared to me with all that striking beauty, that blooming youth, those tender graces, that adorned her when she sprang from the froth of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himself. She seemed to come with a rapid flight close up to me, when laying her hand with a smile upon my shoulder, and calling me by name, she thus addressed me. 'Young Greek, you are now bound for my empire, and will soon revive in that happy island, the native seat of pleasure, mirth, and frolic. There you shall burn incense upon my altars; there I shall plunge you in a river of delights. Open your heart to the sweetest hopes, and beware of resisting the most powerful of all the goddesses, who wants to make you happy.'

"At the same time I perceived the boy Cupid, flapping his wings, and fluttering about his mother. Although his countenance exhibited the tenderness, the sprightliness, and graces of childhood, yet there was in his piercing eyes something that frightened me. He laughed when he looked at me; his laughter was malicious, scornful, and cruel. From his golden quiver he drew the sharpest of his arrows, bent his bow, and was going to pierce me, when all of a sudden Minerva appeared and covered me with her aegis. In the face of that goddess there was nothing of that effeminate beauty, or that amorous languishment, which I had remarked in the face and person of Venus. On the contrary, her beauty was modest, negligent, unaffected: her whole demeanor was noble, grave, stately, spirited, and majestic. Cupid's arrow, not being able to penetrate the aegis, dropped upon the ground. Cupid, enraged, wept bitterly; he was ashamed to see himself thus vanquished.

"'Get you gone,' cried Minerva, 'get you gone, rash boy, never will you subdue any but effeminate souls who are more enamored of your shameful pleasures than of wisdom, virtue, and glory.' At these words, away flew Cupid in a rage, and Venus ascending towards Olympus, at length disappeared, after I had for a long time beheld her chariot with the two doves mounting in a cloud of gold and azure. Afterwards looking towards the ground I found that Minerva was gone.

"Then it seemed to me that I was transported into a delicious garden, such as the Elysian fields are described. In this place I found Mentor, who said to me: 'Flee this cruel land, this pestilent isle, in which they breathe nothing but voluptuousness. The most resolute virtue is in danger in it, and can save itself only by flight.' The moment I saw him, I endeavored to throw myself upon his neck, to embrace him; but I found that my feet would not move, that my legs failed me, and that my hands, when I sought to lay hold of Mentor, grasped a shadow which always eluded me.

"Through this effort I woke up, and I perceived that this mysterious dream was a warning from heaven. I found myself full of a determined resolution against pleasure, of diffidence in myself, and abhorrence of the effeminate life of the Cyprians. But what shocked me greatly was that I believed Mentor had lost his life, and having crossed the Stygian lake, was now in the happy retreat of just souls.

This thought made me shed a flood of tears. I was asked why I was crying.

"I answered that my weeping was not to be wondered at, being an unhappy stranger tossed about without any hope of seeing his native country again.

"While they thus forgot the dangers of the sea, a sudden storm began to envelop both the sky and ocean. The fierce winds howled among the sails, and the ship groaned under the gloomy waves that beat over her without ceasing. Sometimes we rode upon the top of a lofty towering billow; sometimes the sea opening, seemed to precipitate us into the abyss. We perceived, at no great distance, some rocks, against which the waves broke with a horrible noise.

"Then it was that I found, by experience, the truth of what Mentor had often told me, namely, that effeminate men, devoted to pleasure, lack courage to face danger. All the Cyprians, in the utmost despondency, wept like women. Nothing was to be heard but bitter wailings and lamentations, sad reflections upon the pleasures they were going to be deprived of, and vain promises to sacrifice to the gods, provided they would bring them safe to port. Not a single person on board kept enough presence of mind either to direct or execute the steps that were necessary for our preservation. It appeared to me that I must, in saving my life, save that of others: I took the helm, for the pilot, being intoxicated with wine, and raving like Bacchante, was not in a condition to be sensible of the danger of the vessel. I encouraged the despairing sailors, and gave orders to furl the sails. The crew then vigorously plying their oars, we passed through among the rocks with the utmost hazard of our lives, and had a near view of death and all its horrors.

"This deliverance appeared like a dream to all those whose lives I had saved; they gazed on me with amazement. We arrived in the isle of Cyprus in that month of the spring that is consecrated to Venus. That season of the year, said the Cyprians, is peculiarly suited to the goddess; for it seems to animate all nature, and to give birth to pleasures, as it does to flowers.

"When I arrived in the island, I found the air so mild and soft, as to render the body sluggish and inactive, though it inspired at the same time a playful and mad humor. I observed that the country, naturally fertile and agreeable, lay quite uncultivated, so averse were

the inhabitants to labor. On all hands I saw women and young girls, vainly arrayed, going to the temple of Venus to devote themselves to the service of the goddess, singing her praises as they went along. Grace, beauty, joy, and the love of pleasure, were equally displayed in all their countenances; but there was too much affectation in their air: it had nothing of that noble simplicity, of the amiable modesty, which is the great charm of beauty. Everything that I observed about these women disgusted me: their studied and effeminate airs, their gay, gaudy attire, their languid gait, their looks that strove to catch the attention of the other sex, their jealous emulation to excite the more violent passions; on all these accounts I could not help despising them: what was intended to attract my love and admiration, served only to inspire disgust.

"I was conducted to a temple of the goddess: she has several on the island; for instance, at Cythera, Idalium, and Paphos, where she is particularly adored. It was to Cythera that I was conducted. The temple is entirely of marble; it is a perfect peristyle. It is a very majestic edifice, the columns being large and lofty: above the architrave and frieze, on each side, are grand pediments, in which are represented in bas-relief all the most pleasant adventures of the goddess. At the gate of the temple is continually to be seen a great crowd of people, come to make their offerings. No victim is ever slain within the sacred precincts of the temple; nor is the fat of heifers and bulls consumed by fire; nor is their blood shed on these altars. The beasts to be offered are only presented; and none can be so presented but such as are young, white, and without blemish. They are covered with fillets of purple embroidered with gold, and their horns gilt and adorned with bouquets of flowers. After having been presented before the altar, they are conveyed to a particular place detached from the temple, and slaughtered for feasting of the priests.

"All sorts of perfumed liquors are also offered, and wine more delicious than nectar. The priests, who are clad in long white robes, with girdles and fringes at the bottom of their robes of gold, burn day and night on the altars the most exquisite perfumes of the East, which form a kind of cloud as they ascend to heaven. All the columns of the temple are adorned with hanging festoons: all the vessels used in sacrificing are of gold; and a sacred wood of myrtles surrounds the edifice. None but young men and young girls of rare beauty can present the victims to the priests, or light the fire upon the altars. But

a temple so magnificent is disgraced by dissoluteness and obscenity.

"At first, I could not behold these things without abhorrence, but that wore off insensibly. Vice no longer shocked me: every company inspired me with a greater propensity to debauchery, by mocking my innocence; for my continence and modesty served only for subjects of mirth and ridicule to that abandoned people. They stopped at nothing to stir up my passions, to ensnare me, and to awaken in me a love of pleasure. I found myself grow less firm and resolute every day; the virtuous education I had received was no longer able to support me: all my good resolutions were forgotten. I no longer felt in myself the power to resist the evil that assailed me on all sides; I was even absurd enough to be ashamed of virtue. I was like a man swimming in a deep rapid river: at first he stems the current, and advances: but, if the banks are steep and rocky, so that he cannot climb, and rest himself upon the shore, he grows tired by degrees; his strength fails him; his wearied limbs become stiff, and he is carried away by the current. Thus did my eyes become dim, my heart feeble and irresolute, and I could neither recover the use of my reason, nor recall the memory of my father's virtues. The dream in which I fancied I had seen Mentor in the Elysian fields, discouraged me from making any further efforts: a secret soothing languor took possession of my soul; I was now enamored of the agreeable poison that insinuated itself from vein to vein, and penetrated to the very marrow of my bones.

"Nevertheless I could not help still fetching deep sighs, weeping bitterly, and roaring, in my fury, like a lion. 'O the wretchedness of youth!' I cried; 'O ye gods, who cruelly sport with men, why do ye make them pass through that period of life, which is a scene of folly, or a raging fever? O that I were covered with white hairs, bending with years, and upon the brink of the grave, like my grandfather Laertes! I would prefer death to the shameful weakness into which I have fallen.'

"Scarcely had I thus spoken when my grief abated, and my heart, intoxicated by a foolish passion, shook off all regard to modesty; in consequence of which I was plunged into an abyss of remorse. During this trouble I ran up and down the sacred grove like a hind wounded by the huntsman: to ease her pain, she traverses the vast forests; but the arrow that pierced her in the flank pursues her everywhere; the deadly dart she carries with her wheresoever she flies. Thus did I

run about in vain to forget myself, but nothing was able to alleviate my uneasiness of heart.

"At that very moment I descried a good way off, under the thick shade of wood, the figure of the sage Mentor; but so pale, melancholy, and austere did his countenance appear, that I did not feel any joy at the sight.

"'Is it you then,' I cried, 'O my dear friend, my only hope? Is it you? Indeed! Is it you, your very self? Does not a delusive phantom impose upon my sight? Is it you, Mentor? Is it not your shade that still presents itself to my eyes? Are you not among the number of those happy souls who enjoy the fruits of their virtue, and on whom the gods bestow pure pleasures and endless peace in the Elysian fields? Speak Mentor, are you still alive? Am I so happy as to possess you; or is it only the shade of my friend?'

"As I spoke these words, I ran towards him all in a transport and out of breath; while he, without any emotion, waited for me, not advancing a single step. O ye gods! you know how great was my joy, when my hands felt and touched him.

"'No,' I cried, 'it is not a vain shade; I hold him, I embrace my dear Mentor!'

"Then I shed a flood of tears as I hung upon his neck, and clasped him in my arms, without being able to speak. He looked at me with a melancholy air, and eyes full of tender compassion.

"At last I said to him: 'Alas! whence come you? What dangers did you leave me to encounter during your absence? And what could I now do without you?'

"Without replying to these my questions, 'Fly!' he said, with a terrible tone. 'Away, lose not a moment. This country produces nothing but poison; the very air you breathe is poisoned; the contagious inhabitants cannot converse together without communicating a mortal poison. Infamous effeminate pleasure, of all the plagues that issued from Pandora's box the most dreadful, here enfeebles men's hearts, and suffers no virtue to exist. Away then, without delay: look not even behind you as you fly, and banish this execrable island entirely from your thoughts.'

"He spoke, and immediately I perceived, as it were, a thick cloud dissolve from my eyes and disperse, so that I beheld the pure light: a gentle joy, and an undaunted resolution sprang up again in my heart. It was a joy very different from that childish, effeminate delight

with which my senses had been intoxicated: the latter is a drunken, troubled joy, shot through with furious passions, and cutting remorse; the former is a rational joy, fraught with something blissful and divine; it is always pure, even, and inexhaustible: the more it is indulged, the more delightful it is: it ravishes the soul without disquieting it. I then shed tears of joy and found that nothing is so agreeable as to weep in this way. 'Happy,' I said, 'are those men who have beheld virtue in all her charms! For they who see her, must love her, and they who love her, must be happy.'

"'I must leave you,' said Mentor: 'I cannot stay a moment longer: it is not permitted to me to stop.'

"'Ah, where are you going?' I said. 'There is no part of the world so dismal and uninhabitable, to which I will not follow you. Think not that you can escape from me; I will rather die in your steps!'

"As I spoke thus, I laid hold of him, and clasped him close with all my strength.

"'In vain,' he said, 'do you attempt to detain me. You must know, I was sold by the cruel Metophis to Ethiopians or Arabs. These going to Damascus in Syria, about their commercial affairs, resolved to dispose of me, thinking to get a large sum for me from one Hazael, who wanted a Greek slave to instruct him in the manners and sciences of the Greeks. Indeed, Hazael purchased me at a very high price. In consequence of what I told him relating to our manners, he had a curiosity to visit the isle of Crete, in order to study the wise laws of Minos. During our voyage, the winds obliged us to put into the isle of Cyprus. While waiting for a favorable wind, he has come to make his offerings in this temple: see, there he is, just coming out; the wind is now fair, it already swells our sails. Adieu, my dear Telemachus; a slave who fears the gods will diligently attend upon his master. The gods no longer permit me to be at my own disposal; if I was, I should devote myself entirely to your service. Adieu, forget not the toils of Ulysses, nor the tears of Penelope, and remember the just gods. O gods, protectors of the innocent, in what a dissolute country am I obliged to leave Telemachus!'

"'No, no,' I replied, 'my dear Mentor, it is not your fault if I am left here to perish, rather than see you depart without me. Is this Syrian master of yours pitiless? Was it a tigress whose breasts he sucked in childhood? Will he tear you from my arms? He must either put me to death, or allow me to follow you. You yourself exhort me

to quit the island, and yet you will not permit me to go along with you. I will go and speak to Hazaël; perhaps my youth and my tears may excite his pity: as he loves wisdom, and is going so far in quest of it, he cannot have a savage, unfeeling heart. I will throw myself at his feet, embrac̄ his knees, and not let him go, till he has granted my request to follow you. My dear Mentor, I will make myself a slave with you; I will offer myself as such to your master: if he refuses to accept my offer, I am undone, I cannot survive it.'

"At the instant Hazaël called Mentor, and I fell down before him. He was surprised to see a person he did not know in that posture.

"'What is the matter,' he said, 'what would you have?'

"'Life,' I replied, 'for I cannot live unless you permit me to accompany Mentor, who belongs to you. I am the son of the great Ulysses, and wisest of all the kings of Greece who have been at the siege of the proud city of Troy, famous through all Asia. I do not mention my birth out of vanity, but only to inspire you with some compassion for my misfortunes. I have been seeking my father all over the sea, in company with this man, who was to me another father. Fortune, to fill up the measure of my woe, deprived me of him, and made him your slave; permit me to be so too. If it is true that you really love justice, and are going to Crete to learn the laws of the good king Minos, harden not your heart against my sighs and tears. You see in me the son of a king, reduced to asking for servitude as his only resource. Some time ago in Sicily, I preferred death to slavery; but my first misfortunes were no more than the feeble essays of outrageous fortune: now I am in pain, lest my offers of servitude should be rejected. O ye gods! look upon my woes; O Hazaël, remember Minos, whose wisdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the realms of Pluto.'

"Hazaël regarding me with looks of good nature and humanity, reached me his hand, and lifted me up.

"'I am no stranger,' he said, 'to the wisdom and virtue of Ulysses: Mentor has often told me what glory he has acquired among the Greeks; besides that, swift-footed fame has proclaimed his name to all the nations of the East. Follow me, son of Ulysses, I will be a father to you, till such time as you meet again with him who gave you life. Even if the glory of your father, or his and your misfortunes moved me, yet the friendship I have for Mentor would engage me to take care of you. It is true that I bought him as a slave, but I regard

him as a faithful friend; by the money he cost me, I gained a friend the most dear and the most to be valued of any I have on earth. In him I have found wisdom, and to him I am indebted for the love I bear to virtue. From this moment I declare you both free, and I ask nothing in return from either of you but your heart.

"Thus did I enjoy an instantaneous transition from the deepest distress, to the most transporting joy that any mortal can feel. I saw myself saved from a most dreadful danger; I was drawing near my own country; I had found a friend to assist me in getting there, and had the consolation and satisfaction to be in company with one who already loved me from the pure love of virtue. In fine, I found everything by finding Mentor, from whom I hoped never more to be separated.

"Hazel proceeded towards the shore, we followed him. We immediately embarked, and the rowers began to ply their oars: the sea was smooth and calm; a light breeze played about our sails, communicating an easy agreeable motion to the ship. The isle of Cyprus soon disappeared. Hazel, impatient to know my sentiments, asked me what I thought of the manners of that island. I frankly admitted to him the danger my youth had exposed me to, and the distraction and conflict I had suffered in my mind. He was pleased with the abhorrence I expressed of vice, and thus exclaimed: 'O Venus! I know by experience thy power, and that of thy son. I have burnt incense upon thy altars; yet I cannot help detesting the infamous effeminacy of the inhabitants of thine isle, and the monstrous impudence with which they celebrate thy festivals.'

"Then Mentor and he began to discourse together of that supreme power that formed heaven and earth; of that simple, infinite, unchangeable light, which, though imparted to all, is never exhausted; of that sovereign, universal truth, which illuminates every mind, as the sun enlightens every body. 'The man,' he said, 'who has never seen that light, is as blind as the man that is born without the sense of seeing. He passes his days in profound darkness, like those to whom the sun does not shine for several months of the year; he fancies that he is wise, though he is a fool; that he sees everything, though he is altogether blind; he dies without having ever seen anything: at least, all he perceives is only a false and dismal light, vain shadows and phantoms that have no reality. Thus are all the men who are led astray by sensual pleasure, or the delusions of the ima-

gination. There are no true men on earth but those who consult, who love, and who are guided by that eternal reason; it is she that inspires our good thoughts, and reproves our bad. To her we are indebted for our understanding, no less than our life. She is, as it were, a vast ocean of light, and our souls are a sort of little rivulets, that issue from it, and that afterwards return to it, and are lost in its immensity.'

"Though I was not yet able perfectly to comprehend the wisdom of the discourse, yet I felt from it something of a sure and sublime pleasure that I cannot describe: my heart was warmed with it, and the truth seemed to me to shine through all these words. They proceeded then to talk of the origin of the gods, of heroes, poets, the golden age, the deluge, the first histories of mankind, the river of oblivion in which the souls of the dead are plunged, the eternal punishments prepared for the impious in the black gulf of Tartarus, and that happy peace which the just enjoy in the Elysian fields without any fear of forfeiting.

"While Hazael and Mentor spoke, we beheld dolphins covered with a shell that shone like gold and azure. In their play they dashed about the foaming billows. After them came the tritons blowing their trumpets of crooked wreathed shells. They surrounded the chariot of Amphitrite, drawn by sea horses whiter than snow which, cleaving the briny waves, left behind them a vast furrow in the sea. Their eyes were inflamed, and a smoke issued from their mouths. The car of the goddess was a shell of a wonderful figure; its whiteness surpassed that of ivory, and its wheels were of gold. It seemed to fly upon the surface of the peaceable waters. A great number of nymphs, crowned with flowers, swam behind the chariot; their fine hair hanging down their shoulders, and waving in the wind. In one hand the goddess held a golden scepter to awe the waves; with the other, she embraced her son, the little god Palemon, whom, sitting on her knees, she suckled at her breasts. Her countenance displayed a mild, yet majestic serenity, that made the seditious winds and all the black tempests fly before her. The tritons conducted the horses, and held the gilded reins. Over the chariot a large canopy of purple floated in the air, gently swelled by the breath of a multitude of little zephyrs, who strove to blow it along. In the air appeared Aelesus, eager, restless, and impatient. His wrinkled, peevish countenance, his threatening voice, his thick hanging eyebrows, his dismal, fierce, fiery eyes, in silence hushed the stormy winds and dispersed every cloud. The

immense whales and other marine monsters, sallied out from their deep grottoes, making the briny waters ebb and flow with the breath of their nostrils, to see the goddess."

Book V

The argument

Telemachus relates that upon his arrival in the isle of Crete he understood that Idomeneus the king, in order to perform an indiscreet vow he had made, had sacrificed his only son; that Cretans, taking up arms to revenge his death, had obliged the father to quit the island; that after much perplexity and uncertainty, they had come to a resolution to choose another, and were assembled for that purpose. Telemachus adds that he was admitted into the assembly; that he bore away the prize in various games, and explained the questions that Minos had left recorded in his law books; that the old men, who were the judges of the island, and the whole body of the people, in consideration of his wisdom, would have chosen him for their king.

Telemachus relates that he refused the crown of Crete, in order to return to Ithaca; that he proposed their electing Mentor, who likewise excused himself; that at last, the assembly importuning Mentor to choose for the whole nation, he acquainted them with what he had heard of the virtues of Aristodemus: who, in consequence of that recommendation was immediately proclaimed king; that Mentor and he then embarked for Ithaca: but that Neptune, to gratify Venus, whom they had offended, had wrecked their ship, when they were received by the goddess Calypso in her island.

"After having beheld this scene with admiration, we began to see the mountains of Crete which, however, we could hardly yet distinguish from the clouds of the heavens and the billows of the sea. We soon perceived the summit of mount Ida, towering above those of the other mountains of the island, as the branching horns of an old

stag in the forest overtop those of the young fawns that follow in his train. Little by little we saw more distinctly the coasts of the island, which appeared to our eyes like an amphitheater. As much as the land of Cyprus seemed neglected and uncultivated, so much did Crete show herself fertile, and adorned with all sorts of fruits by the industry of its inhabitants. On all sides we remarked villages well built, superb cities, and towns little inferior to them. We could not see a field that did not bear the impression of the hand of the diligent laborer; deep furrows were everywhere left by the plough: neither briars nor thorns, nor any other plants that uselessly occupy the ground, were anywhere to be met with in that country. We viewed with pleasure the deep valleys where, in the rich pastures along the brooks, were herds of cattle feeding and lowing; flocks of sheep grazing upon the brows of the hills; vast plains covered with yellow grain, the rich presents of the fruitful Ceres; and lastly, mountains adorned with vines and grapes already colored, that promised the vintagers a profusion of the delicious gifts of Bacchus to charm the cares of men.

"Mentor told us that he had been in Crete before, and acquainted us with what he knew of it. 'This island,' he said, 'admired by all strangers and famous for its hundred cities, nourishes with ease all its inhabitants, although they are almost without number. The reason is because the earth never fails to pour forth its riches upon those who cultivate it; its fertile bosom can never be exhausted. The more people there are in a country, the greater plenty they enjoy, provided they are industrious. They never have occasion to be jealous of one another: the earth, that kind mother, multiplies her gifts according to the number of her children who merit her fruits by their labor. The ambition and avarice of men are the only sources of their misfortunes: men want to have everything, and render themselves unhappy by desiring the superfluous; if they would live in a simple manner, and be content with satisfying their real needs, we should see plenty, joy, peace, and union reign everywhere.'

"'This is what Minos, the wisest and best of all kings, understood. Whatsoever you shall see in this island most worthy of your admiration is the fruit of his laws. The education he ordained for children renders their bodies healthy and robust: they are early accustomed to a simple, frugal, and laborious life; sensual pleasure of every kind is supposed to enervate both body and mind, and therefore no other is

ever proposed or recommended to them, but that of being invincible through virtue, and of acquiring a great share of glory. They do not make courage consist solely in despising death amidst the dangers of war, but also in disdaining excessive wealth, and shameful pleasures. Here they punish three vices, which remain unpunished in other countries: ingratitude, dissimulation, and avarice.

"As for pomp and luxury, they have no occasion to take any measures to check them; for they are not known in Crete. There everyone works, and yet nobody aims at wealth; they all think themselves sufficiently repaid for their labor, by an agreeable regular life, in which they enjoy in peace and plenty all that is truly necessary to life. Neither rich furniture, nor costly attire, nor sumptuous entertainments, nor gilded palaces are suffered there. Their garments are of fine wool and beautiful colors, but quite plain and without embroidery. Their meals are sober; little wine is drunk; the principal part of them consists of good bread, and fruits which the trees themselves, as it were, present, together with the milk of their cattle. At the most they eat only a little coarse meat without any sauces: all their finest horned cattle are kept for the purposes of agriculture. Their houses are neat, commodious, and elegant, but without any ornaments. The splendor and magnificence of architecture is not unknown there: but it is reserved for the temples of the gods, and men would not dare to have houses like those of the immortals. The great goods of the Cretans consist chiefly in health, strength, courage, the peace and union of families, the liberty of all the citizens, the plenty of all necessary things, a contempt of superfluities, a habit of industry, and abhorrence of idleness: an emulation in virtue, submission to the laws, and reverence towards the just gods."

"I asked him wherein the authority of the king consisted; and he answered: 'He can do anything to the people; but the laws can do anything to him. He has an absolute power in doing good, but his hands are tied from doing wrong. The care of the people, the most important of all trusts, is committed to him by the laws, on condition that he be the father of his subjects. The intention of the laws is that one man by his wisdom and moderation should promote the happiness of such numbers and not that such numbers by their misery and abject slavery should serve only to flatter the pride and luxury of a single man. A king ought not to enjoy any preeminence above other men, except in regard to what is necessary to ease and support him

under the fatigue of business, and to impress the people with respect for him who must sustain the laws. As to the rest, the king ought to be more sober, more averse to luxury and effeminacy, more free from pride and pageantry, than any other [person]. He is not to have more wealth and pleasure, but more wisdom, virtue, and glory than other men. Abroad he is to defend his people and command their armies; and at home is to be their judge, to render them good, wise, and happy. It is not for himself that the gods have made him king, but for his subjects, whose welfare he is to study, and to whom he owes all his time, all his cares, and all his affections: and he is no farther worthy of royalty, than as he forgets himself in order to sacrifice himself to the public good. Minos did not desire that his children should reign after him, but upon condition that they observed these maxims: he loved his people even more than his own family. It was by such wisdom and moderation that he rendered Crete so powerful and happy, and eclipsed the glory of all those conquerors, who were for making the people serve only to promote their own glory, that is, their vanity: in fine, it was through his justice that he became one of the judges of the dead in the regions below.'

"While Mentor made this speech, we had landed on the island. We saw the famous labyrinth, built by the ingenious Dedalus, in imitation of the great labyrinth which we had seen in Egypt. While we were examining that curious structure, we saw the shore covered with people crowding to a place close to the sea. We asked one, named Nauserates, whither they were hurrying, and for what; he gave us the following account.

"'Idomeneus,' he said, the son of Deucalion, and grandson of Minos, went along with the other kings of Greece to the siege of Troy. After the rush of that city he embarked on board a ship in order to return to Crete; but the storm was so violent, that the pilot and all the experienced mariners thought shipwreck inevitable. Each had death before his eyes: each at every moment beheld the abyss that opened wide to swallow him: and each deplored his unhappy fate, without even the melancholy hope or consolation of reflecting after death, like those ghosts, who, in consequence of burial traverse the river Styx. Idomeneus, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, thus invoked Neptune: 'O thou mighty god,' he cried, 'who presides over the sea, deign to hear me in my distress: if, notwithstanding the fury of the waves, thou shalt grant me once more to see the isle of

Crete, I will sacrifice to thee the first person that my eyes shall behold, after my arrival.

"Meanwhile his son, impatient to behold him, ran in haste to meet and embrace him at his return: unhappy youth, he did not know that he was running headlong to his own destruction! His father, having escaped the storm, arrived at the wished-for haven, and returned Neptune thanks for having heard his vows: but he soon found what sorrow these same vows had brought upon him. A foreboding of the misfortune that was about to befall him, made him repent his indiscrete vow; he was afraid to go ashore among his own subjects, and trembled lest he should first see some of his dearest relations. But the cruel Nemesis, the pitiless goddess, who never neglects to punish men, especially proud kings, impelled Idomeneus with a fatal invisible hand. He arrives, he dares hardly lift up his eyes: he beholds his son! He starts with horror, and recoils. His eyes seek out some other person, less dear, to serve as his victim, but in vain.

"Meanwhile his son throws himself on his neck, and is astonished at a reception so ill-suited to his tenderness: and, seeing him dissolved in tears, cries: "Alas! father, whence proceeds your sorrow? After so long an absence, are you sorry to find yourself returned to your own kingdom, and to make your son rejoice? What have I done? You turn your eyes from me, as if afraid to look at me!" The father, weighed down by sadness, made no reply. At last, after deep sighs he exclaimed: "Ah! Neptune, what did I promise you? How dear have you made me pay for delivering me from shipwreck! Expose me again to the rocks and waves, and let them put an end to my unhappy days: but let my son live! O cruel god! here, receive my blood, but spare his!" So saying, he drew his sword in order to stab himself: but those who were about him, held his hand.

"The old Sophronimus, interpreter of the will of the gods, assured him that he might satisfy Neptune, without putting to death his son. "Your vow," he said, "was imprudent: the gods will not be honored by cruelty; beware of adding to the guilt and folly of your vow, that of fulfilling it against the laws of nature: offer a hundred bullocks white as snow to Neptune: make their blood flow round his altar, crowned with flowers: and burn sweet incense in honor of the god.

"Idomeneus heard these words with downcast eyes, and without responding: his looks were full of fury: his pale and ghastly countenance changed color every moment: and he was seen to tremble in

every limb. Meanwhile his son addressed him in these words: "Here I am, father; your son is ready to submit to death to appease the god; draw not down upon yourself his anger: I shall die contented, if by my death your life may be secured. Strike, my father; do not be afraid to find in me a son that is unworthy of you, who is afraid to die.

"At that instant, Idomeneus, quite beside himself, and as it were, torn by the internal furies, to the amazement of all there were about him, plunges his sword in the heart of his child; he withdraws it all reeking and bloody in order to plunge it into his own entrails, but is again prevented by his attendants. The youth falls in his blood; his eyes are covered with the shades of death; he opens them again, in quest of light, but has no sooner found it, than he is unable to support it longer. As a fair lily in the field, cut from the root by the keen trenchant plow, languishes and is no longer able to support itself; it loses not at once that lovely white, that splendid hue which charms the eyes; but yet it lives no more, because no longer nourished by the fostering earth. Thus was the son of Idomeneus, like a young and tender flower, cruelly mowed down even in his early days. The father was deprived of reason by an ecstasy of grief; he neither knew where he was nor what he did, nor what he ought to do; he moves with trembling steps towards the city, and asks for his son.

"In the meantime, the people, touched with compassion for the son, and with horror at the barbarous act of the father, exclaimed that the just gods had abandoned him to the furies. Rage furnishes them with arms; they snatch up staves and stones; and discord blows a deadly poison into every heart. The Cretans, the wise Cretans, forget the wisdom they love so much; they no longer recognize the grandson of the sage Minos. The friends of Idomeneus saw that there was no other way left to save him, but to carry him back to his ships: they embark with him, and flee at the mercy of the waves. Idomeneus, recovering his senses, thanks them for having forced him away from a country he had stained with the blood of his son, and in which he could no longer live. They were conducted by the winds to the coast of Hesperia, where they have just founded a new kingdom in the country of the Salentines.

"Meanwhile the Cretans, having no king to govern them, came to a resolution to choose one who should preserve the established laws in their purity. The measures they adopted for that purpose were these: all the principal inhabitants of the hundred cities are here

assembled. They have already begun to offer sacrifices; and have engaged all the most celebrated sages of the neighboring countries to attend, in order to examine the wisdom of those who seem worthy of commanding. They have prepared public games, in which each candidate must be personally engaged; for the crown is to be the prize of him who is pronounced superior to all the rest in the qualities both of body and mind. They want a king whose body is strong and active, and whose mind should be adorned with virtue and sagacity. Strangers of all countries are invited.'

"Nauserates, after having recounted to us these strange events, said to us: 'Strangers, make haste and join the assembly: you shall enter the lists along with the rest; and if the gods grant either of you the victory, he shall reign over this country.'

"We followed him without any wish to win, but merely from a curiosity to see so extraordinary a thing.

"We arrived at a kind of circus, very vast, surrounded with a thick forest: in the middle was the arena or spot allotted for the combatants, round which, in the form of an amphitheater, were seats of green turf, to accommodate the spectators, who were almost innumerable. When we arrived, we were received with honor; for there is not a people on earth that treat strangers with more politeness and religious hospitality than the Cretans. They made us sit, and invited us to be combatants. Mentor excused himself upon his great age, and Hazael upon his ill state of health. My youth and vigor left me without excuse; I cast a look however at Mentor, to discern his thoughts; and I perceived that he wished me to fight. I therefore accepted the offer; and having undressed, the streams of smooth and glittering oil were diffused over all my limbs: and I mixed among the combatants. It was said on all sides that the son of Ulysses had come to try to carry off the prize; and several Cretans, who had been at Ithaca during my childhood now recognized me.

"The first combat was a wrestling match. A Rhodian of about thirty-five years of age excelled all those who had encountered him. He was now in all the vigor of youth; his arms were brawny and well nourished; at the least motion all the muscles of his body swelled to view; and he was as flexible as he was strong. I did not seem to him worth the vanquishing; and looking with pity on my tender youth, he wanted to retire; but I presented myself to him. We seized each other so hard, that scarcely could we breathe. We were shoulder to shoul-

der, foot to foot, every sinew strained, and our arms intertwined like serpents, each striving to raise the other from the ground. Sometimes he tried to surprise me by pushing to the right; sometimes he exerted his whole force to wrench me to the left side. While he played me thus, I pushed him backwards with such violence that the sinews of his loins gave way: he fell upon the sand, and pulled me after him. In vain he strove to get me under; I kept him immobile under me. Then all the people shouted: 'Victory to the son of Ulysses!' I now assisted the disconcerted Rhodian to rise.

"The contest with the cestus was much more difficult. The son of a rich citizen of Samos had acquired the highest reputation in this kind of combat. All the others yielded to him: I alone dared to hope for victory. He gave me at first such dreadful blows on the head and stomach, that I vomited blood, and a thick cloud overspread my eyes. I was now staggering; he was pressing me and I could no longer breathe. But I was revived by the voice of Mentor, who cried to me: 'Son of Ulysses, will you be vanquished?'

"Anger gave me new strength; I avoided several blows that would have brought me to the ground. At last, the Samian having missed his aim, and his arm being extended without effect, I surprised him in that inclining attitude: already he fell back, when I raised my cestus high, that it might fall on him with the greater force; which he endeavoring to avoid, and thereby losing his balance, gave me an opportunity of throwing him with ease.

"As soon as I saw him stretched his full length on the ground, I offered to assist him in getting up. He stood up without help, covered with blood and dust. His shame was great; but he dared not renew the combat.

"Then began the races with chariots, which were distributed by lot. It was mine to have the chariot with the heaviest wheels, and the weakest horses. We started; a cloud of dust arose and enveloped the sky. At first I let all the others pass before me. A young Lacedaemonian, named Crantor, at first left all the others behind him. A Cretan, named Polycletes, followed him closely, Hippomacus, a relation of Idomeneus, and ambitious of succeeding him, giving his horses that smoked with sweat the reins, hung over their floating manes; and so rapid was the motion of his chariot wheels, that they seemed to have none at all, like the wings of an eagle cleaving the air. My horses, by degrees, got wind and spirit: and I soon left behind me all those

that had started with so much ardor. Hippomacus, the kinsman of Idomeneus, overdriving his horses, the most vigorous of them fell down, and thereby put an end to his master's hopes of reigning. Polycletes leaning too much over his horses, could not stand a jolt of the chariot: he fell; the reins escaped him, and he thought himself happy in escaping with life. Crantor's eyes gleaming with rage to see me almost up with him, he redoubled his efforts: sometimes he invoked the gods, promising them rich offerings; sometimes he spoke to his horses to animate them. He was afraid lest I should get between him and the boundary; for my horses, better managed than his, were upon the point of leaving him behind: he had now no other resource but to block up the passage. To succeed in that he resolved to risk running against the boundary, and accordingly broke one of his wheels. I then thought of nothing but a dexterous turn that I might not be entangled in his disorder: and in a moment he saw me at the end of our career. The people shouted once more: 'Victory to the son of Ulysses! It is he whom the gods have destined to reign over us.'

"We were then conducted by the wisest and most illustrious among the Cretans to an ancient and sacred wood, secluded from the sight of profane men, where the old men whom Minos had ordained to be the judges of the people, and the guardians of the laws, ordered us to be brought before them. We were the same ones who had been combatants in the games: no others were admitted. The sages opened the book containing a collection of all Minos' laws. I was struck with awe and shame when I appeared before these old men whom age had rendered venerable, without destroying the vigor of their minds. They were seated with order, each in his place: some of them had hoary locks, and some were almost bald. A solemn and serene wisdom appeared in their countenances; they did not press to speak; and said only what they had before resolved to say. When they differed in opinion, they urged their several sentiments with so much moderation, that one would have thought they were all of one opinion. The long experience they had acquired in long life, and their habit of work gave them large views of all things: but what most perfected their reason was the tranquillity of their minds, now no longer subject to the follies and caprices of youth. Wisdom alone acted in them, and the fruit of their long virtue had so well defeated their humor that they enjoyed without pain the sweet and noble pleasure of reason. In admiring them, I wished it had been in my power to forego a part

of my life, in order to arrive speedily at so estimable an old age. I lamented the unhappiness of youth in being so impetuous, and so far away from such a calm and enlightened virtue.

"The chief among these sages opened the book of Minos' laws. It was a large volume, generally kept in a box of gold, with perfumes. Each of them kissed it in a very respectful manner; for they said that next to the gods, from whom all our good laws come, nothing ought to be held by men in such veneration as the laws, which are designed to render them good, wise, and happy. Those who have the laws in their hands to govern the people ought always to submit to the laws themselves. It is the laws, and not men, that ought to reign. Such were the sentiments of these sages. Three questions were then proposed by the president, to be determined by the maxims of Minos.

"The first question is to know which is the freest of all men. Some said that it was a king whose authority was absolute, and who had been victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained that it was a man so rich that he could gratify all his desires. Others again thought that it was he who never married, and who spent his whole life in traveling from one country into another, without subjecting himself to the laws of any. It was the opinion of others that it was a savage, who, living among the woods by hunting, was a stranger both to need and to government. Others fancied that it was a man just made free, who, immediately after being eased of the yoke of servitude, enjoys more than any other the value of liberty. There were others, who would have it to be a dying man, because death delivered him from everything, and all men together had no more power over him. When it came to my turn, I knew how to answer the question immediately, not having forgot what I had so often heard from Mentor.

"'The freest man,' I said, 'is he who can be free even in slavery. In whatever country or condition one is, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the gods, and them only. In a word the truly free man is he who, detached from all, is to bid defiance to fear and all desire, is subject only to the gods and to his reason.'

"The old men looked at one another and smiled, surprised to find my answer exactly the same as that of Minos.

"The second question proposed was this: who is the most wretched of all men?

"Everyone said what came into his mind. One said, it is a man, who has neither money, health, nor title. Another said it was one that had no friend. Others mentioned that it was a man whose children

were ungrateful and unworthy of him. A sage who came from the isle of Lesbos, said: 'Of all men he is the most unhappy who thinks himself so; for misery arises not so much from what we suffer, as from our lack of patience, which adds to it greatly.'

"These words were applauded by the whole assembly, and everyone thought the Lesbian would carry off the prize for that question. But I was asked my opinion; and, following my maxims of Mentor, I replied:

"The most wretched of all men is a king who thinks himself happy in making others miserable: he is doubly wretched, in being so blind as not to see his misery; and of this he cannot be cured, for he is even afraid of knowing it. The truth cannot reach him through such a crowd of flatterers. He is tyrannized by his passions; he does not know his duty; he never knows the pleasure of doing good, nor the charms of pure virtue. He is unhappy, and deserves to be so: his misery increases every day: he runs to his destruction, and the gods will at last confound him through an eternal punishment."

"The whole assembly acknowledged I had vanquished the sage Lesbian, and that my sentiments coincided with those of Minos.

"For the third question they asked: 'Which was preferable: a king victorious and invincible in war, or one without any knowledge or experience in the art of war, but well qualified to govern a nation in time of peace?'

"The king invincible in war was preferred by the greater part. 'What use is it,' they said, 'having a king who knows how to govern in peacetime, if he knows not how to defend the country when war comes? He will be vanquished by his enemies, and his people enslaved.' There were some, on the other hand, who maintained that the pacific king would be better, because he would fear war, and would prevent it by his care. Others said that a conqueror-king would work for the glory of his people, at the same time as his own, that he would make other nations subject to them; whereas a pacific king would habituate them to shameful inactivity.

"Being asked my opinion, I replied: 'A king who knows how to govern a people either in peace only, or in war only, and who is not qualified for both, is only half a king. But if a king who understanding nothing but war is compared to a wise king, who, though unacquainted himself with the art of war, can yet when there is occasion manage it by his generals, the latter undoubtedly is to be preferred. A king

who is entirely for war would be always for extending his glory and dominions, and would ruin his people. Of what advantage is it to any people that their king brings other nations under their yoke, if, at the same time, they themselves are miserable under his reign? Besides, long wars always occasion a number of disorders: in these times of confusion even the conquerors are sufferers. See how dear the triumph over Troy cost Greece, this country having been thereby deprived of its kings for more than ten years. When war has set a country all on fire, the laws, agriculture, and the arts languish. The very best of princes, when they have a war to carry on, are obliged to give way to the greatest of evils, which is to tolerate vice and to employ bad men. How many miscreants are there, whose audaciousness must be rewarded in disordered time of war, that would suffer punishment in peacetime? Never had any nation a king fond of conquest, without suffering much by his ambition. A conqueror, intoxicated with the love of glory, ruins his own victorious nation almost as much as the vanquished nation. A prince who has not at all the qualities necessary for peace cannot make his subjects enjoy the fruits of a happily concluded war: he is like a man who would defend his own field, and also take possession of that of his neighbor, and yet could neither till nor sow, nor consequently reap any harvest. Such a man seems born to destroy, to ravage, and turn the world upside down, not to make his people happy by a wise government.

"Now let us turn to the pacific king. He is not, indeed, qualified for great conquests; that is, he is not born to disturb the repose of his people by aspiring to the conquest of other nations, to which he has no claim or right: but if he is well qualified to govern in peace, he will not be at a loss how to secure his people from the attacks of their enemies. For he will be just, moderate, and easy with regard to the neighboring states: he will never do anything against them that may trouble the peace; he will be faithful in his alliances. His allies will love him: they will not fear him, but will have an entire confidence in him. If there is any neighbor of a turbulent, haughty, and ambitious disposition, all the neighboring kings, who fear this unquiet neighbor but have no jealousy of the pacific prince, will assist this good king to prevent his being oppressed. His probity, good faith, and moderation, make him the arbiter of all the states which surround his. While the enterprising prince is hated by all others, and continually exposed

to their confederacies, the other has the glory of being esteemed the father and tutor of the other kings. Such are his advantages, with respect to foreign affairs. With regard to domestic considerations, they are still more solid. As he is supposed well qualified to govern in peace, he must, in consequence, govern by wise laws. He will restrain luxury and effeminacy, and all those arts that serve only to foster vice: but he will cherish and encourage the other arts that are useful to the true need of life; above all he will make his subjects apply themselves to agriculture. Thereby he will give them an abundance of necessary things. The people being laborious, simple in their manners, plain and frugal in their way of living, and earning a subsistence easily by the culture of their lands, will multiply infinitely. They will be almost without number in this realm, and at the same time healthy, vigorous, and robust; not enervated by pleasure, but invigorated by the exercise of virtue, averse to luxury and sloth, above the fear of death, ready to part with life rather than the liberty they enjoy under a wise king, who exerts himself to the utmost to make reason reign. Should a neighboring conqueror attack this people, perhaps he would not find them very skillful in encamping an army, or drawing it up in order of battle, or in directing a siege; but he would find them invincible in numbers, in courage, in bearing fatigue with patience, and enduring poverty from habit; by their courage in time of action, and their virtue, which adversity cannot subdue. Moreover, if the king lacks experience to command his armies in person, he will have them commanded by persons who are capable of it without exposing himself to any danger of losing his authority. Besides, he would be assisted by his allies; his subjects would die rather than fall under the dominion of a king who is violent and unjust. The gods themselves would fight for him. Such would his resources be amidst the greatest dangers. To conclude, a pacific prince who is ignorant of war is a very imperfect king, since he cannot perform one of the principal functions of his office, namely, that of subduing his enemies; but I add that he is far superior to the conquering king who lacks the qualities necessary in peacetime, and who is only good for war.'

"I perceived that these notions were not relished by many in the assembly; for the greater part of mankind, dazzled by striking things, such as victories and conquests, prefer them to what is simple, calm, and solid, as are the arts of peace and good government. However,

all the old judges declared that Minos was of the same way of thinking as I.

"Then the chief of them exclaimed: 'I perceive that an oracle of Apollo, well known all over this island, is now accomplished.' Minos had consulted that god to know how long his descendants would reign, according to the laws he had enacted. The god answered thus: 'Thy offspring will cease to reign, when a stranger shall come into thy isle, to put the laws in force.' We were fearful lest the meaning of this should be that a stranger would come and make a conquest of the isle of Crete; but the misfortune of Idomeneus, and the wisdom of the son of Ulysses, who understands the laws of Minos better than any other person, have revealed to us the true sense of the oracle. Why do we then delay to offer him the crown, whom the Fates have ordained to be our king?"

"The old men immediately quitted the sacred grove, and the chief of them, taking me by the hand, acquainted the people, who waited with impatience for their decision, that I had gained the prize. Scarcely had he done speaking, when a confused noise ran through the whole assembly. Everyone shouted for joy. The whole coast, and neighboring mountains, echoed with these words: 'May the son of Ulysses, who resembles Minos, reign over the Cretans.'

"After waiting a while, I made a sign with my hand, to ask to be heard. In the meantime, Mentor whispered thus in my ear:

"'Are you going to renounce your country? Will the ambition of reigning make you forget Penelope, who longs for you as her only remaining hope, and the great Ulysses, whom the gods intended to restore to you?'

"These words stung me to the heart, and fortified me against the vain desire of a crown.

"But observing that a profound silence had now taken the place of tumult in the assembly, I thus addressed them: 'O illustrious Cretans, I am not worthy of commanding you. The oracle that was mentioned expressly declares that the race of Minos will cease to reign when a stranger shall come into the island, and enforce the laws of that wise monarch: but it does not say that the stranger will reign. I want to believe that I may be the stranger meant by the oracle: I have accomplished the prediction; I came a stranger into the island, and have shown the true sense of the laws, and I wish my explication may

have the effect to make them reign under him whom you shall choose [for your king]. For my part, I prefer my country, the poor, little island of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, to the glory and opulence of this fine kingdom. Allow me to fulfill my destiny. If I fought in your games, it was not with any hope of reigning here, but only to recommend myself to your esteem and compassion, and to be furnished with the means of returning speedily to the land of my birth. I had rather execute the commands of my father Ulysses, and console my mother Penelope, than be sovereign of the whole universe. O Cretans, I have communicated to you my real sentiments: I must leave you; but while I live I will never forget my obligations to you. Yes, to his last breath shall Telemachus love the Cretans, and think himself no less concerned to promote their glory than his own.'

"I had no sooner done speaking than a confused noise ensued, like that of the waves of the sea, rolling over one another in a storm. Some said: 'Is it not a god under the form of a man?' Others affirmed that they had seen me in other countries and knew me again. Others cried: 'We must make him reign here.' At length, I resolved to speak to them again, and no sooner did they perceive my design, than they all immediately forbore talking, not knowing whether I might not be going to accept what I had before refused. I spoke to this effect: 'Allow me, O Cretans, to disclose my sentiments to you. You are of all nations the wisest: yet it seems to me, there is a precaution which you overlook. It is not the man who argues best concerning laws, but he who is most steady in the observance of them, whom you ought to choose. As for me, I am young, and consequently without experience, and exposed to the violence of passion. At present, it is more proper that I should learn, by obeying, how to command one day, than I should command immediately. Let not then the man who has gained the victory in the games both of body and mind be your choice; but he that has gained a conquest over himself: look for a man who has your laws written in his heart and who has made them the rule of his conduct through his whole life; let your choice be determined by actions, and not words.'

"All the old men, charmed with what I had said, and finding the applause and admiration of the people still increasing, said to me:

"'Since the gods do not permit us to hope that you will reign among us, you will at least assist us in finding a king who will make our laws reign. Do you know any person capable of government with

such wisdom and moderation?" "Yes," I said, "and it is the man to whom I am indebted for all that you admire in me; it was his wisdom, and not my own, that just spoke; and he inspired in me all the answers which you have just heard."

"The eyes of the whole assembly were now fixed upon Mentor, whom I showed to them, taking him by the hand. I told them how careful he had been of me, while a child; from what dangers he had delivered me; what misfortunes had befallen me, when I did not follow his advice.

"Before, they had not taken any notice of him, by reason of his plain, unadorned dress, his modesty, his almost uninterrupted silence, and his cold reserved air. But when they examined him more attentively, they discovered in his countenance something great and resolute: they took notice of the vivacity of his eyes, and the spirit he displayed even in the most trivial matters. They put some questions to him; he was admired; they resolved to make him king.

"He declined it without any emotion: he said he preferred the charms of a private life to the splendor of royalty; he observed that the best of kings were unhappy, in that they hardly ever did the good they wished to do, and often, misled by the artifice and importunity of flatterers, did the ill they wished to avoid. He added that if slavery was misery, royalty was no less so, since it was only slavery disguised. 'A king,' he said, 'depends on all those whom he must employ to execute his orders. Happy they who are not obliged to command! It is to our country alone that we are bound to sacrifice our liberty, when, for the public good, we are vested with authority.'

"The Cretans then, still more surprised than before, asked him whom he would have them choose.

"'I would have you,' he said, 'choose one who knows you well, since he must govern you, and who fears to govern you. He that desires royalty does not know it: and how can he fulfill the duties of it, not knowing at all what it is? He desires it for his own sake; and you ought to desire a man who accepts it for your sake alone.'

"The Cretans were all amazed to see two strangers refuse royalty, which is sought after by so many others; they had a great curiosity to know with whom they had come. Nauserates, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, where the games were celebrated, showed them Hazael, with whom we came from the isle of Cyprus. But their astonishment was still much greater, when they understood

that Mentor had been Hazael's slave; that Hazael, struck with his wisdom and virtue, had made him his dearest friend and counselor; that this slave, now free, was the same who had just refused to be king; and that Hazael, from his love of wisdom, had come from Damascus in Syria to make himself acquainted with the laws of Minos.

"The old men said to Hazael: 'We dare not ask you to govern us, as we conclude that your thoughts are the same as those of Mentor. You seem to despise men too much to charge yourself with the government of them; nor do you value riches and the splendor of royalty enough to purchase them with the pains inseparable from government.'

"Hazael replied: 'Do not believe, O Cretans, that I despise mankind. No, no; I know how noble and praiseworthy a thing it is to labor to make them good and happy: but that labor is full of pains and dangers. The splendor annexed to it is false, and can dazzle none but vain souls. Life is short, and greatness inflames the passions more than it can gratify them: it was to learn how to get by without these spurious blessings, and not how to attain them, that I came so far from home. Adieu! I have no thoughts but about returning to a life of peace and retirement, where wisdom may nourish my heart, and where the hopes that we derive from virtue of a happier life after death, may support and comfort me under the infirmities of old age. Had I anything further to wish for, it would be, not that I might be a king, but that I might never be separated from these two men.'

"The Cretans then again applied to Mentor: 'Tell us,' they said, 'O thou, the wisest and greatest of all men, tell us, whom we shall choose for our king. We will not let you depart hence, till you have told us who it is that we ought to make choice of.'

"To this he replied: 'While I was in the crowd of spectators, I observed a man, who appeared quite calm: he was old, but vigorous. I asked who he was, and was answered that his name was Aristodemus. I afterwards heard them tell him that his two sons were in the number of combatants; but he seemed to have no joy at the news; he said, that as for one of them, he did not wish him the dangers that attend royalty; and that he loved his country too well ever to consent to the other's ever reigning. By that I perceived that he had a rational love for one of them, who was virtuous, and that he did not flatter the other in his irregularities. My curiosity growing, I asked

in what manner the old man spent his days. One of your citizens responded "He carried arms a long time, he is covered with wounds; but his sincerity, and aversion to flattery, rendered him disagreeable to Idomeneus. For that reason he did not carry him with him to the siege of Troy: he feared a man who would give him wise counsel, which he had not the virtue or resolution to follow; he was even jealous of the glory that he would undoubtedly soon have acquired; he forgot all his services, and left him here, poor, and despised by the worthless and undiscerning, who value nothing but riches: yet he is contented in his poverty. He lives in a retired part of the island, where he cultivates his small farm with his own hands. One of his sons works with him; they love each other tenderly; they are happy. Through their frugality and through their work, they have an abundance of the things necessary for a simple life. The wise old man distributes among the sick poor of his neighborhood all that his son or himself can spare. He sets all young people to work; he exhorts, he instructs them; he determines all the differences in his neighborhood, and is the father of every family. He is unfortunate, however, in having a second son, who will take none of his advice. He bore with him a long time, in hopes of correcting his vices; but was at last obliged to banish him from his house: he is extremely debauched and dissolute, and has a foolish ambition." Such, O Cretans, was the information I received: how far it is true you best can tell. But if this man is such as he is represented, what occasion had you to ordain games, and assemble so many strangers? You have among you a man who knows you, and whom you know, who knows war; who has shown his courage, not only against darts and arrows, but against frightful poverty; who scorned to acquire wealth by flattery; who loves work; who knows of what advantage agriculture is to a people; who detests pomp; who does not let himself be misled by a blind love for his children, but loves the virtue of one, and condemns the vices of the other; in a word a man who is already the father of his country. There is your king, if you want to make the laws of the sage Minos reign.'

"All the people cried: 'It is true! Aristodemus is indeed such as you have described him; it is he who is worthy of reigning.'

"Then the old men ordered him to be called: they searched for him in the crowd, where he was mixed with the least of the people. He seemed tranquil. He was told that he was being made king. He

said, 'I will consent to it only upon three conditions. First, that I shall resign the royalty after two years, if I cannot make you better than you are at present, and if you resist the laws; secondly, that I be free to continue my simple and frugal life; thirdly, that my children shall not be entitled to any rank and that after my death, they shall be on the same footing with the other citizens, and treated according to their merit.'

"At these words, the air resounded with shouts of joy. The chief of the old men, who were guardians of the laws, set the diadem upon the head of Aristodemus. Sacrifices were offered to Jupiter, and to the other great gods. He made us presents, with a noble simplicity, but without the magnificence usual among kings. He gave Hazael a collection of the laws of Minos, written by the hand of Minos himself: he gave him also a complete history of Crete, from the time of Saturn and the golden age; he ordered his ship to be stored with all the best sorts of fruits that grew in Crete, but are unknown in Syria: and offered to him all the help that he might have need of.

"As we were in haste to be gone, he ordered a vessel to be prepared for us with a great number of good rowers, some armed men, clothes, and provisions. At the same instant, the wind began to blow fair for Ithaca; but being against Hazael, he was obliged to wait. He took his leave of us; he embraced us as friends whom he should never see again.

"'The gods,' he said, 'are just; they are witnesses of a friendship that is founded only on virtue: one day they will again bring us together, and in those happy fields, where the just are said to enjoy an eternal peace after death, shall our souls be reunited, never to be parted any more. O that my ashes might in like manner be united to yours!'

"As he spoke these words, a flood of tears ran down his cheeks, and his voice was stifled with sobbing. He then accompanied us on board, while we wept as bitterly as he.

"As for Aristodemus, he said to us: 'It is you who have just made me king: remember in what a dangerous situation you have placed me. Pray to the gods to inspire me with true wisdom, and that I may as far surpass other men in moderation, as I do in authority. On my part, I pray that you may be conveyed in safety to your native country; that the insolence of your enemies may be humbled; and that you may see Ulysses reigning in peace with his dear Penelope. I have

given you, Telemachus, a good ship, full of rowers and armed men; they can serve you against those unjust men who persecute your mother. O Mentor, your wisdom is such that I have nothing left to wish you. Adieu! Live happy together; remember Aristodemus; and if ever the Ithacans should want the assistance of the Cretans, you may depend upon me to my last breath.'

"He embraced us; we thanked him for his kindness, and shed many tears.

"The wind now swelling up our sails, we promised ourselves a happy voyage. We soon lost sight of the coast, and mount Ida appeared like a little hill, while, at the same time, the coast of Peloponnesus seemed advancing to meet us in the sea. All of a sudden a black storm overcast the skies, and roused all the billows of the main. The day was changed into night, and death presented itself before our eyes. It was you, O Neptune, who, by your awful trident, excited all the waters of your empire.

"Venus, to be revenged on us for having despised her even in her temple at Cythera, had recourse to that god; she spoke to him in great affliction; her beautiful eyes were bathed in tears; at least, I was told so by Mentor, who is well acquainted with divine matters.

"'Will you permit,' she said, 'these impious wretches to make light of my power with impunity? The gods themselves feel it; and yet these audacious mortals have dared to condemn everything that is done in my island. They pride themselves upon a wisdom that is proof against all temptation; and love by them is accounted folly. Have you forgot that I was born in your empire? Why do you then delay a moment to bury in your profound abyss those two men, whom I cannot endure?'

"She had no sooner done speaking, than Neptune lifted up his billows to the skies; at which she laughed, thinking that we could not possibly avoid shipwreck. Our pilot, alarmed, declared that it was not in his power to prevent our being driven by the fury of the winds against the rocks: a blast of wind carried away our mast; and, immediately after, we struck the rocks, the sharp points of which entered the bottom of the ship. The water then rushed in on all sides and the vessel foundered: while the rowers invoked the gods in most lamentable cries, I embraced Mentor, saying, 'Here is death: let us meet it with courage. The gods have delivered us from so many dangers, only that we might perish today. Let us die, Mentor, let us

die. It is a comfort to me that I shall die with you; it would be in vain to attempt to save our lives in such a tempest.'

"Mentor replied: 'True courage always finds some resource. We ought not only to be ready to meet death, when unavoidable, with intrepidity, but likewise to use our utmost efforts to escape it. Let us then, both together, lay hold of one of these huge rowers' banks. While these men, in terror and perplexity, lament their fate, without endeavoring to find any means to save themselves, let us not lose a moment in trying to preserve our lives.'

"He seized a hatchet, and cut away the mast, which being already broken, and hanging down into the sea, had laid the ship on her side; then pushing it into the sea, he sprang upon it; got amidst the raging waves; thence calling me by name, and encouraging me to follow him. As a huge tree assaulted by the united winds stands firm and steady, fixed its deep roots so that the storm can only shake its leaves, thus did Mentor, not only firm and courageous, but gentle and tranquil, seem to command both the winds and waves. I followed him; and who would not have done it, encouraged as I was by him?

"We guided ourselves upon this floating mast. It was of great help, by affording us something to rest upon; for if we had had to swim without resting, our strength would have been soon exhausted. But often the tempest turned over this great piece of wood, and we were often plunged into the sea: we then swallowed the salt water in abundance, and great quantities of it ran from our mouths, ears, and nostrils: we were often obliged to struggle with the waves, before we could recover this mast. Sometimes a lofty wave, like a mountain, passed over us and we held firm, for fear that, in such a violent shock, the mast which was our only hope, might get away from us.

"While we remained in this dreadful situation, Mentor, who was as unconcerned as he now is, sitting upon that turf, said to me: 'Do you imagine, Telemachus, that your life is now at the mercy of the winds and waves? Do you imagine they can deprive you of it, without the order of the gods? No, no; the gods dispose of everything. It is the gods then, and not the sea, that you ought to be afraid of. If you were at the bottom of the deep, the hand of Jupiter could bring you thence. Were you in Olympus, and saw the stars under your feet, Jupiter could plunge you in the abyss, or throw you headlong into the dismal flames of Tartarus.'

"I heard and admired these words of Mentor, which consoled me a little; but I was not enough master of myself to make him any answer. He saw me not at all; I could not see him. It was now night, which we passed shivering with cold, and half dead, neither seeing one another, nor knowing whither we were driven by the tempest. At last the wind began to abate; and the bellowing sea might be compared to one who had been long in a high passion, but who, after his rage has subsided, feels only a gentle emotion, the remains of his former fury. Thus there remained in the sea no other symptoms of the storm, besides a grumbling noise, and her billows were now no higher than ridges in a plowed field.

"In the meantime, Aurora came to open the gates of heaven to the sun, and cheered us with the prospect of a fine day. The East was all on fire, and the stars, which had been so long hid from our eyes, made their appearance again, but fled immediately upon the approach of Phoebus. We saw the land at a distance, and the wind gently wafted us towards it: hope began now again to spring up in my heart. I could not discover any of our companions: apparently they all gave way to despair, and were swallowed up in the deep, together with the ship. When we drew near the land, the sea drove us against some pointed rocks, which would have been fatal to us, if Mentor had not presented the end of the mast to them, of which he made the same use that an expert pilot does of a good helm. Thus we avoided these frightful rocks, and found at last a smooth open beach, to which we swam, and landed on the shore. It was there that you, O mighty goddess, who inhabit this isle, first saw us; and there it was you deigned to receive us."

Book VI

The argument

Calypso, struck with admiration for Telemachus and his adventures, uses all the means she can think of to prevent his leaving the island, and to captivate his heart. Mentor, by his warnings, enables Telemachus to resist both the artifices of the goddess and of Cupid, whom Venus had sent to her assistance. Nevertheless, Telemachus and the nymph Eucharis become mutually enamored of one another — which excites first the jealousy and afterwards the anger of Calypso against the two lovers. She swears by the Styx that Telemachus shall leave her island. Cupid comes and comforts her, and engages her nymphs to go and burn the ship which Mentor had built, and to which he was then (so to speak) dragging Telemachus, in order to put him on board and carry him off. Telemachus feels a secret joy at seeing the ship on fire; Mentor, perceiving this, pushes him into the sea, and throws himself in after him, in order to swim to another ship that was only a little way from the shore.

When Telemachus had finished his speech, the nymphs, who had never taken their eyes off him all the time, and who had been extremely attentive, now looked at one another. "Who," they said to one another with astonishment, "are these two men so dear to the gods? Were ever such marvelous adventures heard of before? The son of Ulysses already surpasses him in eloquence, wisdom, and valor. What an air: what beauty: what gentleness: what modesty: and what nobleness and magnanimity! If we did not know that he is the son of a mortal, we should easily take him for Bacchus or Mercury, or even for the great Apollo: But who is that Mentor, who has the

appearance of a plain, simple, ordinary person? When one regards him close up, there appears in him something more than human."

Calypso could not hear them talk in this manner without betraying great uneasiness: her wandering eyes went ceaselessly from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. Sometimes she would have Telemachus enter on the long story of his adventures anew; then she would interrupt him herself. At last, starting up brusquely, she led Telemachus alone into a myrtle grove, where she omitted nothing in order to learn from him whether Mentor was not a divinity under the form of a man. Telemachus could not satisfy her curiosity: for Minerva had never revealed herself to him, while she accompanied him under the appearance of Mentor, on account of his youth. She did not, as yet, confide enough in his discretion to communicate her plans to him. Besides, she intended to put him to the proof by the greatest dangers; and had he known that Minerva was his attendant who would have supported him, the most alarming accidents would have made no impression upon him. Thus he took Minerva for Mentor, and all the artifice employed by Calypso was useless to find out what she desired to know.

In the meantime all the nymphs, crowding around Mentor, took pleasure in asking him questions. One begged to know what happened to him in his travels to Ethiopia; another was curious to learn what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him if he was acquainted with Ulysses before he went to Troy. He answered them all with gentleness: and his words, though simple, were full of grace.

Calypso did not leave them long in this conversation; she returned, and while the nymphs were gathering flowers, and singing to divert Telemachus, she took Mentor aside to make him speak. Balmy sleep does not more sweetly steal upon the heavy eyes, and diffuse its healing power through weary limbs, than did the flattering words of the goddess insinuate themselves to enchant the heart of Mentor; but she always found in him a certain secret energy that repelled all her efforts and resisted the force of her charms. Like a high towering rock, whose summit is hidden among the clouds, and which the most furious winds assail in vain, Mentor remained unshaken in his wise plans, against all the attempts of the goddess. Sometimes he would let her hope that she should be able to entangle him by her questions, and extract the truth from the bottom of his heart. But the moment

she hoped her curiosity would be satisfied, all her hopes vanished; what she thought she had a fast hold of in an instant slipped away; and some concise reply of Mentor rephrased her into all her uncertainty.

Thus she passed days, sometimes flattering Telemachus, sometimes in endeavoring to detach him from Mentor, whom she no longer hoped to make speak. She employed her most beautiful nymphs to kindle the flame of love in the heart of young Telemachus, and a divinity more powerful than herself came to assist her in obtaining her wish.

Venus, still full of resentment for the contempt which Mentor and Telemachus had shown towards the worship paid her in the isle of Cyprus, could not be consoled to see that these two rash mortals had escaped the winds and waves, in the storm raised by Neptune. She made bitter complaints to Jupiter: but the father of the gods, smiling, would not let her know that the son of Ulysses had been saved by Minerva, under the appearance of Mentor, and gave her permission to seek new means for revenging herself on these two men. She quitted Olympus; she forgot the sweet perfumes which are burned on her altars in Paphos, Cythera, and Idalium; she mounted her chariot drawn by doves; she called her son, and, while grief diffused new charms upon her lovely countenance, spoke thus: "Do you see, my son, these two men, who despise your power and mine? Who for the future will adore us? Go down with me to that island, and with thine arrows pierce these two unfeeling hearts, while I speak with Calypso."

She had no sooner uttered these words, than cleaving the air in a golden cloud, she presented herself before Calypso, who was then all alone by a fountain at a considerable distance from her grotto.

"Unhappy goddess!" she said, "you were despised by the ungrateful Ulysses; his son, still more insensible, is readying a comparable contempt: but Cupid himself has come to avenge you on him. I shall leave him with you; he will be among your nymphs, as the infant god Bacchus was formerly nursed among the nymphs of Naxos. Telemachus will look upon him as an ordinary child; he will entertain no suspicion of him, though he will soon feel his power." She spoke, and immediately regained the gilded cloud from which she had descended, leaving behind her an ambrosial odor, with which all Calypso's groves were perfumed.

The god of love remained in the arms of Calypso. Though a goddess, she found that the flame had reached her heart. To ease herself, she gave him to the nymph who was next to her, named Eucharis. But alas! how heartily did she afterwards repent of having done it!

At first, nothing appeared more innocent, more gentle, more amiable, more frank, and more gracious than that child. To see him always sprightly, obliging, laughing, one would have thought that he could only give pleasure: but no sooner was any confidence placed in his caresses, than they were found to convey a kind of poison. The false malicious child caressed only to betray, and never laughed but on account of the cruel evils he had done or wished to do. He dared not approach Mentor, whose severity frightened him, and he sensed that this unknown person was invulnerable, such that none of his arrows was able to pierce him. As for the nymphs, all of them soon felt the flames that the treacherous child had lighted; but they carefully concealed the deep wounds that rankled at their hearts.

In the meantime Telemachus, seeing the child playing with the nymphs, was struck by his beauty and good humor. He hugged him in his arms, and took him sometimes on his knees. But he soon felt an uneasiness, the cause of which he could not discover. The more he sought innocent amusement, the more uneasy he grew, and the less resolution he had.

"Have you observed these nymphs?" he said to Mentor. "What a difference there is between them and the women of the isle of Cyprus, whose immodesty made their charms disgusting: but these immortal beauties display an innocence, modesty, and simplicity replete with charms." While he spoke thus, he blushed, not knowing why. He could not forbear talking; yet scarcely had he begun when he stopped short, and could not proceed; and his words were broken, obscure, and often without any meaning at all.

Mentor said to him: "O Telemachus: the dangers of the isle of Cyprus were nothing, when compared to those of which you have not the least awareness at present. Gross vice excites abhorrence, but modest beauty is much more dangerous: in loving it we imagine we love only virtue, and thus are insensibly caught by the delusive bait of a passion of which we are seldom aware until it is too late to extinguish it. Flee, my dear Telemachus, flee these nymphs, who only affect modesty that they may more easily deceive you; flee the

dangers of your youth: but above all guard against that boy whom you do not know. It is Cupid, who was brought here by his mother Venus to take vengeance on you for despising her cult at Cythera: he has wounded the heart of the goddess Calypso; she is passionately in love with you; he has inflamed all the nymphs who surround her; you burn yourself, O unhappy young man, almost without knowing it."

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, and said: "Why do we not live on this island? Ulysses must be dead: he must have been buried long ago in the sea. Penelope, not seeing either him or me return, must have yielded to the solicitations of some of her suitors: her father Icarus will have compelled her to take a new husband. Shall I return to Ithaca, and see her engaged in new connections, after having violated the faith pledged to my father? The Ithacans have forgotten Ulysses. We cannot return there without exposing ourselves to certain death, as Penelope's lovers have secured all the avenues of the port, so that they may be sure to destroy us at our return."

Mentor then replied: "Behold the effects of a blind passion. We are very ingenious in finding arguments to defend it, but cannot or will not see those that condemn our weakness. We are never more ingenious than in deceiving ourselves, and in stifling our remorse. Have you forgotten all that the gods have done, in order to restore you to your native country? How did you escape from Sicily? Did not the misfortunes you met with in Egypt soon terminate in prosperity? What unseen hand delivered you from all the dangers that threatened you in the city of Tyre? After so many marvels, are you still ignorant of what the destinies have in store for you? But what do I say? You are unworthy of it. As for me, I am leaving; I know very well how to retire from the island. Base son of so wise and generous a father, lead here an indolent, dishonorable life among women; and, despite the will of the gods, do what your father believed unworthy of him."

These words of contempt stung Telemachus to the heart, and excited in him both shame and sorrow; he dreaded the displeasure and departure of so wise a man, to whom he was so greatly indebted. But he was no longer the same man, in consequence of the passion that was beginning to kindle in his heart; of which, however, he was not aware.

"What, then," he said to Mentor with tears in his eyes, "do you count the immortality offered me by the goddess as nothing?"

"I count as nothing," Mentor replied, "whatever is contrary to virtue, and to the will of the gods. Virtue calls you to your native country, to see Ulysses and Penelope, and forbids you to give way to a foolish passion. It is the will of the gods, who have delivered you from so many dangers, to make your glory equal to that of your father, that you should leave this isle. It is love alone, that shameful tyrant, that can keep you here. Alas! What would you do with an immortal life, without liberty, without virtue, and without glory? That life would only be so much the more miserable in being immortal, inasmuch as it would never end."

To this speech Telemachus replied only by sighs. Sometimes he would have been glad that Mentor had carried him away from the isle; at other times he wished that he was gone, that he might not any more be upbraided for his weakness by such a severe friend. By such contrary thoughts as these, none of them constant, his heart was agitated; his heart was like the sea, when it becomes the sport of contrary winds. Sometimes he lay stretched and motionless upon the beach; sometimes in the middle of some gloomy wood, weeping bitterly and roaring like a lion. He had become thin: his hollow eyes were full of a devouring fire; to see him pale, battered, and dispirited, one would have thought that he was no longer Telemachus. His beauty, his vivacity, and his noble pride now vanished. He was perishing: as a flower, which blooms in the morning, and diffuses its sweet perfumes all around, towards evening begins to fade and lose its color, its beautiful head languishing, and unable any longer to support itself. Thus did the son of Ulysses draw near the gates of death.

Mentor, finding that Telemachus could not resist the violence of his passion, formed with great sagacity a plan to deliver him from so great a danger. He had observed that Calypso was deeply enamored of Telemachus, and that Telemachus no less loved the young nymph Eucharis — for the cruel Cupid, in order to torment mortals, made it such that no one loves at all the person by whom he is loved. Mentor resolved to excite the jealousy of Calypso.

One day when Telemachus was engaged to go hunting with Eucharis, he said to Calypso: "I find Telemachus has grown very

fond of the chase, a diversion which he never loved before. So enamored of it is he, that he begins to lose all relish for any other; he takes delight in nothing so much as forests, and the wildest mountains. Is it you, O goddess, who have inspired him with this new taste?"

Calypso was extremely piqued at hearing this remark, and could not forbear giving vent to her chagrin. "That Telemachus," she said, "who was proof against all the pleasures of the isle of Cyprus, cannot resist one of my nymphs, who has but a moderate share of beauty. How can he have the assurance to boast of having performed so many wonderful exploits, he whose heart is enslaved and enervated by pleasure, and who seems to have been born only to lead an obscure life among women?"

Mentor, observing with pleasure that the heart of the goddess was troubled with jealousy, said no more at that time, lest she should become distrustful of him. He only appeared melancholy and dejected. When she saw anything that made her uneasy, she was sure to acquaint Mentor with it, and was incessantly making fresh complaints to him. But the hunting, of which Mentor had warned her, drove her into a fury. She saw that it was a contrivance of Telemachus' to get rid of the other nymphs, and have an opportunity of speaking to Eucharis. And now a second hunt was proposed, with the same view, she imagined, as the first. To defeat the youth's plan, she declared that she would be of the party. Then, suddenly unable to check her resentment, she spoke to him thus:

"Was it for this, O rash young mortal, that you came into my isle, and thereby saved yourself from the wrath of the gods, and from perishing in the just storm that Neptune had brought upon you? Was it to slight my power, and the love I have expressed for you, that you came into this isle, from which every mortal is excluded? O divinities of Olympus and Styx, give ear to an unhappy goddess! Destroy immediately this perfidious, ungrateful, and impious man! As you are more cruel and unjust than your father, may your sufferings be greater and more lasting than his. No, no, may you never see again your native land, that poor wretched Ithaca, which, notwithstanding, you had the assurance to prefer to immortality. Or rather may you perish in the midst of the sea, while you are beholding it at a distance; and may your body, after being the sport of the waves, be cast upon the shore of this island, without hope of burial. May my eyes see it devoured by vultures!"

She too, whom you love, will see it, and will be distracted by the sight, and her despair will make my happiness."

Calypso's eyes, as thus she spoke, were red and inflamed: her looks were fierce and gloomy, perpetually shifting from one object to another. Her quivering cheeks were full of black, livid spots, and she changed color at every moment. A death-like paleness often overspread her countenance: but she did not shed so many tears as formerly, rage and despair having seemingly dried up their source; only now and then a few drops might be seen stealing down her face. Her voice was hoarse, broken, and faltering. Mentor observed all these emotions, and spoke no more to Telemachus. He treated him as a patient abandoned [by his physicians]: he would often look at him with compassion.

Telemachus felt how much he was to blame, and how unworthy of the friendship of Mentor. He was afraid to raise his eyes, lest they should meet those of his friend, whose very silence condemned him. Sometimes he had a strong inclination to throw himself upon his neck, and profess his repentance of his fault: but he was withheld, sometimes by a false shame, and sometimes by the fear of going farther than he yet intended to advance, in order to deliver himself from danger; for hitherto the danger seemed inviting, and he could not yet resolve to extinguish his mad passion.

The gods and goddesses of Olympus, assembled in a profound silence, fixed their eyes upon the island of Calypso, to see who would prove victorious, Minerva or Cupid. Cupid, by playing with the nymphs, had set the isle all on fire; and Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, employed against the god of love the jealousy inseparable from love itself. Jupiter resolved to remain neutral, and be only a spectator of the combat.

Meanwhile Eucharis, who feared that Telemachus would escape her, employed a thousand artifices to rivet his chains. The time appointed for the second chase having come, she dressed herself like Diana. So many new charms and graces had Venus and Cupid bestowed upon her, that her beauty that day eclipsed even that of Calypso herself. Calypso, looking at her from a distance, and then surveying her own image in the most transparent of her fountains, was quite ashamed when she observed the difference. So she hid herself in the most secret part of her grotto, where she spoke thus all alone:

"It was in vain that I hoped to trouble these two lovers, by declaring that I would accompany them on this hunt. Shall I be as good as my word? Shall I go with them, and make my beauty serve as a foil to hers, and thereby make her triumph? Shall the sight of me have no other effect than to heighten Telemachus' passion for Eucharis? O unhappy one! What hast thou done? No, I will not go, nor shall they go: I know very well how to prevent them. I will go and find Mentor, and entreat him to carry off Telemachus: he will lead him back to Ithaca. But what do I say? What will become of me when Telemachus is gone? Where am I? What yet remains to be done? O cruel Venus, you have deceived me: O what a perfidious present you sent me: Pernicious child! Infected love: I laid open my heart to thee in expectation of being made happy by the love of Telemachus; but thou hast plunged me into trouble and despair. My nymphs have rebelled against me. My divinity will now serve only to make my misery eternal. O that I had it in my power to put an end to my woes by death! Telemachus, since I cannot die, you must. I will be avenged of thine ingratitude; I will dispatch thee, and that too before the eyes of thy beloved nymph. But I rave: Wretched Calypso! What dost thou want? Wouldst thou put to death an innocent youth, whom thou hast plunged into an abyss of misery? It was I who lighted the flame in the bosom of the chaste Telemachus. What innocence! what virtue! what abhorrence of vice! what steadiness and resolution against shameful pleasure! Was it necessary that I should corrupt his heart? But otherwise he would have left me: Well: but must I not part with him at last? Or shall I still see him despising me, and living only to make my rival happy? No, no: I suffer no more than I deserve. Begone, Telemachus; convey yourself far beyond the sea; leave Calypso comfortless, unable either to support life or find relief in death leave her, inconsolable, overwhelmed with shame, desperate, with thy proud Eucharis."

She spoke thus alone in her grotto: but she suddenly went out, exclaiming: "Mentor, where are you? Is it thus that you defend Telemachus against the vice by which he is in danger of being overcome? You sleep, while love plots against you. I cannot any longer bear such base indifference. Will you always look on calmly while the son of Ulysses is thus dishonoring his father, unmindful of his high destiny? Was it to you or to me that his parents committed the care of him? Shall I endeavor to cure him of his passion, and will you do nothing?"

Towards the extremity of this forest are large poplars, of which a ship may be built; it was of such timber that Ulysses built the ship in which he sailed from this isle. At the same place, in a deep cavern, you will find all the tools necessary for preparing and putting together the various parts of a vessel."

Scarcely had she pronounced these words than she repented. Mentor did not lose a moment: he went directly to the cavern, found the tools, felled some poplars, and in one day fitted up a vessel for the sea. For such is the power and diligence of Minerva, that she requires only a short time to execute the greatest works.

Calypso was now very much perplexed in her mind: on the one hand, she wanted to see how Mentor proceeded in his work; on the other, she could not prevail on herself to relinquish the hunt, and thereby leave Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty. Her jealousy would not permit her to let the two lovers go out of her sight; but she contrived to turn the chase towards the place where she knew Mentor was making the vessel. She heard the strokes of the hatchet and the hammer. She listened with great anxiety, and trembled at every stroke. But at that very instant too she was uneasy, lest some sign or some glance of the eye of Telemachus to the young nymph should have escaped her unobserved.

In the meantime, Eucharis said to Telemachus in a mocking tone: "Are you not afraid that Mentor will blame you for presuming to go hunting without him? How much you are to be pitied, in being subject to so rigid a master: Nothing can soften his austerity; he affects an aversion to every kind of pleasure; he cannot bear that you should enjoy any; your most innocent actions he charges on you as crimes. You could depend on him when you were not yet in a condition to conduct yourself; but after having shown so much wisdom, you ought not to allow yourself to be treated as a child."

These artful words made a deep impression upon Telemachus, and incensed him against Mentor, whose yoke he resolved to shake off. He was so much mortified that he made no reply to Eucharis, and was afraid of seeing Mentor. In fine, towards evening, the hunt, which had passed in continual constraint on both sides, being over, they returned by a corner of the forest, adjoining the place where Mentor had been at work all day. Calypso saw the ship at a distance, in appearance quite finished; and no sooner did she observe it than a thick darkness, like that of death, overspread her eyes. Her

trembling limbs sank under her, and a cold sweat broke out all over her body, so that she was obliged to lean upon the nymphs about her: but Eucharis, among the rest, offering her hand, she pushed her away, and at the same time darted a dreadful look at her.

Telemachus, who saw the vessel, but who did not see Mentor at all, because he had already retired, having finished his work, asked the goddess who the vessel belonged to, and what it was intended for. At first she could make no reply, but at last said:

"I ordered it to be built to carry Mentor home; you will no longer be under any constraint from that severe friend, who prevents your being happy, and is jealous of your becoming immortal."

"Mentor is going to forsake me, I am undone!" cried Telemachus. "O Eucharis, if Mentor forsakes me, you are the only person that I regard besides."

These words escaped him in the transport of his passion, before he had time to reflect on the consequences, and he was immediately aware of his error. All the nymphs were struck dumb with surprise at what he had said. Eucharis, blushing and in great confusion, stood behind the rest, and was afraid to show herself. But while shame glowed upon her face, joy suffused her heart. Telemachus was quite confounded, and could not conceive how he could be so rash and inconsiderate. What he had done appeared to him like a dream, but a dream which brought him confusion and trouble.

Calypso, more furious than a lioness robbed of her cubs, traversed the forest without minding any path, or knowing where she went. At last, however, she found herself at the entry of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting for her.

"Get out of my life, O strangers," she said; "you have robbed me of my tranquillity: away with you, foolish boy. And you, imprudent old man, you too shall know what it is to incur the resentment of a goddess, if you do not immediately take him away. I will see him no more, nor permit any of my nymphs to see him or speak to him. I swear it by the Styx, an oath at which the gods themselves tremble. Telemachus, thy misfortunes are not at an end: ungrateful boy: thou shalt quit my isle, only to be the prey of new disasters; and thou shalt live to regret Calypso in vain. I shall be revenged: Neptune, still incensed against thy father, who offended him in Sicily, and solicited by Venus, whom thou hast treated with contempt in the isle of

Cyprus, is preparing more storms for thee. Thy father is not dead, and thou wilt see him again; but thou shalt see him without knowing who he is; nor shalt thou join him in Ithaca again, till after having been the sport of the most cruel, unrelenting fortune. Go: may the celestial powers be my avengers! Mayest thou, hanging from a rock in the middle of the sea, and blasted by the thunder, in vain invoke Calypso, who will be overjoyed at thy sufferings."

Having said these words, her agitated mind was ready to take resolutions. Cupid again excited in her heart a desire to detain Telemachus. "Let him live," she said to herself, "let him remain here; perhaps he will at last feel how much he is indebted to me. Eucharis cannot, like me, give him immortality. O short-sighted Calypso! you have ruined yourself by your oath: you are now fast bound; and as you have sworn by the waters of Styx, there remains no more hope for you." Nobody heard these words: but the Furies appeared in her countenance, and all the poison of black Cocytus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Telemachus was struck with horror at the sight of her. This she perceived; for what is there that can escape the penetration of a lover? and his horror served only to increase her rage. Like a bacchante who fills the air with howling until the lofty mountains of Thrace re-echo with the sound, so did the goddess traverse the woods with an arrow in her hand, calling all her nymphs, and threatening to pierce whoever did not follow her. Terrified by this menace, they all ran after her together. Even Eucharis followed with tears in her eyes, looking at Telemachus, to whom she no longer dared to speak. The goddess shuddered when she saw her among the rest; and instead of being appeased by her submission, she became more outraged, finding that Eucharis' beauty was heightened by distress.

In the meantime, Telemachus had remained alone with Mentor. He clasped his knees; for he was afraid to embrace him otherwise, or even to look at him. He shed a flood of tears, and would have spoken, but his voice faltered. Besides, he did not know what he should say, or do, nor indeed what he was doing, or would want to do. At last he exclaimed:

"O Mentor: my true father, deliver me from so many woes. I am not able either to forsake you, or to follow you. Deliver me from so many woes: deliver me from myself; give me death."

Mentor embraces, comforts, and encourages him, and without flattering his passion, teaches him to support his character, and says to him:

"Son of the sage Ulysses, whom the gods have so much loved, and still love, it is in consequence of that love that you now suffer such dreadful woes. He who has never felt his own weakness and the violence of his passions, cannot be said to be wise; for he is unacquainted with himself, and knows not how to distrust himself. The gods have led you, as it were, by the hand, to the very edge of the abyss, to show you the depth of it, without letting you fall into it. Understand now what, without experience, you never would have comprehended. It would have been in vain, before, to have talked to you of the delusions of love, which flatters only to destroy and which, under an appearance of pleasure, conceals the most frightful bitterness. The charming boy Cupid came attended with Smiles, Games, and Graces. You saw him: and when he stole your heart, you were pleased with the theft. You sought pretexts to make yourself insensible of the wound he had made in your heart. You endeavoured also to deceive me, while you flattered yourself; you feared nothing. See now the fruit of your rashness: you wish for death, and it is the only hope left to you. The distracted, despairing goddess raves like an infernal fury; Eucharis is consumed by a flame more cruel than the agonies of death. All the nymphs are ready, from jealousy, to tear one another in pieces: and these are the doings of the treacherous Cupid, who appears so gentle. Summon up all your courage! How much do the gods love you, since they point out a way to you, by which you may escape from Cupid, and once more see your native land! Calypso herself is constrained to banish you. The ship is quite ready: why then do we delay a moment to leave this isle, where virtue cannot live?"

In saying these words, Mentor took him by the hand, and pulled him towards the shore. Telemachus followed with reluctance, continually looking behind. He considered Eucharis as she withdrew. As he could not see her face, he marked her fine braided hair, her flowing robe, and noble carriage. He would have thought himself happy, could he have kissed her footsteps. After he had lost sight of her, he listened attentively, fancying he heard her voice. Though absent, he saw her: she was still present to his imagination, and he

even imagined he was talking to her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing Mentor.

At last, waking as from a deep sleep, he said to Mentor: "I am determined to go along with you, but I have not yet bid adieu to Eucharis I would rather die than abandon her in so ungrateful a manner. Wait till I see her once more, and bid her an eternal farewell. At least permit me to say this much to her: 'O nymph, the cruel gods, jealous of my happiness, oblige me to depart; but sooner shall they make me cease to live, than cease to remember you.' O my father, either grant me this last consolation, which is so just, or put an end to my life this instant. No, I will neither abide in this island, nor abandon myself to love. It is not love, but only friendship and gratitude that my heart feels for Eucharis. It is enough for me to bid her only once adieu, and I will go along with you without any further delay."

"How much I pity you!" said Mentor: "your passion is so violent that you do not feel it. You think yourself tranquil, and yet you ask for death! You dare to say that love has not made a conquest of you, when you cannot bear the thought of parting from the nymph. You neither see nor hear anything but her: to everything else you are blind and deaf. A man in the delirium of a fever says: I am not sick. O blind Telemachus: You were ready to renounce Penelope who longs for your return; Ulysses, whom it is decreed you shall see again; Ithaca, where you are one day to reign; and the glory and high destiny, which it appears that the gods have promised you, by the many miracles they have wrought in your favor: all these good things you would have renounced, to live in dishonor with Eucharis! Will you, after all, deny that you are in love with her? What is it then that troubles you? Why do you wish for death? Why did you speak with such emotion before the goddess? I do not accuse you of bad faith, but I deplore your blindness. Fly, Telemachus, fly; it is only by flight that love is to be overcome. Against such an enemy, to fear and to fly is true courage; and to fly too without deliberating, and without ever taking time so much as to look back. You have not forgotten with what care and anxiety I have watched over you since you were a child, and how many dangers you have escaped by following my advice: either be guided by me, or let me abandon you. If you knew how it grieves me, to see you run thus to ruin! If you knew what I suffered, while I dared not speak to you! The pangs of the mother who bore you,

were short of mine. I devoured my chagrin, and was silent, still hoping that you would, of your own accord, return to me. O my son! My dear son: Comfort my heart; give me back again that which is dearer to me than life. Give me back Telemachus, whom I have lost, and resume again the command of yourself, which you have lost. If your wisdom shall get the better of your love, I shall live and be happy; but if love shall triumph over your wisdom, Mentor can no longer live."

While Mentor spoke thus, he was still advancing towards the shore; and though Telemachus was not yet so much master of himself as to follow him of his own accord, yet he was calm enough to let himself be led without resistance. Minerva still disguised under the figure of Mentor, by covering Telemachus with her aegis, though invisible, and diffusing a ray of divinity around, inspired him with a courage that he had never experienced since he came into the isle. They at last arrived at a part of the sea-coast that was steep and craggy, a rock continually beaten by the foaming waves. From the top of this, looking to see if the ship that Mentor had built was still in the same place, they beheld a sad spectacle.

Cupid was extremely chagrined to find that the old stranger not only bid defiance to his darts himself, but had rescued Telemachus from his snares: he wept with vexation, and went in quest of Calypso, who was roaming through the gloomy forests. At the sight of him she shuddered: and found all the wounds in her heart began to be reopened. Cupid said to her:

"You are a goddess, and yet you let yourself be overcome by a weak mortal, who is a prisoner in your isle. Why will you let him escape?"

"O, mischievous Cupid!" she replied, "I will no longer listen to thy pernicious counsels: it is thou who hast robbed me of a profound and sweet peace, to plunge me into an abyss of misery. The die is cast: for I have sworn by the waters of Styx that I will let Telemachus go; and even Jupiter himself, with all his power, dare not infringe that tremendous oath. Telemachus, be gone out of my isle; and thou, mischievous boy, take thyself likewise away; thou hast done me more evil than he!"

Cupid, wiping away his tears, replied with an ironical and malicious smile: "Here is a mighty difficulty indeed: Keep to your oath; do not oppose his departure; only do not oppose me. Neither I, nor your

nymphs, have sworn by the waters of Styx, that we will let him go. I will persuade them to burn that ship which Mentor has built in such a hurry. His diligence, which surprised us, will be useless. He shall be surprised in his turn; and he shall not have it in his power to deprive you of Telemachus."

These flattering words inspired the heart of Calypso with fresh hope and joy. The same effect produced by the cooling zephyr, in refreshing the panting flocks that faint beneath the summer's heat, on the banks of a translucent stream, now flowed from his proposal in soothing the despair of the goddess. Her looks became serene, her eyes became gentle; and the violent uneasiness that preyed upon her heart was for a little while suspended: she paused, smiled, and caressed the little god; and by those caresses brought new trouble on herself.

Cupid, glad that he had persuaded her, went next to persuade the nymphs, who were dispersed all over the mountains, like a flock of sheep, pursued by famished wolves, and driven far from the shepherd. Cupid brought them together, and said to them:

"Telemachus is still in your hands: hurry, burn the vessel which the presumptuous Mentor has built to convey him away."

They immediately lit torches, and ran raging to the shore, screaming aloud and tossing their dishevelled locks like bacchantes. Already the curling flame ascends; it devours the vessel, composed of dry wood, smeared with pitch; a cloud of mingled smoke and fire mounts upwards to the clouds.

From the summit of the rock, Telemachus and Mentor beheld the flames, and heard the cries of the nymphs. Telemachus felt something like joy on this occasion; for his heart was not yet cured; and Mentor perceived his passion, like a fire ill-extinguished, which breaks out from time to time, from underneath its ashes, and fiercely sparkles as it burns.

"Now," said Telemachus, "I am again entangled in the toils of love. No hope remains of being able to leave this isle."

Mentor saw plainly that Telemachus was going to relapse into all his former weaknesses, and that there was not a single moment to be lost. He perceived a little out at sea a ship at anchor, not daring to approach the island of Calypso, as all the pilots knew it was inaccessible to every mortal. At once the wise Mentor pushed Telemachus into the sea, as he sat upon the edge of a rock, and threw

himself headlong into the same abyss. Telemachus, surprised by this violent fall, was tossed about by the waves, and swallowed bitter draughts of sea-water. But recollecting himself, and seeing Mentor holding out his arm to assist him in swimming, he thought of nothing now but to get away from this fatal isle.

The nymphs, who thought they held them captives, now seeing that they could not hinder their escape, broke out in furious exclamations. Calypso, inconsolable, retired within her grotto, which echoed with her lamentations. Cupid, finding his promised triumph changed into a shameful defeat, sprang upwards to the middle air, and with expanded wings flew to the Idalian grove, where his cruel mother awaited his return. The child, still more cruel, consoled himself by laughing with her for the mischief they had done.

In proportion as Telemachus got away from the island, he found his courage and his love of virtue revive. "I now experience," he said, "the truth of what you told me, and which, for lack of experience, I could not believe: namely that vice can only be conquered by flight. O my father, what love have the gods shown to me, in granting me your advice and assistance: I deserved to have been deprived of them, and left to myself. I now fear neither storms, winds, nor seas; I only fear my passions. Cupid alone is more to be dreaded than are all shipwrecks."

Book VII

The argument

Mentor and Telemachus are kindly received on board the ship, which was from Tyre, and commanded by Adoam the brother of Narbal. The captain soon recognized Telemachus again, and told him of the tragic death of Pygmalion and Astarbé, and that Balcazar, whom the tyrant (his father) had disgraced at the instigation of that woman, had been advanced to the throne. During an entertainment which he gave to Mentor and Telemachus, Achitoas sang so charmingly that he drew the tritons, nereids, and the other sea gods and goddesses about the ship. Mentor, taking up a lyre, far excels Achitoas in playing upon it. Adoam then recounts the wonders of Bétique, describing the mild temperature of the air, with other advantages and beauties of the country, where the inhabitants lead a calm, peaceable life with a great simplicity of manners.

The ship which was at anchor, and towards which they swam, was a Phoenician vessel, and bound for Epirus. These Phoenicians had seen Telemachus on the voyage from Egypt, but they could not recognize him amidst the waves. Mentor, having approached near enough the ship to be heard, raised his head above the water, and cried with a loud voice:

"Phoenicians, so helpful to all nations, do not refuse to save the lives of two men, who expect it from your humanity. If respect for the gods touches you, take us on board; we will go wherever you shall go."

He who commanded replied: "We will receive you with joy; we are not ignorant how much it is our duty to succor strangers in such distress."

Accordingly they received them on the vessel. They were scarcely admitted when, their breath being quite exhausted, they fainted away; for they had swum a great way, and struggled hard with the waves. By degrees, however, they recovered their strength: they were given other clothes, for theirs were weighed down with water which had penetrated them and which poured out from all sides.

As soon as they were in a condition to speak, the Phoenicians crowded around them, impatient to hear their adventures. The commander said to them:

"How did you manage to enter that island from which you came? It is said to be inhabited by a cruel goddess, who permits nobody to land in it. Besides, it is surrounded with frightful rocks, against which the sea beats furiously, so that there is no approaching it without being shipwrecked."

Mentor replied: "We were cast upon it. We are Greeks: our fatherland is the isle of Ithaca, which is not far from Epirus, to which you are bound. If you do not intend to put into Ithaca, which is on your route, you are welcome to carry us to Epirus; we will find friends who will take care to help us make the short connection which remains to us, and we shall think ourselves obliged to you for our joyfully seeing again what we hold most dear in all the world."

Thus Mentor was the speaker: and Telemachus, keeping silent, let him speak; for the faultiness of his conduct in the isle of Calypso had much increased his wisdom. He was more aware of his own weakness; he felt how necessary it was for his happiness always to follow the wise counsels of Mentor — so that when at any time it was not proper to ask his advice, he consulted his eyes, and endeavored thereby to divine his thoughts.

The Phoenician commander, fixing his eyes upon Telemachus, thought he remembered having seen him before; but it was a confused recollection which he could not sort out.

"Allow me," he said, "to ask you if you remember having seen me before, as I have a notion that I have seen you. Your face is not unknown to me: it struck me at first sight; but I do not know where I saw you; perhaps your memory will come to the aid of mine."

Telemachus replied with surprise and joy: "The sight of you has the same effect upon me. I have seen you somewhere; I remember your features; but I cannot recollect whether it was in Egypt or at Tyre."

Then the Phoenician, like a man who when he wakes in the morning by degrees recollects the fleeting dream that had vanished with his sleep, exclaimed immediately:

"You are Telemachus, for whom Narbal formed a friendship, in our passage from Egypt. I am his brother; without doubt he must have spoken often of me to you. I left you in his hands in Tyre, after our return from Egypt, being obliged to embark for the famous Bétique, near the Pillars of Hercules. Thus having had only a glimpse of you, it is no wonder if I could not easily recollect you."

"I see well," said Telemachus, "that you are Adoam. I had scarcely an opportunity of seeing you at that time; but I know you by the conversation I had with Narbal. O what joy it gives me that I can be informed by you concerning a man who will always be dear to me! Is he still at Tyre? Is he not suffering some cruel treatment from the jealous, barbarous Pygmalion?"

Adoam interrupted him and replied: "Telemachus, be assured; fortune has put you into the hands of one who will take the utmost care of you. I will carry you to the isle of Ithaca before I go to Epirus; and you shall find as good a friend in Narbal's brother as you did in Narbal himself."

Having spoken thus, he noticed that the breeze which he had waited for was beginning to blow; he ordered the anchors to be weighed, the sails to be hoisted, and the oars to be plied. Immediately he took Mentor and Telemachus aside, to talk with them.

"I am now, Telemachus, going to satisfy your curiosity. Pygmalion is now no more: the just gods have delivered the earth from him. As he trusted in nobody, so nobody could trust in him. The good contented themselves with lamenting and guarding against his cruelties, but without being able to resolve to do him any harm; the wicked thought they could not otherwise secure their own lives but by putting an end to his; there was not a person at Tyre who was not every day in danger of becoming an object of his jealousy. His very guards were more exposed [to danger] than the others: as his life was in their hands, he dreaded them much more than others; upon the least suspicion he sacrificed them to his fears. Thus, by endeavoring to seek his security, he could no longer find it. His guards lived in continual danger, in consequence of his jealousy; and they had no other way of getting out of so horrible a condition than by preventing, through the death of the tyrant, his cruel suspicions. The impious

Astarbé, of whom you must have often heard, was the first to resolve the destruction of the king. She was passionately in love with a rich young Tyrian named Joazar; she hoped to set him upon the throne. In order to succeed in this design, she made the king believe that his eldest son, named Phadael, from impatience to mount the throne, had conspired against his life: and she procured false witnesses to prove the conspiracy. The unhappy king put his innocent son to death. The second son, named Baleazar, was sent to Samos, in order, as was pretended, to instruct himself in the manners and sciences of Greece; but in reality because Astarbé had told the king that it was necessary to send him away, to prevent his forming connections with the malcontents. He had scarcely departed when those who commanded the vessel, having been bribed by this cruel woman, took measures to sink her in the night; they threw the young prince into the sea, and then swam to some foreign barks that waited to take them up.

"In the meantime nobody was unacquainted with Astarbé's amours but Pygmalion alone, and he imagined that he was the only object of her love. Thus did that prince, otherwise so distrustful, blindly repose confidence in that wicked woman; and this was owing to the violence of his passion. At the same time, his avarice prompted him to seek pretexts for putting to death Joazar, with whom Astarbé was so desperately in love; he dreamt only of despoiling the riches of this young man.

"While Pygmalion was thus a prey to avarice, love, and distrust, Astarbé hastened to deprive him of his life. She believed that he might, perhaps, have made some discovery with respect to her infamous affairs with this young man; besides, she knew that avarice alone was sufficient to determine him to take cruel action against Joazar; she concluded that she had not a moment to lose to prevent him. The principal officers of the court, she saw, were ready to dip their hands in the king's blood; and she heard every day of some new conspiracy: but she was afraid to communicate her plan to anyone by whom she might have been betrayed. Finally it seemed to her safest to poison Pygmalion.

"Most often he ate alone with her, and what he intended for his own eating he prepared himself, as he could not trust any other person. In order the better to conceal his distrust, and that he might not be seen while he was preparing meals, he shut himself up in the

most remote part of his palace; he no longer dared to enjoy the pleasures of the table, being entirely confined to such dishes as he knew how to prepare himself. Consequently he was excluded from all cooked meats and stews, prepared by cooks; he dared not even make use of wine, bread, salt, oil, milk, or any other ordinary food: he ate only the fruits which he gathered with his own hands in his garden, or beans which he had sown and boiled for his own eating. For the rest he never drank any water save that which he himself had drawn from a fountain which was closed up in a part of his palace whose key he always kept. Whatever confidence he might seem to repose in Astarbé, he took care to guard against her; he made her always first taste whatever he was to eat or drink, so that if he was poisoned she might be so too, and not have any hopes of living longer than him. But she took an antidote, which an old woman who was the confidante of her amours, and still more wicked than herself, had furnished her with: after which she was no longer afraid to give the king poison.

"The manner in which she executed her purpose was this. The old woman, whom I just now mentioned, all of a sudden made a noise at the gate, at the very instant they were sitting down to table. The king, who always believed that they were going to kill him, was alarmed, and ran immediately to the gate, to see if it was well closed. In the meantime the old woman retired, and the king was in great perplexity, not knowing what to make of it, and not daring to open the gate to see what was the matter. Astarbé reassured him, caressing him and pressing him to eat; for she had thrown some poison into his golden cup while he went to the gate. Pygmalion, according to custom, bad her drink first, which she did without hesitation, trusting to the antidote. Pygmalion drank too, and soon after swooned away.

"Astarbé, who knew him to be capable of killing her upon the least suspicion, immediately rent her garments and hair, and shrieked most hideously; she embraced the dying king; she hugged him in her arms; she shed a flood of tears, for tears cost nothing to this scheming woman. At last, when she saw that the king's forces were exhausted, and that he was almost in the agony of death, to prevent all possibility of his recovering, and attempting to take away her life, she passed in a moment from caresses, and the strongest outward marks of tenderness, to the most savage fury; for she threw herself upon him, and strangled him. Then, taking the ring from his finger and the

diadem from his head, she sent for Joazar, to whom she gave both.

"She believed that all those who had been her adherents would indulge her passion, and that her lover would be proclaimed king. But those who had been most forward in pleasing her were mean, mercenary wretches, altogether incapable of a sincere attachment; besides, they were destitute of courage, and dreaded the effects of the popular hatred that Astarb   had drawn upon herself; finally they feared still more the haughtiness, dissimulation, and cruelty of this impious woman. Everyone, for his own security, desired that she perish.

"The palace, in the meantime, was full of frightful tumult; everywhere one heard the cries of those who said: 'The king is dead.' Some were struck as with a panic, while others ran to arms; all seemed to be pleased with the news, though apprehensive of the consequences. The news flew like lightning all over the vast city of Tyre, but there was not a single person that regretted the king; his death was the salvation and the consolation of the people.

"Narbal, struck by so terrible a blow, lamented, like a good man, the infatuation of Pygmalion, who had betrayed himself by a blind submission to the wicked Astarb  , and in choosing rather to be a terrible tyrant than to discharge the duty of a king, and be the father of his people. He thought of the good of the state, and hastened to rally all good men to unite immediately in opposing Astarb  , whose tyranny would be still more insupportable than that of the late reign.

"Narbal knew that Baleazar had not drowned when he had been thrown into the sea. Those who told Astarb   that he was dead actually believed that he was so: but he had saved himself by swimming in the dark, and had been taken on board a bark by some Cretan merchants who pitied his situation. He had not dared to return to his father's kingdom, suspecting that there was a design upon his life, and fearing no less the cruel jealousy of Pygmalion than the intrigues of Astarb  . He wandered about a long time in disguise upon the coast of Syria, where the Cretan merchants had left him; he was even obliged to watch over a flock to earn his living. At last he found an opportunity to make known his situation to Narbal, to whom, as a man of proven virtue, he thought he ran no risk in communicating the secret. Although Narbal had been ill used by the father, he did not cease to love the son, or neglect his interests; but he took care

of them, so as to hinder him effectually from violating the duty he owed his father; he even engaged him to bear his bad fortune with patience.

"Baleazar had written to Narbal. 'When you think I may come to find you, send me a gold ring, and I shall immediately understand that it will be time to join you.' During the life of Pygmalion, Narbal did not think it proper to send for him, as he would thereby have exposed both the prince and himself to great danger, so difficult was it to elude the jealousy and vigilance of Pygmalion. But no sooner had that unhappy king made an end worthy of his crimes, than Narbal dispatched a messenger with the gold ring to Baleazar. Baleazar set out at once, and arrived at the gates of Tyre when the whole city was in suspense in regard to the person who should succeed Pygmalion. He was soon recognized by the leading Tyrians, and the whole body of the people. They loved him, not as the son of the late king, whom they all detested, but on account of his own moderation and humanity. His misfortunes, too, recommended him greatly, and gave an additional luster to all his good qualities by softening all the Tyrians in his favor.

"The chief citizens, the old men who composed the council, and the priests of the great goddess of Phoenicia, were assembled by Narbal. Baleazar was saluted as their king, and the heralds were ordered to proclaim him. The people responded with a thousand joyful acclamations.

"Astarbé heard them in the most secret part of the palace, where she was shut up with her infamous paramour Joazar. All the wicked instruments which she had employed during the life of Pygmalion had now forsaken her; for the bad fear the bad, and do not like to see them vested with credit. Corrupt men know how much men like themselves would abuse authority, and how violent they would be. But the bad accommodate themselves better to the good, hoping at least to find moderation and lenity in them. Astarbé had now no other adherents than certain accomplices in the most atrocious crimes, and who, for that reason, could expect only the gallows.

"They forced the palace: these miscreants made little resistance, and thought only of flight. Astarbé, disguised as a slave, hoped to save herself in the crowd, but was recognized by a soldier; and when she was discovered and taken, it was with great difficulty that the

enraged people were kept from tearing her in pieces. They had already begun to drag her through the mud of the streets; but Narbal pulled her from the hands of the populace.

"Then she begged to be allowed to speak to Baleazar, hoping she might dazzle him with her charms, and make him believe that she could reveal secrets of importance. Baleazar could not refuse her a hearing. At first she showed, with her beauty, a gentleness and a modesty capable of touching the most wounded hearts. She flattered Baleazar with the utmost delicacy and address, and pointed out how much Pygmalion had loved her — by whose ashes conjured him to have compassion upon her; she invoked the gods, as if she had sincerely adored them; she shed a flood of tears, throwing herself at the same time at the king's feet: then she endeavored to excite in his breast jealousy and hatred against his most affectionate servants. She accused Narbal of having been engaged in a plot against Pygmalion, and of having tampered with the people, to get himself advanced to the throne, to the prejudice of Baleazar: she added that he wanted to poison that young prince. She forged calumnies of a similar nature against every other virtuous Tyrian, hoping to find the heart of Baleazar no less susceptible of distrust and suspicion than that of his father. But Baleazar, shocked by the black malignity of this woman, could not bear her any longer, and called his guards. She was put in prison; and some old men, eminent for wisdom, had orders to examine all her actions.

"They discovered with horror that she had poisoned and stifled Pygmalion; her whole life had been a continual succession of monstrous crimes. She was to have been sentenced to suffer the punishment inflicted in Phoenicia only on the greatest criminals: namely to be burnt with a slow fire. But when she found that she had no mercy to expect, she became like a fury from Hell; she took the dose of poison which she used always to carry with her, in order to make away with herself, in case she should be doomed to suffer lingering torment. Those who guarded her perceived that she suffered the most violent pains; they wanted to give her what relief they could; but she made them no answer, except a sign that she declined all assistance.

"They spoke to her of the just gods, whom she had offended; but instead of showing the penitence that her guilt required, she looked towards heaven with a kind of arrogance and contempt, as if to insult

the gods. In her dying countenance were delineated impiety and rage: there remained no traces of that beauty which had caused misery to so many men. Her charms were all effaced: her extinguished eyes rolled in her head, and threw off ferocious looks; her lips were agitated with a convulsive motion, and her mouth gaped in a most frightful manner; her whole face, shriveled up, made hideous grimaces; her body was pale all over, cold, and livid. Though she seemed sometimes to recover strength, she quickly sank down again with shrieks. At last she expired, leaving all those who were around her in the utmost horror and amazement. Her impious soul went, without doubt, to those dismal regions where the cruel Danaids are eternally drawing water in sieves; where Ixion is forever turning his wheel; where Tantalus, burning with thirst, cannot get any water, which flies from his lips; where Sisyphus uselessly rolls a huge stone which always falls back again; and where the vulture will be eternally devouring the liver of Tityus, which grows up afresh as fast as it is consumed.

"Baleazar, delivered from that monster, offered a great number of sacrifices to the gods. His behavior, at the beginning of his reign, has been very different from that of Pygmalion. He endeavors to make commerce flourish again, which was decaying more and more every day; he consults Narbal in all matters of importance, but is not blindly led by him; for he wants to see everything with his own eyes. He hears all the different opinions which are offered, and then adopts that which appears to him most eligible. He is loved by his people. In possessing all hearts, he possesses a greater treasure than his father could amass by his avarice and cruelty, for there is not a family that would not be ready, in an emergency, to assist him with its whole substance: so that it is more at his disposal than if he took it from them. He has no need to take any measures for the security of his life; for he has the best of all guards, namely the love of his people. There is not one of his subjects who would not be sorry for the loss of him, and who would not risk his own life to preserve that of so good a king. He is happy, and so are his people: he is afraid of laying too great a burden on his people, and they are afraid lest they should not make him an offer of a great enough part of their goods; he leaves them in the enjoyment of abundance, yet they are not thereby rendered idle or indolent, but continue still industrious, given over to commerce, and adhering steadily to the purity of their ancient

laws. Thus Phoenicia has arrived at the highest pinnacle of glory and grandeur. It is to her young king that she is indebted for all her prosperity.

"Narbal governs under him. O Telemachus, if he saw you now, with what pleasure would he load you with presents: How happy would he be in conveying you in a magnificent manner to your native land! Must not I then be happy in doing what he would be overjoyed to do himself — to carry the son of Ulysses to Ithaca, and set him on the throne, on which he would acquit himself with no less wisdom and dignity than Baleazar displays at Tyre!"

When Adoam had spoken thus, Telemachus embraced him tenderly, extremely delighted both with the tidings he had communicated, and still more affected by the kindness he had shown him in his distress. Adoam then begged to be informed how he had ventured into Calypso's isle. Telemachus gave him an account, in his turn, of how he had left Tyre; of his voyage to the isle of Cyprus; of how he found Mentor again; of their voyage to Crete; of the public games which had been ordained for the election of a king after the flight of Idomeneus, who had abandoned the throne; of the anger of Venus; of their shipwreck; of the joy with which Calypso had received them; of the jealousy of this goddess against one of her nymphs; of the action of Mentor, who had thrown him into the sea, when he saw the Phoenician ship.

After their conversation, Adoam caused a magnificent feast to be served; and to manifest the more joy, he united every pleasure that could be enjoyed on the occasion. While they were at table, where they were served by young Phoenicians clad in white and crowned with flowers, the most exquisite perfumes of the East were burned. The seats of the rowers were filled with flute players; and they were interrupted from time to time by Achitoas, who touched the lyre and sang in so ravishing a manner as would have charmed the gods, and even Apollo himself. The tritons, nereids, all the divinities who obey Neptune, and even the sea monsters, quitting their deep and humid grottoes, gathered around the ship, to hear such exquisite music. Some young Phoenicians of singular beauty, clad in linen whiter than snow, danced a long time the dances of their own country, then of Egypt, and lastly those of Greece. Every now and then the sound of trumpets was returned in echoes from distant coasts. The silence of the night, the calm

of the sea, the trembling light of the moon spread upon the waters, the somber azure of the sky bespangled with brilliant stars, served to make the spectacle still more beautiful.

Telemachus, from his natural vivacity and sensibility, was delighted with all these pleasures; yet he dared not give over his heart to them. Since the mortifying proof he had experienced in the isle of Calypso, how violent the passions of youth are, he was afraid even of the most innocent pleasures; all was now suspect to him. He was looking at Mentor; he sought in his face and in his eyes what he should think of these pleasures.

Mentor was not sorry to perceive his embarrassment, but seemed at first to take no notice of it. At last, much pleased with his moderation, he said to him with a smile:

"I see what it is that you are afraid of, and I commend you for it: but such fear may be carried too far. There is not a person living who wishes you more pleasure than I; but it is such as will neither intoxicate nor enervate you. The pleasures to be indulged are such as will relax the mind, yet leave you in possession of yourself; not such as will bewitch and enslave you. The pleasures I wish you are calm and serene, which do not take your reason from you and do not turn a man into a savage brute. You may now, with propriety, unbend your mind after your many hardships. Enjoy the amusements, then, which Adoam offers you, with gratitude: be joyful, Telemachus, be joyful! True wisdom disclaims all austerity and affectation: all true pleasure is derived from her; she alone can make it genuine and lasting; she alone knows how to blend mirth and sport with serious and important business; amusement with application, and diversion with labor. Wisdom is not ashamed to appear easy and cheerful, when it is needful."

After this preamble, Mentor took a lyre, and played upon it with so much art that Achitoas, stung with jealousy and in great confusion, dropped his instrument: he changed color, his eyes sparkled with fire and his shame and disorder were so visible that they must have been observed by all that were present, had not their attention been engaged by Mentor's performance. They hardly dared to venture to breathe, for fear of interrupting the silence, and losing some of these divine touches; they were fearful lest he should stop too soon. Mentor's voice had nothing of an effeminate softness in it, but was strong, pliant, sweet, and affecting.

He first sang the praises of Jupiter, the father and king of gods and men, who, with a nod, shakes the vast universe. Then he represented Minerva, who sprang from Jupiter's head; by which is meant the wisdom that is formed therein, and which from thence descends to illuminate docile men. Mentor sang her truths with so affecting a voice and so much piety, that the whole assembly thought themselves transported to the highest summit of Olympus, and in the presence of Jupiter, whose looks are more piercing than his thunder. Then he sang the unhappy fate of Narcissus, who, being enamored of his own beauty, and continually gazing at it in a fountain, pined away with grief, and was changed into a flower that bears his name. Lastly he sang the tragic death of the beautiful Adonis, who was torn to pieces by a wild boar, and whom Venus, who was passionately in love with him, could never restore to life, though she complained of it bitterly to the gods.

All those who heard him now burst into tears, and even felt a sort of pleasure in weeping. When he had finished singing, the Phoenicians stood amazed, and gazed at one another: one said, "It is Orpheus; it was thus that he tamed wild beasts, and drew the rocks and woods after him; it was thus that he charmed Cerberus, suspended the pain of Ixion and the Danaids, and soothed the inexorable Pluto, so that he permitted him to take the beautiful Eurydice with him from the infernal regions." One exclaimed: "This is Linus, the son of Apollo!" Another said, "You are mistaken; it is Apollo himself." Telemachus was no less surprised than the rest; for he did not know that Mentor could sing and play upon the lyre in so masterly a manner.

Achitoas too, having had time to disguise his jealousy, began now to extol Mentor: but he blushed in praising him, and was not able to conclude his speech. Mentor, observing his confusion, took up the discourse, as if he would have interrupted him, and endeavored to console him by giving him all the praise that he deserved. Achitoas was not consoled: for he perceived that Mentor surpassed him still more in modesty than in the charm of his voice.

Meanwhile Telemachus said to Adoam: "I remember that you mentioned a voyage that you had made to Bétique, after your return from Egypt. Bétique is a country of which such wonders are told as seem scarcely credible. Deign to inform me whether what they say is true."

"I will with pleasure," said Adoam, "give you an account of that famous country, which is worthy of your curiosity; for it even surpasses what fame has published concerning it."

Accordingly he thus began: "The river Baetis runs through a fertile country, and the climate is always serene and temperate. From this river, which falls into the great ocean, near the Pillars of Hercules, where, once upon a time, the impetuous sea, breaking over its bounds, parted the land of Tarsis from the vast continent of Africa, does the country take its name. In this country the golden age seems still to exist. The winters are mild; the cold north winds never blow; and in summer the air is always cooled and tempered by refreshing breezes that spring up about noon. Thus the whole year seems to consist of spring and autumn, without any other intervening season. The lands, both in the valleys and wide extended plains, bear a double crop every year. The highways are lined with laurels, pomegranates, jasmines, and other trees, always green and always in blossom. The mountains are covered with flocks of sheep, whose fine wool is sought after amongst all nations. There are several mines of gold and silver in this beautiful country; but the inhabitants, simple in their manners and happy in that simplicity, do not deign to count them as any part of their wealth; they account nothing such that does not serve to supply the real needs of men. When we first began to trade with them, we found gold and silver employed for the same purposes as iron - as, for instance, to make plowshares. Since they have no foreign commerce, they had no occasion for money. They are all either shepherds or laborers. There are but few artisans to be seen in the country: for no other arts are allowed but such as serve the true necessities of men. The greater part of the men of this country being given over to agriculture or tending flocks, nonetheless they do not fail to practice the arts which are necessary for their simple and frugal life.

"The women spin this fine wool, and make cloth of it, exceedingly white and fine; they bake the bread, and prepare the food; and this work is easy for them, for their diet consists of fruits or milk, and rarely of meat. Of their sheepskins they make a light sort of shoes for themselves, their husbands, and children; they make tents, either from the bark of trees, or of waxed leather. All the clothing of the family is made and washed by them, and the houses are kept

extremely neat and clean. Their garments are easy to make; for in that mild climate they only wear a piece of fine light cloth, not shaped and adjusted to the body, but wrapped about it in long folds, and in the form that everyone likes best, provided it is consistent with modesty.

"The only art in which the men are employed, besides the culture of their lands and the tending of their flocks, are those of working wood and iron: but of iron they make no great use, except for the implements of labor. All the arts that have any relation to architecture are to them entirely useless, for they never build any houses. It reveals, they say, too great an attachment to the earth, to erect houses upon it much more durable than ourselves; to guard against the injuries of the air is sufficient. As for the other arts esteemed among the Greeks, Egyptians, and other civilized nations, they detest them, as the inventions of vanity and luxury.

"When they are told of nations that have the art of raising magnificent buildings, of making gold and silver plate, cloths enriched with embroidery and precious stones, exquisite perfumes, delicacies for the table, and musical instruments that breathe enchanting harmonies, their reply is this: 'These nations are very unhappy in having taken so much pain to corrupt themselves; for these superfluities enervate, intoxicate, and torment those who possess them, while they tempt those that are destitute of them to have recourse to violence and injustice to acquire them. Can a superfluity that serves only to make a man vicious be deemed a source of happiness? Are the inhabitants of those countries more healthy and robust than we? Are they longer lived? Are they more united? Do they enjoy greater liberty, tranquillity, and contentment? On the contrary, they must be jealous of one another; mean, spiteful, and envious; and continually harassed by avarice, fear, and ambition; incapable of true, genuine pleasure, since they are enslaved by so many false necessities, on the supply of which they make their happiness depend.'

"Such," said Adoam, "are the sentiments of these sages, who are indebted to simple nature alone for their wisdom. Our politeness is extremely shocking to them; and it must be granted that they have a great deal, though their manners are simple. They live all together without dividing the land; every family is governed by its head, who is in reality its king. Every father of a family may punish any of his children or grandchildren for any misbehavior; but before he does

so he always takes the advice of the rest of the family. Such punishments are rare; for that happy country is the habitation of innocence, sincerity, obedience to parents, and abhorrence of vice. It would seem that Astraea, who is said to have left the earth and retired to heaven, is still in this lower world, and concealed among that people. They have no need of judges, being judged by their own consciences. Everything is common among them; and the fruit of the trees and of the earth is in such plenty, together with the milk of herds and flocks, and the people are so sober and so easily satisfied, that there is no necessity to make any division. Every family moves from one part of this charming country to another, after having consumed the fruits and pasturage of the place where they had pitched their tents. Thus having no interests to pursue, they love one another with a brotherly affection that nothing can trouble. It is to their contempt for vain riches and delusive pleasures that they are indebted for this union, peace, and liberty. They are all free and all equal. There is no other distinction to be found among them but what results from the experience of the ancient sages, or the uncommon wisdom of some young men who are not inferior to those sages in consummate virtue. In this country, which is dear to the gods, the horrid, cruel voice of fraud, violence, perjury, chicanery, and war, is never heard. Never did human blood stain the land, and even that of lambs but seldom. When they are told of the bloody battles, the rapid conquests, and revolutions that happen in other nations, they are quite lost in astonishment: 'What!' they say, 'is not mankind short-lived enough by nature, but they must hurry one another to a premature death! Life is short, yet it would seem to appear to them too long. Was it to massacre, and make one another miserable that they were sent into the world?'

"Again, these inhabitants of Bétique cannot conceive how conquerors, and such as bring mighty empires under their yoke, come to be so much admired. 'What madness,' they say, 'to place one's happiness in ruling strangers, a task so difficult and troublesome, if it is performed according to the dictates of reason and justice. But how can they take pleasure in compelling them to submit to their government? It is all a wise man can be supposed to do, to claim to govern a docile people over whom the gods have set him; or a people who ask him to be their father and ruler. But to govern a people against its will is to make oneself very miserable, to have the false

glory of keeping them in slavery. A conqueror is a man whom the gods, incensed against mankind, have in their wrath sent into the world, to ravage kingdoms, to spread far and wide terror, misery, and despair, and to make as many slaves as there are free men. If a man is ambitious for glory, will he not find enough in ruling, with wisdom, those whom the gods have committed to his charge? Does he imagine that to merit praise he must become unjust, violent, proud, a tyrant, a usurper? War ought never to be thought of but for the defense of liberty. Happy he who is neither a slave himself, nor is madly ambitious of making slaves of others. These mighty conquerors, of whose glory so much is said, may be compared to rivers which have overflowed their banks, and appear so majestic — though, at the same time, they have desolated all those fields which they ought only to have watered."

After Adoam had painted this picture of Bétique, Telemachus, who was charmed, put several questions to him. "Do these people," he said, "drink wine?" "They never drink any," replied Adoam, "nor make any. It is not that they lack grapes, for there is no country that produces better ones; but they are content with eating them as they do other fruits, and are afraid of wine as the corrupter of men. It is, they say, a kind of poison that makes men mad; and though it does not kill them, it turns them into beasts. Health and strength may be preserved without it; but those who indulge it not only endanger their health but their morals."

Telemachus then said: "I should be glad to know what are the rules in regard to marriage in that country."

"No man," said Adoam, "may have more than one wife, and he must keep her as long as she lives. The honor of the men in that country depends as much upon their fidelity to their wives, as the honor of the women in other countries depends upon their fidelity to their husbands. Never was a people so honorable, or so jealous of purity. The women are beautiful and agreeable, but simple, modest, and industrious. Marriages are peaceable, fruitful, without stain. The husband and wife seem to be but one person in two bodies. The husband and the wife divide the domestic tasks between them: the husband manages everything outside, and the wife confines herself to the economy of the household within; she comforts her husband; her whole ambition is to please him; she gains his confidence, and engages his affection more by her virtue than by her beauty. The

true charm of their society lasts as long as their life. The people are long-lived, being subject to few diseases, in consequence of their sobriety, moderation, and regularity. Old men may be seen aged a hundred, or a hundred and twenty years, who are still hearty and vigorous."

"It remains for me to know," said Telemachus, "by what means they guard against wars with their neighbors."

"Nature," said Adoam, "has separated them from other nations – on one side by the sea, on the other by high mountains towards the north. Besides, the neighboring nations respect them on account of their virtues. Often the neighboring states, when they could not amicably end their differences, have chosen them for arbitrators, and as such put them in possession of the disputed territories and cities. As this wise nation never does any violence, no one is distrustful of them. They laugh when they are told of kings who cannot agree in settling their frontiers. 'Are they afraid,' they say, 'that the earth should become too scanty for its inhabitants? There will always be more land than can be cultivated. As long as there are among us lands unoccupied and uncultivated, we would not even defend those we possess, should our neighbors see fit to seize them.' The people of Bétique are entirely free of pride, vanity, deceit, and all desire of extending their territories. Thus their neighbors have nothing to fear from them, and, indeed, as little to hope from attacking them; that is why they leave them in repose. They would submit to the loss of their lives or their country, rather than be made slaves: they are equally incapable of enslaving others, and of being enslaved themselves. This is what brings about a profound peace between them and their neighbors."

Adoam concluded with an account of the trade which the Phoenicians carried on with Bétique. "They were much surprised," he said, "to see strangers come by sea from a country so remote. They gave us liberty to build a city in the isle of Cadiz; we were treated with great kindness, and had part of all their possessions, without paying anything for it. Further, they generously offered us all the wool that they should not have occasion for themselves, and actually sent us a very valuable present of it. They take pleasure in giving away their superfluities to strangers.

"As for their mines, they yielded them up to us without the least hesitation, for they were of no use to them. They thought that those

men had no great claim to wisdom who, with such infinite labor, penetrated into the bowels of the earth in quest of what could not make them happy, nor satisfy any real need. ‘Do not,’ they said to us, ‘dig so deep into the earth: be contented with plowing it, and it will yield you true riches, by supplying you with food; the fruits it will produce are of more value than gold or silver, since it is to procure food for the support of life that these metals are coveted.’

“We have often offered to teach them navigation, and to carry their young men with us to Phoenicia; but they would never consent to their learning to live in our manner. ‘They would,’ they said, ‘thereby learn to want whatever has become necessary to you. They could not dispense with them; and would therefore abandon the path of virtue, and take indirect methods to obtain them. They would become like a man who had good legs but who, by not using them, and being carried around like a sick man in a chair, thinks at last that he cannot live without that convenience.’ As for navigation, they admire the ingenuity and industry of it, but think it a pernicious art. ‘If,’ they say, ‘those nations who practice it have, in their country, the wherewithal to satisfy nature, what do they go to other countries for? For what do they seek more than is sufficient to satisfy their real needs? They deserve shipwreck, who risk their lives amidst storms and tempests, to glut the avarice of merchants, and flatter the passions of other men.’”

Telemachus listened to Adoam with pleasure, and was very glad to find that there was yet a people on earth who, by following nature and right reason, were at the same time so wise and so happy. “O how widely,” he said, “do the manners of those people differ from the silly, conceited, and affected manners of those nations that are accounted the wisest. To such a degree are we spoiled and corrupted, that we can hardly believe that a simplicity so agreeable to nature is anywhere to be found. We regard the morals of such a people as entertaining fables; and they, on their part, must regard ours as a monstrous dream.”

Book VIII

The argument

Venus, still breathing revenge against Telemachus, asks Jupiter to have him destroyed. But the Fates not permitting that, she goes and consults with Neptune, to prevent his reaching Ithaca, where Adoam was carrying him. Neptune employs a deceitful divinity to mislead the pilot Athamas, who, while he imagined he was arrived at Ithaca, entered the port of the Salentines on full sail. Idomeneus, the king of that people, receives Telemachus in his new city, where he was busy in making preparations for a sacrifice, to be offered to Jupiter, for success in a war against the Mandurians. The priest, upon consulting the entrails of the victim, promises Idomeneus great success; and tells him that he would be indebted for it to the two strangers, who had just arrived.

While Telemachus and Adoam were thus engaged in conversation, forgetting sleep, and not perceiving that the night was already half spent, a malicious, deceitful divinity carried them far from Ithaca, which their pilot Athamas sought for in vain. Neptune, though he favored the Phoenicians, yet could no longer endure Telemachus' escape in the tempest which had driven him upon the rocks in Calypso's isle. Venus was still more exasperated against this young man who triumphed, having vanquished Cupid and all his charms. In the transport of her grief, she bid adieu to Paphos, Cythera, Idalium, and all the honors which are paid her in the isle of Cyprus: she could no longer bear the sight of those places in which Telemachus had disdained her empire. She ascends towards the bright Olympus, where the gods were assembled about the throne of Jupiter. From

thence they perceived the stars revolving under their feet; they saw the globe of the earth as no bigger than a little heap of mud; the immense seas seemed to them only some splashes of water with which this piece of mud is slightly soaked: the largest kingdoms are but as grains of sand upon the surface of this mud; and the vastest multitudes, and most numerous armies, appear but as ants contending about a blade of grass on this piece of mud. The immortal gods laugh at the most serious affairs with which weak mortals are agitated, and count them no better than children's play. What men call grandeur, glory, power, and deep policy, in the eye of these supreme divinities is nothing more than misery and weakness.

It is in this region, raised so high above the earth, that Jupiter has fixed his immovable throne; his eyes penetrate the abyss, and illuminate the darkest corners of the heart, as his smiles diffuse joy and peace throughout the universe. On the other hand, when he shakes his awful locks, both the heaven and the earth tremble. Even the gods, dazzled with the glory that surrounds him, cannot approach him without trembling.

The celestial divinities were then assembled around him. Venus, adorned with every grace and charm, presented herself before his throne. Her flowing robe displayed a greater and brighter variety of colors, than all the tints of Iris, when she appears amidst the dark gloomy clouds, to give notice to frightened mortals of the cessation of tempests, and the return of fair weather. It was bound by that famous girdle on which the Graces appear. Her hair hung down with a graceful negligence behind, tied with a golden fillet. The gods were all surprised by her beauty, as if they had never seen her before; and their eyes were dazzled in the same manner as those of mortals are, when, after a long night, the rays of Phoebus suddenly flash upon them. They looked at one another in astonishment, and their eyes always came back to Venus. But they quickly perceived that the eyes of this goddess were bathed in tears, and that grief was evidently expressed on her countenance.

In the meantime, she advanced towards the throne of Jupiter, with light and gentle steps, as a bird in its rapid flight darts through the immense space of air. He beheld her with indulgence; he gave her a gentle smile, and, rising, embraced her. "My dear daughter," he said, "what occasions your pain? I cannot behold your tears without

emotion: do not fear to open your heart to me; you know my tenderness and indulgence."

Venus replied in a soft voice, interrupted by deep sighs: "Father of gods and men, you who see all things, can you be ignorant of the cause of my uneasiness? Minerva, not satisfied with having razed to the foundations the superb city of Troy, which I defended, and with having revenged herself on Paris, who preferred my beauty to hers, conducts, over the whole face of the earth, by sea and land, the son of Ulysses, that cruel destroyer of Troy. Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva; and this is the true reason why she does not now appear to fill her place among the other divinities. She brought the rash youth into the isle of Cyprus, in order to affront me. He slighted my power, and would not so much as deign to burn incense upon my altars: he showed an abhorrence of the festivals that are celebrated in my honor, and shut his heart against all my pleasures. In vain did Neptune, to punish him at my request, pursue him with winds and waves; Telemachus, cast by a dreadful tempest upon the isle of Calypso, triumphed over Cupid himself, whom I sent to the island on purpose to try to make an impression upon his heart. Neither the youth nor charms of Calypso and her nymphs, nor the fiery darts of Cupid, have been able to defeat the stratagems of Minerva. She carried him off the island; thus have I been confounded; and a boy triumphed over me!"

Jupiter, in order to console Venus, said to her: "It is true, my daughter, that Minerva defends the heart of that young Greek against all your son's attacks; and has such glory in reserve for him, as no young man ever merited before. I am sorry that he despised your altars, but I cannot subject him to your power. I consent, from the love I bear you, that he continue still to wander over sea and land, far from his native country, exposed to hardships and dangers of every kind: but the destinies do not admit of his perishing, or being overcome by those pleasures, with which you allure mankind. Make yourself easy then, my dear daughter, and be contented with holding in your chains so many other heroes and immortals."

In pronouncing these words, he indulged Venus with another smile full of majesty and grace. A gleam that emulated the keenest flash of lightning darted from his eyes. He then embraced her tenderly, diffusing, at the same time, an ambrosial odor that perfumed the whole

of Olympus. The goddess could not but be satisfied with this mark of tenderness from the most mighty of all the gods: in spite of her grief and her tears, joy diffused itself through every feature: she veiled her lovely countenance in order to conceal her glowing cheeks, and agitation. The whole assembly of the gods applauded what Jupiter had said, and Venus went immediately in quest of Neptune, to concert with him the methods of taking vengeance on Telemachus.

She repeated to Neptune what Jupiter had said. "I knew," he said, "before, the unalterable decrees of the Fates: but if we cannot plunge Telemachus in the abyss of the sea, let us, however, omit nothing that may contribute to make him miserable, and retard his return to Ithaca. I cannot consent to destroying the Phoenician ship in which he is embarked; I love the Phoenicians. They are my peculiar people; and, above all other nations, cultivate my empire. By this means the sea has become the bond of society which holds the nations of the earth together. They are continually, in honor of me, offering sacrifices upon my altars; they are just, sagacious, and active in the prosecution of commerce; and they diffuse plenty, and the conveniences of life, all over the earth. No, goddess, I will not suffer one of their ships to be wrecked; but I will make the pilot mistake his course, and steer wide of Ithaca, where he wants to go."

Venus was satisfied with this promise, and laughed with a malicious joy; then mounting her flying chariot, she returned to the flowery lawns of Idalium, where the Graces, Games, and Smiles testified how glad they were to see her again, by dancing around her on the flowers, with which that charming retreat is perfumed.

Neptune immediately dispatched a deceitful divinity, resembling a dream, except that dreams deceive only during sleep, whereas that divinity enchanteth the senses of those who are awake. This malicious god, amidst an infinite number of winged lies, that flutter around him, went, and shed some drops of a subtle, fascinating liquor, upon the eyes of the pilot Athamas, while he was attentively observing the moon shining bright, the course of the stars, and the coast of Ithaca, whose craggy rocks he descried at no great distance. From that moment, the eyes of the pilot no longer showed him anything real. A false heaven and a feigned earth presented themselves to him. The stars seemed to have changed their courses, and turned back; Olympus looked as if it moved altogether by new laws. Even the earth appeared to be changed: the pilot, to amuse him, had a false Ithaca

continually presented to his eyes, while he was departing farther and farther from the real one. As he advanced, this phantom retreated, still flying before him; so that he did not know what to think of it. Sometimes he imagined he heard the noise that is usual in a port, and according to the orders he had received, was going to put into a little island that lies hard by the other, in order to conceal the return of Telemachus from Penelope's lovers, his professed enemies. Sometimes he was apprehensive of the shelves which lie along that coast, and fancied he heard the waves roaring, and dashing against them: then in a moment the land seemed at a great distance, and the mountains appeared no bigger than the little clouds, that sometimes darken the horizon, at the setting of the sun. Thus was Athamas astonished; and felt, in consequence of the deceitful deity's illusion, a kind of delirium, which had been unknown to him till then. He even began to fancy that he was not awake, but in the illusion of a dream. In the meantime, Neptune commanded the east wind to spring up, in order to carry the ship to the coast of Hesperia. This wind obeyed the injunction with such violence, that the vessel soon reached the coast which Neptune had marked out.

Aurora now began to usher in the day, and the stars, which dread and are jealous of the sun's rays, were going to conceal their dull fires in the ocean, when the pilot thus exclaimed:

"Now I can no longer doubt it, we are almost at the isle of Ithaca. Telemachus, rejoice: in an hour you will see Penelope, and perhaps Ulysses returned, and seated again upon his throne."

Telemachus, who before was fast locked in the arms of sleep, at this exclamation awoke, arose, embraced the pilot, and laid hold of the helm; surveying at the same time the neighboring coast, though his eyes were yet hardly open. But soon perceiving that it was not the coast of his native country, he fetched a deep sigh.

"Alas! where are we?" he said. "This is not my dear Ithaca. You are mistaken, Athamas, and seem to be but ill acquainted with this coast, which is far from my native land."

"No, no," said Athamas, "I cannot be mistaken in the coasts of that island. Have I not been often in your port? There is not a rock, how small soever, that I am not acquainted with; even the coast of Tyre is not better known to me. Do not you recollect that mountain, that advances towards us? Or that rock, that towers above the waters? Do not you hear the waves rolling and dashing against these other

rocks, that overhang the sea, and threaten every moment to tumble into it? But do not you observe that temple of Minerva, which rises to the clouds? See there the fortress and the house of your father Ulysses."

"You are deceived, Athamas," replied Telemachus; "on the contrary, I see a coast fairly high, but flat; I perceive a city, but it is not Ithaca. O gods! is it thus you sport with mortals!"

While he pronounced these words, the charm suddenly dissolved before the eyes of Athamas; he saw the coast such as it really was, and acknowledged his mistake.

"I own it, O Telemachus," he said, "some hostile divinity enchanted my eyes. I imagined I saw Ithaca, and had the image of it full and distinct before me; but this moment it vanished like a dream. I see another city, which is doubtless Salente in Hesperia, just founded by Idomeneus, who lately fled from Crete. I can discern the rising walls as yet not finished; and I see a port which is not yet entirely fortified."

While Athamas remarked the several edifices lately erected in this new city, and Telemachus deplored his misfortune, the wind, that Neptune had raised, carried them on full sail into a road, where they found themselves safe, and at no great distance from the port.

Mentor, who was ignorant neither of Neptune's rage nor Venus' cruel artifice, only smiled at the mistake of Athamas. When they were safe at anchor in the road, he thus addressed Telemachus:

"Jupiter aims not at your destruction, but only tests you; and he tests you only in order to lead you to glory. Remember the labors of Hercules; never lose sight of those of your father. Whoever is incapable of suffering does not have a great heart. You must, by resolution and patience, tire out the cruel fortune that persecutes you. I dread not so much the consequences of Neptune's rage against you, as I did those of the flattering caresses of the goddess who kept you in her isle. Why do we hesitate? Let us enter the port: the inhabitants of the place are Greeks, and consequently friends. Idomeneus, having himself experienced the rigors of fortune, will take pity on the unfortunate." They immediately entered the harbor of Salente, into which the Phoenician vessel was admitted without any difficulty; the Phoenicians maintaining a friendly intercourse and trade with all the peoples of the universe.

Telemachus could not behold this newborn city without admiration. As a young tender plant, nourished by the gentle dews of night, feels the sun's morning rays, by which it is adorned, it shoots up, opens its tender buds, expands its green leaves, and, when it blooms, displays in its fragrant flowers a thousand charming colors, so as to disclose new beauties every moment. So did the new-built city of Idomeneus flourish upon the margin of the sea; every day, every hour, it became more magnificent, and exhibited to those at a distance on the sea new ornaments of architecture towering up to heaven. The whole coast echoed with the noise of the workmen, and the sound of hammers; stones were seen suspended in the air by ropes and cranes. At break of day, all the chiefs of the people attended, to animate and encourage them in the prosecution of the works; and even Idomeneus went about and gave orders himself, so that the works advanced with incredible diligence.

As soon as the Phoenician ship arrived, Telemachus and Mentor were received by the Cretans with marks of the sincerest friendship. They hastened to notify Idomeneus of the arrival of the son of Ulysses.

"What," he said, "the son of Ulysses arrived? Of Ulysses, that dear friend of mine, that wise hero, through whom we at last overthrew Troy! Bring him here, that I may let him see how much I loved his father."

At once Telemachus was brought and presented to him; when he told him his name, and begged his hospitality.

Idomeneus, with a serene smiling countenance replied: "Though I had not been told who you were, I believe I should have recognized you. In you I behold Ulysses himself; his piercing eyes, and steadfast look; his first appearance breathing cold reserve, which yet concealed so much vivacity and grace. I recognize that fine smile, that careless demeanor, that speech so soft, so simple, yet insinuating, which won assent before caution had time to be upon its guard. Yes, you are the son of Ulysses, and you shall be mine also. O my son, my dear son! what adventure has brought you hither? Are you in quest of your father? Alas! I can give you no news of him. Both he and I have been persecuted by unrelenting fate: his misfortune consists in not being able to find his country, and mine in finding it only to feel the anger of the gods against me." While Idomeneus said these words, he

looked at Mentor attentively, as a man whose face he knew, though he could not recollect his name.

Meanwhile Telemachus, tears in his eyes, replied. "Pardon my grief, O king, which I am not able to suppress even now, when I ought to show nothing but joy and gratitude for your goodness. By the concern you express for the loss of Ulysses, you teach me to feel the misfortune of not being able to find my father. I have now been wandering in quest of him a long time, from sea to sea. The offended gods do not permit me to see him again; nor to learn whether he had been shipwrecked; nor to return to Ithaca, where Penelope languishes with the most eager desire of seeing herself delivered from her lovers. I thought to have found you in Crete: there I was informed of your cruel destiny, but never imagined I should touch upon the coast of Hesperia, where you have founded a new kingdom. But fortune, that sports with the miseries of mankind, and keeps me wandering about in countries remote from Ithaca, has finally thrown me upon your coast. Among all the evils she has done me, this is what I most willingly endure. If it detain me at a distance from my native country, it has made me known to the most generous of all kings."

Idomeneus, hearing these words, tenderly embraced Telemachus; and, having led him to his palace, said to him: "Who is that sage old man that accompanies you? I think I have often seen him before."

"It is Mentor," replied Telemachus; "the friend of Ulysses, who committed my infancy to his charge. Who could tell you how much I owe to him?"

Idomeneus, at once advancing towards Mentor, took him by the hand, saying: "We have seen one another before. Do not you remember the visit you made me at Crete and the good advice you gave me? But I was then hurried away by the impetuosity of youth, and the love of idle amusements. There was a necessity for my being taught by misfortune, what I would not then believe. O, would to heaven I had believed your salutary counsels, most venerable sage! But I observe with astonishment, that you are very little altered, in such a long course of years! Your complexion is as fresh, you walk as upright, and seem as vigorous as you were then; all the difference I perceive, is, that your hair begins to be a little whitened."

"Great king," replied Mentor, "were I a flatterer, I would tell you in my turn, that you still retained that glow of youth which animated

your features before the siege of Troy; but I had rather run the risk of offending you, than violate the truth. Besides, I perceive by your judicious discourse, that you do not like adulation; and that there is no danger in speaking to you with sincerity. You are much altered, and I should hardly have known you again. I am well acquainted with the cause: namely, the repeated misfortunes you have undergone; yet you have still been a gainer by these misfortunes, since they have taught you wisdom. We have very little cause to be concerned for the wrinkles that take possession of the forehead, while the heart improves and grows stronger in virtue. Besides you must know that kings wear faster than other men. In adversity, the extraordinary fatigues both of body and mind, bring upon them an early old age. In prosperity, the pleasures of an effeminate life waste them much faster than even the toils of war; nothing so much impairs the health and constitution as immoderate pleasure. Thus it happens that kings in peace have pleasures, and in war fatigues, that hasten the approach of old age before the natural date of its arrival. A sober, moderate, regular, active life, free from violent uneasiness and passion, maintains, in the constitution of a wise man, a youthful vigor, that otherwise is ever ready to vanish on the wings of time."

Idomeneus, charmed with Mentor's discourse, would have heard him with pleasure a long time, if he had not been called away to assist at the sacrifice to Jupiter. He was followed by Mentor and Telemachus, and a great multitude of people, who surveyed these strangers with great eagerness and attention. "There is a great difference," they said to one another, "between these men. The younger has something very sprightly and amiable in his air and countenance; and his person is adorned with all the graces of youth and beauty; but it is a beauty neither languid nor effeminate: even in the tender blossom of early youth, he appears vigorous, hardy, and robust. The other, though much older, enjoys all his strength and faculties unimpaired: at first sight his man seems less noble, and his look not so engaging; but, upon a closer view, under the appearance of simplicity, one discovers marks of sagacity and virtue, mingled with a striking air of conscious dignity. Doubtless, when the gods came down to earth to converse with mortals, they assumed the forms of such travelers and strangers."

Meanwhile they arrived at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was descended from that god, had adorned in a very magnificent

manner. It was encompassed with a double row of columns of jasper, whose capitals were of silver, and incrusted all over with marble, representing in bas-reliefs Jupiter changed into a bull; the rape of Europa, and her passing through the waves to Crete. Jupiter seemed to be treated with respect, though under a strange form. Then one saw [a representation of] the birth and youth of Minos, and also of his more advanced age, when he gave laws to the whole island, to make it flourish and prosper forever. There Telemachus also observed the principal events of the siege of Troy, in which Idomeneus had acquired the reputation of a great captain. Among these representations of battles, he endeavored to find his father: he recognized him, seizing the horses of Rhesus, whom Diomedes had just slain; then disputing with Ajax the armor of Achilles, before all the Grecian chiefs assembled; and lastly, descending from the belly of the fatal horse, to shed the blood of so many Trojans.

Telemachus recognized him immediately by these renowned exploits, which he had often heard recounted, even by Mentor himself. The tears flowed from his eyes. His color changed; his face seemed troubled. Idomeneus perceived it, though Telemachus turned another way in order to conceal his emotion:

"Do not be ashamed," he said, "to let us see how much you are affected by the glory and misfortunes of your father."

In the meantime, the people flocked in crowds under those vast porticoes formed by the double row of columns that surrounded the temple. There were two choirs of young boys and young girls, who sang hymns in praise of the god who wields the thunder. These young singers, distinguished by the beauty of their persons, had long hair that overspread their shoulders. Their heads were crowned with roses, and perfumed; and they were all clothed in white. Idomeneus sacrificed a hundred oxen to Jupiter, to make him favorable in a war he had undertaken against his neighbors. On all hands the blood of victims smoked, while it flowed into large goblets of gold and silver.

The ancient Theophanes, who was priest of the temple, and beloved of the gods, during the sacrifice, covered his head with the skirt of his purple robe; then he read the entrails of the victims that were still panting. Finally, mounting the sacred tripod, he exclaimed: "O ye gods! who are then these two strangers, whom heaven has sent here? But for them, the war we have undertaken would have proved fatal to us, and Salente would have been laid in ruins before

it was half finished. I see a young hero whom wisdom leads by the hand; to say more is not permitted to mortal mouth."

While he pronounced these words, his eyes sparkled, and his looks grew wild; he seemed to see other objects than those that were before him; his countenance was inflamed; he was agitated and beside himself; his hair stood on end, his mouth foamed, and his arms were extended and motionless. His hoarse voice sounded more than human; he panted for breath, and struggled with the god, unable to restrain the divine spirit that possessed him.

"O happy Idomeneus," he cried, "what do I see? What misfortunes escaped: What profound peace at home, but abroad what battles! what victories! O Telemachus! thy exploits surpass those of thy father; the proud enemy lies groaning in the dust under thy sword! The gates of brass, and the inaccessible ramparts fall at thy feet! O great goddess, whom his father... O young man! thou shalt behold at last..." Here his speech failed in spite of all his efforts; and he stood in silent astonishment.

The people were frozen with fear. Idomeneus, trembling in every limb, had not courage to desire the priest to proceed. Telemachus himself was so surprised, that he could scarcely believe his own senses, that such important oracles were really uttered. Mentor was the only person whom the divine spirit had not disconcerted.

"You hear," he said to Idomeneus, "the will of the gods. With whatever nation you shall engage in battle, you shall come off victorious; and, for that success, you will be indebted to the young son of your friend. Do not be jealous of him; make the most of the advantages which the gods offer you by his means."

Idomeneus, who had not yet recovered from his confusion, in vain endeavored to speak: his tongue refused its office. Telemachus, more prompt, said to Mentor:

"What can these last words mean: thou shalt behold at last? Is it my father, or only Ithaca? Alas! why did he break off thus, and leave me in greater uncertainty than I was in before. O Ulysses! O my father! is it you whom I shall see again? Shall it be true? But I flatter myself. Cruel oracle! thou takest pleasure in making sport of an unhappy wretch; a word more would have made me completely happy."

"Respect what the gods have been pleased to disclose," said Mentor, "and attempt not to discover what they have thought fit to

conceal. A rash curiosity deserves to be confounded. It is an effect of the wisdom and goodness of the gods, that the destinies of weak mortals are wrapped up in impenetrable darkness. It is an advantage to foresee whatever is controllable by our will; but it is no less for our good and quiet to be ignorant of what is independent of our will, and of the fate for which we are reserved by the decrees of heaven."

Telemachus, touched by these words, held himself back with great difficulty. Idomeneus being now come to himself, broke out on his side in praises to almighty Jupiter, who had sent him the young Telemachus, and the sage Mentor, to render him victorious over his enemies. After the sacrifice, he entertained these two strangers in a magnificent manner, and then addressed them in the following terms.

"I own that I was not sufficiently acquainted with the art of government when I returned from the siege of Troy to Crete. You know, my dear friends, the tragic events that deprived me of reigning in that isle; for you have told me you were there since my departure. Yet I may still be happy, if these heavy calamities serve as lessons to me, and teach me moderation. I traversed the seas, like a fugitive pursued by the vengeance of gods and men: all my past grandeur now served only to make my fall more disgraceful and insupportable. I fled for refuge with my household gods to this desert coast, which I found altogether uncultivated, overrun with briars and thorns, or forests as ancient as the earth itself, and rocks almost inaccessible, which were the habitations of wild beasts. I was to be contented with a few soldiers, and others who were willing to share my ill fortune, to take up my abode and settle on this uncultivated land, as I could not hope ever to see again that happy isle, where the gods destined me to see the light, and afterwards to reign. Alas! said I to myself, what a change! What a terrible example am I made to all those who exercise the sovereign power! I ought to be held up as a lesson to all who reign in the world, that they may take warning by my fate. They imagine they have nothing to fear, being exalted so high above the rest of mankind. Alas! it is on that very account they ought to fear. I was myself dreaded by my enemies, and loved by my subjects. I reigned over a powerful and warlike nation, and fame had wafted my name to the most remote nations. I had for my realm a fertile and pleasant island; a hundred cities paid me an annual tribute out of their wealth; and I was acknowledged the descendant of Jupiter, who was born in Crete. I was beloved too, as the grandson of the sage

Minos, whose laws had rendered them so powerful and so happy. What else was wanting to complete my happiness, but sense to enjoy it with moderation? Pride, however, and the flattery to which I listened, have overturned my throne. And thus will all kings fall, who give themselves over to their desires, and listen to the voice of adulation.

"In the daytime I endeavored to display a cheerful countenance, elated with hope, in order to keep up the spirits of those who had followed my fortunes. Let us, I said, erect a new city, that may console us for all that we have lost. We have a fine example set us for such an undertaking by all the neighboring nations. There is Tarentum rising at no great distance: Phalantus, with a colony of Lacedaemonians, founded that new kingdom. There is another great city on the same coast built by Philoctetes, and named Petilia. A similar colony planted there is called Metapontum. Shall we do less than all these strangers, whose fortunes resemble our own? Our lot has not been more calamitous than theirs.

"While I thus endeavored to soothe the affliction of my companions, the most violent grief preyed upon my own heart. It was to me a consolation to see the day at an end, and to be enveloped in the shades of night, that I might in freedom deplore my unhappy fate. A flood of bitter tears ran down my cheeks, and balmy sleep was a stranger to my eyes. Yet next day I resumed my labors with fresh ardor. Thus, Mentor, you may see how I came to look so old."

When Idomeneus had given this account of his misfortunes and sufferings, he solicited the assistance of Mentor and Telemachus in the war in which he was engaged. "As soon," he said, "as the war is over, you shall be transported to Ithaca. In the meantime, I will dispatch ships to all countries, even the most distant, to learn news of Ulysses. I will find him out, and bring him home, into what part soever of the known world, either storms, or the wrath of any god, may have conveyed him. Heaven grant he may still be alive! As for you, I will send you home in some of the best ships ever built in the isle of Crete, the wood of which actually grew upon mount Ida, where Jupiter was born. Ships of that sacred wood cannot be lost in the waves; for it is revered and respected even by the winds and rocks. Neptune, in his greatest rage, dare not raise his waves to assault it. Rest assured, therefore, that you will happily and easily return to Ithaca; and that it will not be any longer in the power of any hostile

divinity to keep you wandering over so many stormy seas: the passage is short and easy. Send away the Phoenician vessel that brought you hither, and let the only object of your thoughts be acquiring the glory of establishing Idomeneus in his new kingdom, and repairing his losses. Thus, and thus only, O son of Ulysses, will you be accounted worthy of your father. Should the inexorable destinies have already dismissed him to the gloomy realms of Pluto, yet will all Greece, with joy, believe they see him revived in you."

Here Telemachus interrupted Idomeneus. "Let us," he said, "send away the Phoenician vessel. Let us take arms immediately, and attack your enemies: they are now ours also. If we were victorious, when we fought in Sicily for Acestes, a Trojan, and the enemy of Greece, shall we not be still more successful, as we shall be more hearty and more favored by the gods, when we fight for one of the Grecian heroes, who took and destroyed the unjust city of Priam? Of this, the oracle we heard but just now, leaves us no room to doubt."

Book IX

The argument

Idomeneus tells Mentor about the occasion of the war with the Mandurians. He tells him that at his arrival this people had ceded to him that part of the coast of Hesperia where he had founded his city, and had themselves retired to the neighboring mountains; that some of them (having afterwards been ill used by a part of his men) had sent to him two old men, with whom he had settled articles of peace; that after an infraction of the treaty had been committed by some of his people who were unacquainted with it, the Mandurians immediately prepared for war. While Idomeneus proceeded with his narrative these Mandurians, who had been very quick in taking up arms, appeared all of a sudden before the gates of Salente. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalantus, who Idomeneus supposed would be neutral, were found to be in arms against him among the Mandurians. Mentor goes out from Salente all alone, to propose conditions of peace to the enemy.

Mentor, looking with a mild and pleasant eye at Telemachus, who showed a noble ardor for the fight, addressed him thus:

"Son of Ulysses, I am very glad to see in you such a noble passion for glory; but then you ought to remember that it was by showing himself to be the wisest and most moderate among them, that your father acquired so much among the Greeks at the siege of Troy. Achilles, though invincible and invulnerable, though carrying terror and death wherever he charged, was never able to take the city of Troy: he even perished under its walls, which triumphed over the murderer of Hector. But Ulysses, whose valor was guided by prudence, carried fire and sword into the very heart of Troy, and it was

he who laid level with the ground those proud lofty towers, which for ten years threatened destruction to the united forces of all Greece. As far as Minerva surpasses Mars, so far does cool, deliberate valor surpass the courage of headlong, blind ferocity. Let us then begin by informing ourselves of the circumstances of the war we are going to engage in. I decline no danger; but I believe, O Idomeneus, that you ought first to explain to us whether the war is just; then tell us with whom it is to be carried on; and lastly, on what forces and resources your prospect of success is based."

Idomeneus replied to him: "At our arrival upon this coast, we found there a savage race who roamed through the forests, and lived by hunting and by the fruits which the trees spontaneously produced. These people, who are called Mandurians, were greatly surprised and alarmed at the sight of our ships and arms; they retired to the mountains. But since our soldiers were curious to see the country and to hunt deer, they were met by some of these savage fugitives. The leaders of these savages accosted them thus: 'We abandoned, for you, the pleasant sea-coast, so that we have nothing left but these almost inaccessible mountains: at least it is just that you leave us these in peace and liberty. We have found you straggling up and down, dispersed and weaker than we are, so that we might, if we had a mind, cut your throats, and even take such precautions as would prevent your companions from knowing of your misfortune. But we will not steep our hands in the blood of those who are men like ourselves. Go, and remember that you owe your lives to our feeling of humanity. Never forget that it was from a people whom you call rude and savage that you receive this lesson in gentleness and generosity.'

"Those of our men who had been sent back in this manner by these barbarians returned to our camp and gave an account of what had happened to them. Our soldiers were greatly moved: they were mortified that Cretans should owe their lives to a troop of fugitives who appeared to them to resemble bears more than men; they went hunting in greater numbers than before, and with all sorts of arms. In a short time they met and attacked the savages. The battle was cruel. The arrows fell thick on both sides, as bailstones in a field during a storm. The savages were obliged to retire to their craggy mountains, whither our men dared not risk the pursuit.

"A little later these people sent to me two of their wisest old men, to sue for peace. They brought me some presents, consisting of the skins of wild beasts which they had killed, and the fruits of the country. When they had delivered these presents, they spoke thus: 'O king, we have, you see, in one hand the sword, and in the other an olive branch.' And they actually had both in their hands. 'We offer you either peace or war; choose. We should prefer peace; it was on that account we were not ashamed to leave you in possession of the sea-coast, which the sun fertilizes, and which produces so many fine fruits. Peace is sweeter than all these fruits, and on that account we retired to these lofty mountains, which are always covered with ice and snow, and where neither the flowers of the spring, nor the rich fruits of autumn, are ever seen. We abhor that brutality which, under the gaudy names of ambition and glory, madly ravages whole provinces, and sheds the blood of men who are all brothers. If you are ambitious of this false glory, we do not envy you: we pity you, and pray to the gods we may be preserved from the like madness. If the sciences to which the Greeks apply themselves so closely, and the politeness on which they value themselves so highly, inspire them with such a detestable injustice, we cannot but think ourselves happy in not having such advantages. We will always glory in being ignorant barbarians, but just, humane, faithful, and disinterested, satisfied with little, and despising that vanity and delicacy that cannot be gratified without wealth. We value health, frugality, liberty, and vigor of body and mind: the love of virtue, the fear of the gods, a natural goodness towards our neighbors, attachment to our friends, fidelity to all the world, moderation in prosperity, fortitude in adversity, courage always bold to speak the truth, and abhorrence of flattery. Such is the people whom we offer you for neighbors and allies. If the offended gods so far blind you, as to make you reject peace, you will find, when it is too late, that the people who are moderate and lovers of peace are the most formidable in war.'

"While these old men spoke to me in this manner, I could not help surveying them. Their beards were long and uncombed; their hair shorter, but white; they had thick eyebrows, lively eyes, and a bold resolute look; they spoke with gravity and authority, and their manners were simple and ingenuous. The furs with which they were clad were tied together about their shoulders; so that their arms being

naked, we observed they were more brawny and muscular than those of our athletes. I told these two envoys that I was desirous of peace. We agreed on several articles, with a sincere intention to observe them which we called all the gods to witness. Then, after having received some presents from me, they returned home.

"But the gods, who had driven me from the kingdom of my ancestors, were not yet weary of persecuting me. That very day, a party of our men, who had been hunting, and whom it was not possible so soon to notify of the peace which had been concluded, met a considerable number of these barbarians, as they were returning with the two envoys from our camp, attacked them furiously, killed some, and drove the rest into the woods.

"Thus the war was renewed. The barbarians thought they could not depend either upon our promises or oaths.

"To be more powerful against us, they have called to their assistance the Locrians, Apulians, Lucanians, Brutians, together with the inhabitants of Crotona, Neritus, and Brundufium. The Lucanians come in chariots armed with scythes. The Apulians are clad with the skin of some wild beast which they have slain; they are armed with huge knotty clubs pointed with iron; their stature is almost gigantic, and so robust are they in consequence of the laborious exercises to which they are accustomed, that the very sight of them is terrible. The Locrians, who came from Greece, still retain something of the manners of that country, and are more civilized than the rest: but to the exact discipline of the Greeks they have joined the vigor and hardiness of the barbarians, so that they are invincible. They use light bucklers made of osier covered with skins; their swords are long. The Brutians are swift of foot, and in running equal the stag or deer. They seem hardly to touch the grass they run over, and the print of their feet is scarce visible in the sand. They fall upon their enemies like lightning, and disappear as suddenly. The people of Crotona are dexterous bowmen. An ordinary man among the Greeks could not bend the bows commonly used by the Crotoniates; if they should ever apply themselves to our exercises, they would certainly carry off the prizes at the games. Their arrows are dipped in the juice of certain venomous herbs, which, it is said, grow on the banks of Avernus, and contain a mortal poison. As for the inhabitants of Neritus, Messapium, and Brundufium, they are remarkable for nothing but strength of body and artless valor. At sight of their enemy, they

yell in a hideous frightful manner. They are expert slingers, darkening the air, when they engage, with showers of stones; but they fight without any order. Thus, Mentor, I have endeavored to give you the satisfaction you required. You now know the occasion of the war, and who our enemies are."

After this explanation, Telemachus, impatient for the fight, was going directly to take arms. Mentor stopped him, and thus addressed Idomeneus:

"How does it happen that the Locrians, who came originally from Greece, have joined the barbarians against the Greeks? How does it happen that so many Greek colonies flourish on this coast, without having the same wars to maintain as you? O Idomeneus! you say that the gods are not yet weary of persecuting you: but I say, they have not yet finished your instruction. The many misfortunes you have undergone have not yet taught you how to act in order to prevent a war. What you have said yourself of the good faith of these barbarians plainly shows that you might have lived in peace with them; but pride and haughtiness give rise to the most dangerous wars. You might have exchanged hostages; and you might have easily sent some of your officers along with their envoys to conduct them safely back to their country. Even after the war had broken out afresh, you might have easily pacified them, by representing to them that those by whom they had been attacked were ignorant of the alliance which had been concluded. You should have offered them all the security they could desire, and threatened to punish those with the utmost severity who should be guilty of the least infraction of the treaty. But what has happened since the war was renewed?"

"I thought," replied Idomeneus, "it would be stooping too low, to endeavor to pacify these barbarians, who had now mustered all their people that were able to carry arms, and sent to implore the assistance of all the neighboring states, in whom they excited a hatred and jealousy of us. I resolved, therefore, as the most prudent step I could take, immediately to make sure of certain passes in the mountains which were badly guarded. We got possession of them without any difficulty, and consequently have it in our power to desolate these barbarians. I have fortified them with towers, from whence the garrisons can easily overpower with darts all that attempt to enter our country from the mountains. We can invade their country whenever we have a mind, and ravage their principal settlements. By this means,

with forces far inferior, we can resist that innumerable multitude of enemies that surround us. And now it has become very difficult to bring about a peace between them, and us: for we cannot evacuate these forts without exposing ourselves to their incursions; and they look upon them as citadels, built with a view to enslave them."

Mentor made this reply to Idomeneus: "You are a wise king, and desire to have the truth told you without softening. You are not one of those weak men who are afraid of it, and who, as they have not the greatness of mind to own and correct their errors, employ all their authority to support the faults they have committed. Know then, that these barbarians gave you an admirable lesson, when they came to sue for peace. Was it from a sense of their weakness that they asked for it? Did they lack courage, or resources wherewith to maintain the war against you? You see they do not, since they are so brave a people, and supported by so many formidable neighbors. Why did not you imitate their moderation? But a false shame and a false glory led you into this error and misfortune. You were afraid of making your enemy proud and insolent, but you were not afraid of making them too powerful, by bringing so many states to unite against you, in consequence of your haughty, unjust conduct. What purpose can these forts, of which you boast so much, serve, but that of laying all your neighbors under a necessity either of destroying you, or being themselves destroyed, to prevent their being made slaves? You erected them, with a view to secure you against all danger, and yet you have thereby exposed yourself to the greatest. The best bulwarks to a state are justice, moderation, good faith, and the confidence of your neighbors that you are incapable of usurping their territories. The strongest walls may be demolished by many unforeseen accidents; fortune is very capricious and inconstant in war; but the love and confidence of your neighbors, when once they have experienced your moderation, secure your dominions from being subdued, and almost from being attacked. But if they should be attacked by an unjust neighbor, all the rest, who are interested in protecting them, immediately take arms for their defense. Thus supported by so many states, who would have found it their true interest to espouse your cause, you would have been much more powerful than these first can make you; which, in fact, render your misfortunes irretrievable. If you had taken care at first to avoid jealousy of your neighbors, your new city

would have flourished in a happy peace, and all the nations of Hesperia would have referred their differences to your decision.

"But let us now consider how you are to act for the future, in order to repair past errors. You told me, I think, that there were several Greek colonies settled upon this coast. These, I should imagine, would be inclined to assist you. They cannot have forgotten either the great name of Minos, the son of Jupiter, or your exploits at the siege of Troy, where you distinguished yourself so much among the other chiefs in the common cause of Greece. Why then do not you endeavor to engage these colonies to arm in your defense?"

"They have all," replied Idomeneus, "resolved to remain neutral. They had, it is true, some inclination to assist me; but the promising appearance of this city, from its foundation, alarmed them. These Greek colonies, as well as the other states, were fearful that we had a design upon their liberty. They thought that if we should subdue these savages of the mountains, we would be ambitious of extending our conquests still farther. In short, they are one and all against us. Even those who are not avowedly against us would be glad to see us humbled: so that jealousy has not lost us a single ally."

"What a strange extremity!" exclaimed Mentor, "by wanting to appear too powerful, you have ruined your power; for, while abroad, you are the object of the hatred and jealousy of your neighbors, you exhaust yourself at home in the efforts and preparations necessary to maintain a war against them. O unhappy, doubly unhappy Idomeneus, whom such a dangerous situation has only half-instructed! Must you fill a second time to learn to foresee the dangers that threaten the greatest kings? But leave me to act for the best; meanwhile, give me a particular account of these Grecian cities which refuse your alliance."

"The main one," replied Idomeneus, "is the city of Tarentum; it was founded three years ago by Phalantus. He assembled in Laconia a great number of young men, the offspring of those wives who, during the war of Troy, had forgotten their absent husbands. When the husbands returned, the wives thought of nothing but pacifying them, and disavowing their faults. This great number of young men, who were born out of wedlock, being disowned both by father and mother, became extremely licentious and abandoned. The severity of the laws reprimanded these disorders. They reunited under

Phalanthus, a bold, intrepid, ambitious leader. He came and settled on this coast with these young Laconians; of Tarentum they have made a second Lacedaemon. On another part of the coast, but in the neighborhood, Philoctetes, who gained so much glory at the siege of Troy, by carrying thither the arrows of Hercules, has built the city Petilia, less powerful indeed, but better governed than Tarentum. Finally, we have, at no great distance from us, Metapontum, which was founded by the sage Nestor, and his Pylians."

"What," said Mentor, "you have Nestor in Hesperia, and yet could not engage him in your interests! Nestor, who saw you so often encounter the Trojans, and was then your friend?"

"I lost him," replied Idomeneus, "by the artifice of those people who are barbarians only in name: they had address enough to persuade him that I wanted to bring all Hesperia under my yoke."

"We will undeceive him," replied Mentor. "Telemachus saw him at Pylos, before he had come to found his colony, and before we had undertaken our great voyages in quest of Ulysses: he cannot have yet forgotten that hero, nor the love and regard he expressed for his son Telemachus. But the difficulty will be to remove his jealousy: it is the umbrage you have given your neighbors that has lighted up this war, which can be quenched only by removing the cause. I say once more, leave that to me."

At these words Idomeneus was so much affected, that he immediately embraced Mentor, but was not able to speak. At last, however, he painfully pronounced these words. "O wise old man, sent by the gods to repair all my faults! I grant I should have been offended with any others who had spoken to me with the same freedom; and that no one else could have persuaded me to make an offer of peace. I had resolved either to perish, or subdue all my enemies; but it is better to listen to your sage counsels, than obey the dictates of my own unruly passions. O happy Telemachus! you will never be bewildered as I have been bewildered, while you have such a guide and instructor! Mentor, you are the master! All the wisdom of the gods is in you. Not even Minerva herself could have given more salutary advice. Go, promise, negotiate, make all the concessions you think proper; Idomeneus will approve of every step you take."

While they reasoned in this way, their ears were suddenly invaded by a confused noise of rattling chariots, neighing horses, and frightful shouts of men, intermingled with the sound of trumpets which filled

the air with a warlike sound. The cry was now: "The enemy is at hand! They have made a great detour, to avoid the guarded passes in the mountains: they are coming to besiege Salente!"

The women and old men were struck with consternation: "Alas!" they said, "did we quit our dear country, the fertile Crete, and follow an unhappy king across so many seas, to found a city, that will soon be laid in ashes as Troy was?"

From the walls but lately built were seen glittering in the sun all over the plain, so as to dazzle the eye, the helmets, cuirasses, and bucklers of the enemy. The plain too was covered all over with bristling pikes, as are the fields of Enna in Sicily in the warmth of summer by a rich crop which Ceres is preparing to reward all the toils of the laborer. Already all those chariots armed with scythes appeared; and each nation engaged in the war was easily distinguished.

Mentor, in order to view their disposition, ascended a high tower. Idomeneus and Telemachus followed him close behind. Scarcely had he reached the top, when he saw on one side Philoctetes, and on the other Nestor, with his son Pisistratus. Nestor was easily distinguished by his venerable old age.

"What!" exclaimed Mentor, "you thought then, O Idomeneus, that Philoctetes and Nestor would be satisfied with not affording you assistance! There they are in arms against you; and, if I am not deceived, these troops that march so slowly, and in so good order, are the Lacedaemonians, commanded by Phalantus. All are against you; all your neighbors, without exception, are your enemies, though you had no intention to make them so."

So saying, Mentor descended hastily from this tower, and repaired to one of the city gates on that side towards which the enemy was advancing: he ordered it opened; and Idomeneus, struck with the majesty by which he did these things, dared not ask what he intended. Mentor made a sign with his hand, that nobody should presume to follow him. He advanced towards the enemy, who were amazed to see a single man approach their arm. He showed them from afar an olive branch in token of peace; and, when near enough to be heard, he desired that all the chiefs might be assembled. Immediately they did assemble, and he spoke to them thus:

"O generous men, assembled here from various states, that flourish in the rich Hesperia, I know you have come here only in order to maintain your common liberty. Your zeal is laudable: but allow me

to propose a method by which you may easily preserve your liberty and the glory of your people, without spilling human blood. Nestor, sagacious Nestor, whom I perceive in this assembly, you are not ignorant how fatal war is, even to those who undertake it with justice on their side, and under the protection of the gods. War is one of the greatest calamities with which the gods afflict mankind. You never can forget what Greece suffered by the ten-year siege of the ill-fated Troy. What divisions among the chiefs! What reverses of fortune! What slaughter of the Greeks by the hand of Hector! What disasters in all the principal cities, occasioned by the war, and the long absence of the kings! Of these, some in returning suffered shipwreck at the promontory of Capphareum, and others were murdered in the arms of their wives. O gods! it was in your wrath then that you armed the Greeks for that famous expedition. O people of Hesperia! may the gods never grant you so fatal a victory. Troy, it is true, is laid in ashes: but it would have been better for Greece that it had been still in being, and in all its glory, and that the effeminate Paris still enjoyed in peace his infamous intrigues with Helen. You, Philoctetes, who were so long unhappy, and forsaken in the isle of Lemnos, do you not dread the return of the like calamities, in another such war? I know too, that the Lacedaemonians were not without a share of the disasters occasioned by the long absence of the princes, officers, and soldiers, that went to the siege of Troy. O Greeks, who are now settled in Hesperia, all of you are come hither only by a train of those calamities which the Trojan War produced."

After this preamble, Mentor advanced towards the Pylians; and Nestor, who now recognized him, advanced at the same time to meet and salute him.

"O Mentor," he said, "I rejoice to see you again. A great many years have elapsed since I first saw in Phocis; you were then only fifteen years old, yet, even then, I foresaw you would one day be the wise man you have proved yourself in the sequel. But what accident has brought you to these parts? What are the means you have to propose for putting an end to this war? We were all desirous of peace; it was the interest of us all to desire it: but Idomeneus constrained us to attack him. We could not have any safety with him. He has violated every treaty made with his neighbors. Peace with him would be no peace at all: it would only afford him means to dissolve our confederacy, which is our only security. He has plainly shown his

ambitious design of bringing all his neighbors under the yoke, and left them no other expedient to defend their own liberty, but that of overturning his new kingdom. By his bad faith we are reduced to the necessity of either accomplishing his destruction, or of seeing ourselves under the yoke of servitude. If you know of any expedient that will secure his performance of the articles that shall be agreed upon, so that we may hope for a good peace, all the different nations you see here will gladly lay down their arms, and readily acknowledge that you surpass us in wisdom."

Mentor thus replied: 'Sage Nestor, you know that Ulysses entrusted to me the care of his son Telemachus. The young man, impatient to know the destiny of his father, visited you at Pylos, and you received him with all the friendship he could expect from his father's faithful friend; you even gave him your own son for his guide. He afterwards made several long sea voyages to Sicily, Egypt, Cyprus, and Crete. The winds, or rather the gods, have driven him upon this coast while he wanted to return to Ithaca. We have come very seasonably, to spare you the horrors of a bloody war. It is no longer Idomeneus, it is the son of the wise Ulysses and I, who will be answerable for the performance of all the articles to which we shall promise.'

While Mentor thus spoke with Nestor in the midst of the confederate troops, Idomeneus, Telemachus, and all the Cretans in arms, kept their eyes fixed on him from the walls of Salente: they were eager to discover how Mentor's speech was received, and would have been glad to hear what passed between these two sages. Nestor had been always thought to have the most experience and eloquence of all the kings of Greece. It was he who, during the siege of Troy, checked and tempered the fierce wrath of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the haughtiness of Ajax, and the impetuous courage of Diomede. The words of persuasion, gentle and insinuating, dropped like honey from his mouth: his voice alone was listened to by all those heroes; all was silence and attention as soon as he opened his mouth; and there was none besides him who could soothe wild discord in the camp. He began to feel the infirmities of chilling old age: but his words were still full of power and gentleness: he recounted past events, that youth might profit by his experience; but he told them with grace though a little slowly. This old man, so much admired by all Greece, seemed to have lost all his eloquence and all his majesty,

as soon as Mentor appeared. His old age seemed quite faded and oppressed, when compared with that of Mentor, in whom time itself seemed to respect the strength and vigor of natural constitution. Mentor's words, though grave and simple, were animated with that vivacity and force, which those of Nestor had, in a great measure, lost. All he spoke was short, muscular, and concise. He never made any repetitions; he never mentioned any circumstance that was not absolutely necessary to illustrate the subject which was to be discussed. If he was obliged to speak more than once upon the same point, in order to inculcate or persuade, he always made use of new figures and apposite modes of comparison. He possessed a certain fund of sprightliness and good humor, when he thought proper to adapt himself to the occasion, and wanted to insinuate some important truth. These two men, venerable, afforded a touching spectacle to all the different nations then assembled.

While these allies, the enemies of Salente, were pressing close on one another, in order to enjoy a nearer view of their persons, and hear the tenor of their wise discourse, Idomeneus and his people expressed the utmost eagerness and curiosity to discover, by their looks and gestures, the nature of their conference. Meanwhile, the impatient Telemachus, withdrawing privately from the crowd that surrounded him, ran to the gate by which Mentor had gone forth, and, with an air of authority, commanded it to be opened. In a moment Idomeneus, who thought he was still standing by him, is surprised to see him advancing over the fields towards Nestor. Nestor recognizes him, and hastens to receive him, though with a slow and heavy pace. Telemachus, throwing himself on his neck, holds him in his arms without being able to speak. At last, he exclaimed:

"O my father, for I am not afraid to call you so, my misfortune in not being able to find my real parent, and the goodness I have already experienced at your hands, give me a sort of right to call you by that tender name. My father, my dear father, I see you once more! O that I could thus behold Ulysses! Could anything comfort me for the lack of him, it would be to find in you such another."

At these words, Nestor could not hold back his tears; and he felt a secret joy when he saw them trickle with marvelous grace down the cheeks of Telemachus. The beauty, engaging mien, and noble confidence of this youth unknown, who traversed without fear so many enemy troops, astonished all the allies.

"Is not this," they said, "the son of the old man who has been parleying with Nestor? Without doubt: for the same wisdom appears in both, notwithstanding the great disparity of their ages. In the one, wisdom is only in blossom, but in the other, she bears the ripest fruit."

Mentor, seeing with pleasure how tenderly Nestor received Telemachus, profited from this favorable disposition. "Behold," he said, addressing himself to Nestor, "the son of Ulysses, so dear to all Greece, and so dear to you in particular, O wise Nestor! Behold, I surrender him as a hostage, and the most valuable pledge we can offer for the good faith of Idomeneus. You may well believe I would not wish that the son should be lost, as well as the father, and that the unhappy Penelope should have occasion to reproach me with having sacrificed her son to the ambition of the new king of Salente. Such a surety having come of his own accord, to offer himself; or rather the gods, who love peace, having sent him, I shall proceed, O ye nations, so various, here assembled, to lay before you overtures for establishing a solid peace."

At the name of peace, a confused noise was heard to run through all the ranks. All these different nations were fired with indignation, thinking all the time they were kept from fighting entirely lost, and that the design of these conferences was only to abate their ardor, and rob them of their prey. The Mandurians above all were extremely incensed that Idomeneus should hope to deceive them once more. They often endeavored to interrupt Mentor, fearing that his wise speech should persuade their allies to desert them. They even began to be suspicious of all the Greeks in the assembly. Mentor, who perceived this, hastened to enlarge this distrust, in order to introduce discord among all these peoples.

"I grant," he said, "the Mandurians had reason to complain, and to demand some satisfaction for the wrongs they had suffered; but there is no good reason why the Greeks, who plant colonies on this coast, should be hated or suspected by the ancient inhabitants of the country. On the contrary, the Greeks ought to be united between themselves, and make themselves well-treated by others. It is only necessary that they be moderate, and never unjustly invade the territories of their neighbors. I know that Idomeneus has had the misfortune to give you umbrage, but all your jealousies may be easily removed. Telemachus and I offer ourselves as hostages, to answer

for Idomeneus' good faith. We shall remain with you till all the promises made in his behalf shall be duly performed. What provokes you most, O ye Mandurians, is that the Cretan troops have seized by surprise the passes of the mountains, so as to be able, in spite of all your efforts, as often as they please, to make incursions into that part of the country to which you retired, leaving them to take possession of the sea-coast. The high towers, then, which the Cretans have built and garrisoned, to command the passes of the mountains, are the true causes of the war. Answer, is there any other?"

Then the chief of the Mandurians stepping forward, spoke to this effect: "What have we not done to avoid this war? The gods are witnesses for us, that we never renounced peace, until we lost it without recourse through the restless ambition of the Cretans, and their making it impossible for us any longer to rely upon their oaths and engagements. Mad nation! to reduce us to the hard necessity of taking a desperate resolution against them, and of destroying them, in order to save ourselves! While they keep possession of these passes, we must always conclude that they have a design to invade our country, and enslave our people. If they really intended to live in peace with their neighbors, they would be satisfied with what we, of our own accord, relinquished to them, and would not seek to secure a passage into a country, on whose liberty they had no ambitious design. But, O venerable sage, you do not know them. As for us, we have learned to know them to our cost. Cease then, O stranger, beloved of heaven, to oppose a just and necessary war, without which Hesperia can never hope for a lasting peace. O ungrateful, cruel, and deceitful nation, whom the offended gods sent hither to disturb our peace, and to punish us for our offenses! But after you have punished us, O gods, you will also be our avengers. You will not be less just against our enemies than against us."

At these words the whole assembly appeared in commotion; it seemed that Mars and Bellona stalked from rank to rank, lighting up in their breasts anew the flame of war that Mentor endeavored to extinguish. He thus resumed the thread of his discourse.

"Had I nothing to offer but promises, you might reject them with distrust; but I offer you things which are solid and certain. If you are not content to have Telemachus and me as hostages, I will procure for you twelve of the most noble and most valiant Cretans. It is just that you also should give hostages on your side; for, though Ido-

meneus is sincerely desirous of peace, he desires it without fear or meanness. He desires peace, as you say you did, from moderation and wisdom, but not from the love of an effeminate life, nor from weakness, at the prospect of dangers inseparable from war. He is prepared to perish or to conquer; but he prefers peace to the most glorious victories. Though he would be ashamed to reveal any fear of being conquered, yet he is afraid of being unjust, and not ashamed to profess himself ready and willing to correct his errors. Arms in hand, yet he offers you peace; and that without pretending haughtily to impose conditions: for he wants no peace that is founded on constraint. He wants a peace that may please all parties, extinguish all jealousy and distrust, and put an end to all animosities. In a word, Idomeneus is animated by such sentiments as I am sure you would wish him to entertain. The only remaining difficulty is to persuade you of his sincerity. Persuasion will not be difficult, if you will hear me coolly and dispassionately.

"Hear then, O people full of valor, and your chiefs so wise and so united, what I have to offer you on the part of Idomeneus. It is not just that he should have it in his power to invade the country of his neighbors; it is also not just that they should be able to enter his. He consents that the forts built to secure the passes shall be garrisoned by neutral troops. You, Nestor, and you, Philoctetes, are Greeks by birth; but you have upon this occasion declared against Idomeneus: you cannot, therefore, be suspected of partiality to his interests. What touches you is the common interest, peace, and liberty of Hesperia. Be you yourselves the depositaries and guardians of those passes which have caused the war. It is no less your interest to prevent the native inhabitants of Hesperia from destroying Salente, a new Greek colony, like that which you yourselves have planted, than to restrain Idomeneus from usurping the territories of his neighbors. Hold the balance even between him and them. Instead of carrying fire and sword among a people whom you ought to love, assume the glorious character of judges and mediators. To these offers, you will say you have no objection, could you be assured that Idomeneus would fulfil them with honor and good faith: I shall, therefore, try to satisfy you.

"The hostages that I mentioned will be a security to both sides, till such time as you are in possession of all the passes. When the safety of all Hesperia, and even of Salente and Idomeneus, shall be at your mercy, will you then be content? Of whom can you be jealous

for the future? Of yourselves? You cannot trust Idomeneus; and yet so far is he from desiring to deceive you, that he is willing to confide in you. Yes, he is willing to trust you with the life, liberty, and repose of himself and his people! If you, indeed, desire no more, as you pretend, than a safe and advantageous peace; such a peace I now offer as precludes every pretense for rejecting it. Do not imagine, once again, that it is owing to fear that Idomeneus makes you these offers; it is prudence, and his regard to justice, that induce him to take this resolution, without giving himself any concern, even should you impute to weakness what is the effect of virtue. At first, he was in the wrong; and he glories in acknowledging his misconduct by the voluntary advances he now makes towards an accommodation. It is weakness, it is vanity, and gross ignorance of one's own interests, to hope to be able to conceal one's faults by persisting in them with pride and obstinacy. He who acknowledges his faults to his enemy, and offers to atone for them, shows himself incapable of repeating the same errors, and demonstrates that his enemy has everything to fear from a conduct so wise, in case he should reject his offers of peace. Take care then, that by so doing, you do not give him an opportunity of charging you, in his turn, with being in the wrong. If you refuse the peace and justice which come to you, peace and justice will certainly have their revenge. Idomeneus will have the gods, whom before he had reason to fear were offended at him, on his side. Telemachus and I will fight for the good cause. I take all the gods, celestial and infernal, to witness the fair and just proposals I have made."

As he pronounced these last words Mentor lifted up his arm, to show the several nations there assembled the olive branch, which he held in his hand as a sign of peace. The chiefs, who stood near him, were dazzled and amazed at the divine fire that sparkled in his eyes. He appeared with an air of majesty and authority, far superior to that which distinguishes beyond anything the greatest among mortals. The charm of his gentle and strong words raised up all hearts; they resembled those exchanged words which, in the dead of night, stop the moon and stars in the middle of Olympus, appease the ruffled sea, silence the winds and waves, and suspend the most rapid rivers in their course. Mentor, in the midst of those furious nations, resembled Bacchus surrounded by fierce tigers, which, forgetting their natural cruelty, and tamed by the irresistible power of his eloquence, came

and licked his feet, and fawned upon him, in token of submission. At first, the whole army was hushed in profound silence. The chiefs looked at one another, as they could neither resist his eloquence, nor conceive who he was. All the troops stood motionless, with their eyes fixed upon him. They were afraid to speak, lest he should have yet something to say, and they should prevent his being heard. Though they could not conceive what he might have to say further, yet they could have wished that he had spoken longer. All that he had said was, in a manner, engraved upon their hearts. By speaking, he gained both their love and their belief; and everyone showed the utmost eagerness and attention to catch every word that fell from his mouth.

At last, after a fairly long silence, a gentle murmur was heard spreading itself on all hands. It was not now the confused noise occasioned by rage and indignation; but, on the contrary, a soft, gentle murmur. There was a serenity and satisfaction visible in every countenance. The Mandurians, who had been so much enraged, now felt their weapons falling from their hands. The fierce Phalantus, with his Lacedaemonians, were amazed to find their entrails of iron mollified. The other nations began to sigh for that happy peace which had just been shown them. Philoctetes, who had suffered so much by war, was so overjoyed at the prospect of peace, that he could not refrain from tears. Nestor was so much affected with what Mentor had said, that he could not utter one word; but embraced him tenderly. And all the multitude, as if by concert, exclaimed: "O venerable sage! you have disarmed us! Peace! Peace!"

A little after this exclamation, Nestor was going to speak; but the whole army, impatient for peace, and apprehensive that he was about to start some new difficulty, cried out again, "Peace! Peace!" Nor could they be silenced till all the commanders had joined them in the cry, "Peace! Peace!"

Nestor, perceiving it would be in vain to attempt to make a regular speech, said only, "You see, Mentor, how powerful the words of the wise and virtuous are. When wisdom and virtue speak, they easily triumph over all the passions. Our just resentment is now changed into friendship, and into a desire for a lasting peace. We accept that which you have offered." At the same time, all the chiefs immediately held out their hands, to signify their consent.

Mentor ran towards the gate of the city, to order it to be opened and to urge Idomeneus to come out of Salente without hesitation.

Nestor, in the meantime, was embracing Telemachus, saying, "Amiable son of the wisest of all the Greeks, may you be as wise, and more happy than he! Have you never made any discovery with respect to his fate? The remembrance of your father, whom you greatly resemble, has contributed to stifle our indignation." Phalantus, though naturally fierce and hard-hearted, and though he never saw Ulysses, yet could not help sympathizing with his misfortunes, and those of his son.

And now they were pressing Telemachus to relate his adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus, attended by all the Cretan youth.

At the sight of Idomeneus, the indignation of the allies was rekindled anew; but Mentor smothered the flame, just ready to blaze out. "Why," he said, "do we delay concluding this holy alliance, of which the gods will be witnesses and guarantees? Should any impious wretch ever dare to violate it, may the gods take vengeance on him; and while those nations that are innocent, and have been true to their engagements, live in peace and safety, may all the horrible calamities of war overtake that execrable, ambitious, perjured prince, who shall break the sacred rights of this alliance. May he be detested both by gods and men; may he never enjoy the fruits of his perfidy; may the Furies, under the most hideous figures, drive him to despair and distraction: may he fall unpitied, without hope of sepulture! May his body be a prey to dogs and vultures, and may he in the infernal regions and profound abyss of Tartarus suffer more cruel tortures than Tantalus, Ixion, and the daughters of Danaus. But rather may this peace be lasting, like the rocks of Atlas that support the canopy of heaven; may all nations revere it, and reap the fruits of it, from generation to generation; may those who made it be held in esteem and veneration by our latest posterity; may this peace, founded on justice, and good faith, be the model of all those that shall henceforth be concluded in any part of the world; and may all those states who shall, for the future, resolve to make themselves happy by reestablishing peace and friendship, propose for their imitation the people of Hesperia."

At these words, Idomeneus and all the other kings swore to fulfill the peace, as agreed upon. Twelve hostages were reciprocally given. Telemachus, at his own desire, was one of those whom Idomeneus pledged: the allies, however, would not consent that Mentor should

be another; but insisted on his remaining with Idomeneus, to superintend his conduct and that of his counselors, till the treaty should be executed in its full extent. Between the city and the army of the allies, were sacrificed a hundred heifers, and as many oxen, white as snow, whose horns were gilded and adorned with flowers. The frightful bellowings of the victims, as they fell under the sacred knife, were re-echoed from the neighboring mountains. The smoking blood gushed out in rivulets on every side. Abundance of exquisite wine was poured in libations, and the haruspices consulted the entrails of the victims, while they were still panting. The smoke of the incense that was burnt by the priests upon the altar, formed a thick cloud; and the sweet odor of it perfumed the whole countryside.

In the meantime, the soldiers on both sides, no longer regarding one another as enemies, began mutually to relate their adventures. They abandoned their toils, and began to taste in advance the sweets of peace. Several of those who had followed Idomeneus to the siege of Troy, recognized some of those belonging to Nestor, who had served in the same war. They tenderly embraced one another, and mutually recounted all that had happened to them, since the sack and destruction of that proud city, the most magnificent in all Asia. Having adorned their heads with chaplets of flowers, they laid themselves down upon the grass, and made merry with the wine that was brought from the city in large vessels, to celebrate so happy a day.

All of a sudden Mentor said to the assembled kings and commanders: "Your several nations for the future will be but one, under different names and governors. Thus it is, that the just gods, who formed and love the human race, would have them united in an everlasting bond of perfect amity and concord. All mankind are but one family dispersed over the face of the whole earth. All nations are brethren, and ought to love one another as such. May shame and infamy overtake those impious wretches who seek a cruel unnatural glory, by shedding the blood of their brethren, which they ought to regard as their own. War, it is true, is sometimes necessary: but it reflects disgrace on human nature, that it should be unavoidable on certain occasions. O kings! do not say that it is desirable for the sake of acquiring glory; for true glory cannot exist independent of humanity. Whoever gratifies his passion for glory, at the expense of humanity, is a proud monster, and not a man: and the glory that he acquires must be false; for true glory can be acquired only by moderation and

goodness. His mad vanity may be flattered; but when people disclose their real sentiments in private, they will always say: 'His claim to glory is the more absurd, as it is founded on lawless and unjust ambition. Men ought not to esteem him, seeing he made so little account of them, and was so prodigal of their blood, to gratify a brutal vanity.' Happy the king, who loves his people, and is beloved by them; who trusts his neighbors, and is trusted by them; who, far from making war upon them, prevents their going to war with one another, and who makes the happiness his subjects enjoy under his government, to be envied by all other nations. Take a resolution then, O ye who govern the most powerful cities of Hesperia, to meet together from time to time. Let there be general assembly every three years, when all the kings here present may attend, to take a new oath, inviolably to observe the engagements now contracted; to confirm the treaty, and deliberate on their common interests. While you continue united, you will enjoy at home in this delightful country, glory, peace, and plenty; and abroad you will be invincible. Nothing but discord, that infernal fury, that causes such distraction and confusion among men, can disturb or interrupt the happiness that the gods prepare for your acceptance."

Nestor thus replied: "You see by the facility with which we have embraced the proffered peace, how far we are from making war through motives of vain glory, or any unjust desire to aggrandize ourselves at the expense of our neighbors. But what is to be done, when it is our misfortune to have for a neighbor a prince of violent passions, who knows no law but his own interest; and lets no opportunity slip of invading the dominions of other states? Do not imagine I speak of Idomeneus: no, I now entertain a better opinion of his integrity. It is Adrastus, king of the Daunians, from whom we have everything to fear. He despises the gods, and thinks the whole race of mankind were born for no other purpose but to be his slaves, and to promote his glory. It is not enough for him to have subjects, and to be the king and the father of his people; he will have slaves and worshipers, and actually causes divine honors to be paid him. Hitherto blind fortune has favored him, even in his most unjust enterprises. We used great speed to come and lay siege to Salente, that having got rid of the weakest of our enemies, who had but lately come to settle upon the coast, we might afterwards turn our arms against the other and more formidable. He has already taken several

cities from our allies. The people of Crotona have been twice defeated by his arms. He stops at nothing to gratify his ambition; and employs force and artifice indifferently, and without scruple, provided he can crush his enemies. He has amassed great wealth: his troops are well disciplined and brave; he has able, experienced officers, and is well served; for he keeps a watchful eye on all those who act under him, and execute his orders. He punishes the least faults with severity, and liberally rewards those who do him any service. By his own valor, he animates and inspirits those of his troops. He would be an accomplished prince, were his conduct regulated by justice and good faith; but he neither fears the gods, nor the reproaches of his own conscience. He has no regard to reputation, looking upon it as a vain phantom that influences weak minds only. To possess great wealth, to be feared, and to have all mankind in subjection to him, are the only advantages which he looks upon as solid and substantial. Soon his army will enter our territories; and if so many nations united are not able to make head against him, all hope of defending our liberties will vanish. It is no less the interest of Idomeneus than ours, to defeat the ambitious designs of a neighbor, who would destroy the liberties of all the states around him if he could. If we should be subdued, Salente would be in the most imminent danger. Let us then immediately join our forces, and oppose him with our united strength."

While Nestor spoke to this effect, they were advancing towards the city, where Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal chiefs to enter and pass the night.

Book X

The argument

Nestor, in the name of the allies, demands the assistance of Idomeneus against their enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who was desirous of establishing a good order and policy in Salente, and of engaging the people to apply themselves to agriculture, prevailed upon them to accept Telemachus as the head of a hundred noble Cretans. After his departure, Mentor takes an exact survey of the city and port; informs himself of every particular detail; directs Idomeneus to make several regulations in regard to commerce and policy, and to divide his people into seven classes, whom he distinguished by different dresses, according to their rank and birth; he prevails upon him to suppress luxury and useless arts in order to employ those who practiced them in agriculture, which is rendered an honorable occupation.

In the meantime the whole army of the allies had now pitched their tents, and the fields were covered all over with rich pavilions of all sorts of colors, in which the fatigued Hesperians waited for sleep. When the kings, with their train, had entered the city, they were amazed to find so many magnificent edifices erected in so short a time, and that the embarrassment of so great a war had not prevented the sudden increase and embellishment of the infant city.

They admired the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, the founder of so fine a kingdom; and they all agreed that should he, now that the peace was concluded, join the allies against the Daunians, their strength would be considerably increased. They therefore proposed he should engage in their confederacy; he could not reject so reasonable a proposal, and he promised them troops. But as Mentor knew

well what was necessary to render a state flourishing, he was convinced Idomeneus could not be so powerful as he appeared; taking him therefore aside, he addressed him thus:

"You see, our cares have not been unsuccessful. Salente is now secured from the calamities by which it was threatened. It will now depend on you alone to raise the glory of it to heaven, and equal your grandfather Minos in wisdom in the government of your people. I continue to speak to you with freedom, presuming that you will I should do so, and that you detest flattery. While these kings were extolling your magnificence, I reflected within myself on the temerity of your conduct."

At the word *temerity*, Idomeneus changed color; his look betrayed confusion; he reddened, and had almost interrupted Mentor with some expressions of resentment.

Mentor said to him, in a modest and respectful tone, yet still with honest freedom:

"I plainly perceive you are shocked at the word *temerity*: it would have been wrong in anyone besides myself to have made use of it; for kings ought to be respected, and treated with delicacy, even when reproofed. Truth is apt enough of itself to offend them, without the addition of harsh terms; but I thought I might venture to speak with the utmost plainness, when I was going to make you aware of your errors. My design was to accustom you to hear things called by their proper names, and to convince you that when others offer their advice touching your conduct, they will never venture to say all they think. If you would not be deceived, you must always suppose more than they will venture to say upon disagreeable subjects. As for me, I could easily soften my expressions to your taste; but it is useful that a man without interest and without importance should speak to you in private in hard language. None else will ever dare to do so, and consequently you will see the truth but by halves, and even then disguised in fine colors."

At these words, Idomeneus, recovered from his first emotion, seemed ashamed of his punctilious temper.

"You see," he said to Mentor, "what it is to be used to flattery. I am indebted to you for the security of my new realm; there is no truth that I will not hear with pleasure from your mouth; but have pity on a king poisoned by flattery, who even in his misfortunes never found any man generous enough to tell him the truth. No, I never

found one man who loved me well enough to hazard my displeasure by telling me the whole truth."

As he spoke these words, the tears started in his eyes, and he embraced Mentor tenderly.

Then the sage old man said to him: "It gives me pain to be obliged to say anything harsh and disagreeable to you; but ought I to betray you to ruin, by concealing the truth? Put yourself in my place. If you have been abused hitherto, it was because you wanted to be deceived; and were afraid to meet with too much sincerity in your counselors. Did you ever endeavor to find such as were truly disinterested, and would venture to contradict you?

"Have you been careful to choose those who were least forward to make their court; who revealed the least selfishness in their conduct, and were most likely to condemn your unreasonable prejudices and passions? When you found yourself flattered, did you banish from your presence the flatterers? Did you distrust their adulation? No, no; you did not act the part of those who love the truth, and deserve to know it. Let us see now whether you can yet bear to have the truth told you, and your conduct censured. I say again then, that you deserve nothing but blame for that very conduct which was so highly extolled. While you had so many enemies without your walls, who threatened your infant settlement, you thought of nothing within but erecting magnificent edifices. It was that which occasioned you so many anxious uneasy nights, as you have yourself acknowledged. You have exhausted your treasure, and never thought either of multiplying your people, or cultivating the fertile lands upon this coast. Ought you not to have regarded these two things as the only solid foundations of your power: namely, to have a great number of industrious subjects, and lands well cultivated for their subsistence? A long peace in the infancy of your state was necessary to favor population. Your whole attention should have been devoted to agriculture, and the enacting of wise laws. But idle ambition has brought you to the very brink of ruin. By aiming at appearing great and powerful, you have almost destroyed your real power and greatness. Lose no time then in repairing your faults: discontinue all your magnificent structures; renounce that affectation of pomp and grandeur which would ruin your new city; permit your people to enjoy the benefits of peace; and endeavor to introduce plenty among them, in order to facilitate marriage. Remember you are only king insofar as you have subjects

to govern; and that your power is not to be measured by the extent of your territories, but by the number, submission, and attachment of the inhabitants. Let the land which you possess be good, though not very extensive; fill it with great numbers of industrious and disciplined people; make these people love you. Then will you be more powerful, more happy, and acquire more glory, than all those conquerors that lay waste so many kingdoms."

"How shall I behave then, with respect to these kings?" said Idomeneus. "Shall I confess my weakness? True it is, I have neglected agriculture, and even commerce, for which I am so advantageously situated; I dreamed of nothing but building a magnificent city. Must I then, my dear Mentor, reveal my imprudence, and thereby expose myself to shame and dishonor in such an assembly of kings? If I must, I will do so without hesitation, whatever it may cost me; for you have taught me that a true king ought to consider himself as made for the good of his people, as bound to devote himself entirely to their service, and to prefer their safety to his own reputation."

"Such sentiments," replied Mentor, "are worthy of the father of his people; by this goodness, and not by the vain magnificence of your city, I recognize in you the heart of a true king. But the interest of the state requires that care be taken of your honor. Leave that care to me; I will give those kings to understand that you have engaged to reinstate Ulysses, if he is yet alive, or at least his son, on the throne of Ithaca; and to drive from thence all the lovers of Penelope. Such an undertaking, they will easily see, must require a considerable body of troops. Thus they will be content to accept, at first, a small reinforcement against the Daunians."

At these words, Idomeneus looked like a man disengaged of a heavy burden.

"By concealing from my neighbors," he said to Mentor, "my weakness and distress, you will save, my dear friend, my honor, and the reputation of this infant settlement. But, with what probability can you allege that I intend to send some troops to set Ulysses, or at least his son, on the throne of Ithaca, when Telemachus himself has agreed to serve in person in the war against the Daunians?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that score," replied Mentor; "I shall say nothing but what is true. Some of the ships you propose to send out with a view to establish your commerce, will touch at Epirus, and perform two services at the same time: one, by alluring to your

coast the foreign traders who have renounced all traffic with Salente, discouraged by the heavy duties you imposed; the other, in making inquiry about Ulysses. If he is still alive, he cannot be far from those seas that divide Greece from Italy; and it is confidently reported that he was lately seen among the Pheacians. Even though there should be no hopes of seeing him again, yet your ships will do a signal service to his son: they will spread through Ithaca, and all the neighboring states the terror of the name of young Telemachus, who is supposed to be dead as well as his father. Penelope's lovers will be thunderstruck to hear that he is upon the point of returning, supported by a powerful ally. The Ithacans will be deterred from a revolt. Penelope, being comforted, will persist in refusing to admit a new husband. Thus you will serve Telemachus, while he takes your place in the army of the Italian allies that is to act against the Daunians."

Here Idomeneus exclaimed: "Happy the king who is guided by wise counselors! A wise and faithful friend is more serviceable to a king than victorious armies. But doubly happy is the sovereign who feels his happiness, and who knows how to make the most of it by following good counsels; for our confidence is often withheld from wise and virtuous men, whose integrity is dreaded, while we lend a willing ear to flatterers, whose treachery gives no disgust. I myself have fallen in that snare; and, at a proper time, I will inform you of all the misfortunes that were brought upon me by a false friend, who flattered my passions in hopes that I would flatter his in return."

Mentor found no difficulty in persuading the allied kings that Idomeneus had charged himself with the affairs of Telemachus, while the youth himself should go with them. They were satisfied to have among them the young son of Ulysses, together with a hundred young Cretans whom Idomeneus gave him as companions in the war: they were the flower of the young nobles, whom he had brought with him from Crete. They took the field in consequence of Mentor's advice.

"Care," he said, "must be taken of population in time of peace; but, lest the whole nation should sink into effeminacy, and ignorance of the art of war, it is proper that the young nobility be sent to the wars abroad. These will be sufficient to keep up the whole nation in an emulation for glory, in the love of arms, in a contempt of hardship and death itself, and in experience of military art."

The allied kings then left Salente, satisfied with Idomeneus, and charmed with the wisdom of Mentor: it gave them, in particular, great joy that they had Telemachus in their army.

He himself was greatly affected at parting with his friend Mentor. While the allied kings were taking their leave of Idomeneus, and assuring him that they would eternally observe the peace, Telemachus shed a flood of tears on the bosom of Mentor, who held him clasped in his arms.

"The grief," he said, "that I feel at parting with my friend, makes me insensible to the joy that the hope of acquiring glory would otherwise inspire. It seems to me I see again that melancholy occasion when the Egyptians tore me from your arms and carried me far away, without any hopes of ever seeing you more."

Mentor responded to these words with gentleness in order to console him. "There is a great difference," he said, "between this separation and that you mention. This is voluntary, and will be short; you are going in quest of victory. I could wish, my son, that your love for me were less tender, and more manly; you must learn to bear my absence; you will not have me always with you: you must rely upon your own wisdom and virtue, and not on me, for your conduct and direction."

As he spoke these words, the goddess concealed under the figure of Mentor covered Telemachus with her aegis, inspiring him at the same time with the spirit of wisdom and foresight, intrepid valor, and calm moderation; virtues that are seldom found united.

"Go," said Mentor, "and expose yourself to the greatest dangers, as often as there shall be occasion. A prince disgraces himself more by shunning danger in time of action than if he never made his appearance in the field. The personal courage of him who has the command of an army must never be doubtful. If it nearly concerns a people to preserve their king or commander, it still more nearly concerns them that no doubt be entertained in regard to his valor. Remember that he who has the command ought to be a model to all the rest, and animate the whole army by his example. Do not, therefore, O Telemachus, decline any danger, but rather lose your life than have your courage called in question. Those flatterers who are most earnest in dissuading you from exposing yourself to danger, even when the occasion requires it, will be the first to affirm in private that you lacked courage, if they find it easy to prevail upon you to forbear hazarding your person.

"But, on the other hand, you must not court danger unnecessarily. Valor can be no farther a virtue than as it is regulated by prudence: it is otherwise a mad contempt of death, and a blind brutal fury.

Such an extravagant valor cannot be depended upon he that is not master of himself in time of danger is rather foolhardy than brave; to set him above fear he must needs be first beside himself; because he cannot surmount his terrors by the natural effort of his heart. As that is the case, if he does not fly he is at least disordered; he loses that faculty of the understanding which is absolutely necessary to give proper orders, to take advantage of opportunities, to vanquish the enemy, and do service to his country. If he has all the ardor of a soldier, he lacks the presence of mind of a commander. Nay, he has not even the real courage of a common soldier; for this last ought to preserve in battle that presence of mind and moderation sufficient to obey such orders as he may receive. He who rashly exposes himself to danger trespasses upon discipline, disturbs the order of the troops, sets an example of temerity, and is often the occasion of great disasters. Those who prefer their vain ambition to the interest and safety of the common cause deserve chastisement instead of recompense.

"Beware then, my dear son, of being impatient in the pursuit of glory. The surest way to find it is to wait patiently for a favorable opportunity. Virtue is always revered in proportion to her simplicity, modesty, and contempt for ostentation. As the necessity of encountering danger becomes more urgent, the resources of courage and of foresight ought to increase. Remember besides to avoid all occasion of exciting envy. On your side beware of jealousy at the success of others. Praise them for all that merits praise; but bestow your praise with judgment: extol merit with pleasure; conceal failings; and if you cannot forget them, at least remember them with regret. Do not decide in the presence of those ancient captains who are possessed of that experience which you cannot pretend to have; hear them with deference; consult them; beg to be instructed by the ablest of them; do not be ashamed to ascribe to their instructions whatever you do best. Lastly, never listen to those who would excite in you a jealousy or distrust of the other chiefs. Speak to them with frankness and ingenuousness. If you should think that you had reason to complain of their behavior, open your heart to them; explain all your reasons to them. If they are capable of discerning the nobleness of such conduct they will be charmed with it, and you will obtain all the satisfaction that you can reasonably expect. If, on the contrary, they are not reasonable enough to enter into your sentiments, you will learn from your own observation what mortifications you may expect

from their injustice; and take your measures for avoiding all further disputes, until the war is at an end, and you have nothing to reproach yourself with. But above all things never sow division, the grounds of complaint you may imagine you have against the chiefs of the army."

"As for myself," Mentor continued, "I shall remain with Idomeneus to assist him in his necessary labors for the good of his people, and in repairing all those faults which flatterers and weak counselors have induced him to commit in laying the foundations of his new kingdom."

Here Telemachus could not help expressing to Mentor some surprise at, and even contempt for, the conduct of Idomeneus. But Mentor immediately checked him.

"Are you surprised," he said with a severity of tone, "that men of the greatest worth are still but men, and show some human foibles amidst the innumerable snares and perplexities inseparable from royalty? Idomeneus, it is true, has been brought up in pride and pageantry; but what philosopher, had he been in his place, would not have been the worse for flattery? It is true that he let himself be too much influenced by those who had his confidence: but even the wisest kings are often deceived, notwithstanding all the precautions they can take not to be. As a king cannot do everything himself, he must have ministers to assist him whom he must also sometimes trust. Besides, a king cannot know those about him so well as private men: they always wear a mask before him, and employ every kind of artifice for his deception. Alas! my dear Telemachus, you will one day be too well convinced of this. One does not find in men either the virtues or the talents that are wanted. In vain do kings endeavor to study and investigate the characters of men; they continually find themselves mistaken. Even the better sort of men are hardly ever brought to act up to the occasions of the public good. They have their humors, their different views, their incompatibilities, their jealousies. One neither persuades them nor corrects them.

"The more people one has to govern, the more one needs ministers, to achieve through them what one cannot do oneself; and the more occasion there is for ministers vested with delegated power, the greater is the danger of being deceived in such choices. He who today censures and condemns kings with the utmost severity would, if made a king himself tomorrow, behave worse and commit the same

faults, with others infinitely greater. A private station, accompanied with a little intelligence to speak well, hides every natural defect, sets off shining talents, and makes a man appear capable and worthy of the highest employments from which he is so far removed. But it is authority which puts talents to a severe trial, and brings great defects to view.

"Grandeur is like certain glasses that magnify every object. In high stations where the least things have often great effects, and where slight faults often produce the most fatal consequences, every defect appears more glaringly. The whole world has its eyes upon him who is highly elevated above others, watching his conduct and criticizing it with the utmost severity. Those who judge him are unacquainted with his situation. They know nothing of his difficulties, they will not allow him to have any human weaknesses and failings, but expect he should be altogether perfect. A king, however wise and good he may be, is still only a man. Both his understanding and virtue must be limited and imperfect. He must have passions, humors, habits, which he cannot always control. He is surrounded by artful, mercenary men, and cannot find that assistance which he seeks after. Every day he is led into some error, either by his own passions or those of his ministers. Scarcely has he repaired one fault when he falls into another. Such is the condition of kings who are the most enlightened and the most virtuous.

"The longest and best reigns have neither time nor virtue sufficient to repair the errors unwillingly committed in laying the foundations of the state. Royalty carries all of these miseries with it; human weakness succumbs under a burden so disabling. One must weep for kings and excuse them. Are they not to be pitied, in having such numbers to govern whose wants are infinite, and who give so much trouble and uneasiness to those who would govern them well?

"To speak frankly, men are also much to be pitied, in that they are obliged to submit to the government of a man such as themselves; for to reform mankind would require gods! But kings are certainly no less to be pitied; who, being but men themselves, weak and imperfect, have such an innumerable multitude of human creatures, corrupt and deceitful, to govern."

Telemachus replied with vivacity: "Idomeneus lost by his own misconduct the crown of his ancestors in Crete; and would have lost that of Salente also but for your counsel."

"I grant," said Mentor, "he has committed great errors; but see if you can find in Greece, or in any other of the most civilized countries, a king who has not committed some that are inexcusable. The greatest men have in their constitution, temper, and character certain defects that unavoidably lead them astray; and the most praiseworthy are those who have the courage to acknowledge and repair their errors. Do you imagine that Ulysses, the great Ulysses, your father, who is the model for the kings of Greece, has no weaknesses, no defects? Had not Minerva led him step by step, how often would his courage and wisdom have failed him in those dangers and difficulties amidst which he has been the sport of adverse fortune! How often has Minerva restrained and reclaimed him, always in order to lead him to glory by the paths of virtue? Do not expect to find him altogether perfect when you shall see him sitting with so much glory on the throne of Ithaca; for failings you will certainly find in him. Greece, Asia, and all the isles of the sea thought him worthy of admiration, notwithstanding these defects; they were hid by a thousand great qualities. It will be your happiness to have an opportunity also of admiring him, and forming yourself by so perfect a model.

"Learn, O Telemachus, not to expect from the greatest of men more than is compatible with human capacity. Inexperienced youths are apt to indulge a presumptuous vein of censure that gives them a dislike to all those whom they ought to regard as patterns for their imitation, and renders their ignorance incurable. You ought not only to love, respect, and imitate your father, though he is not perfect, but you ought even to have a high esteem for Idomeneus, notwithstanding all that I have blamed in his conduct. He is by nature sincere, upright, just, generous, and beneficent; his valor is perfect; he detests all fraud when he knows it, and is left to follow the dictates of his own heart. All his exterior qualifications are great, and suited to his station. His candor in owning his faults, his good nature, his patience in taking the harshest things I said to him in good part, his magnanimity in acknowledging, and publicly repairing his errors, thereby raising himself above all censure, show a true greatness of soul. Good fortune or good counsel may secure a man of a very ordinary capacity from committing certain faults; but it must be a high degree of virtue that engages a king, long seduced by flattery, to repair his errors. To rise is more glorious than never to have fallen. The faults committed by Idomeneus are such as are natural to almost every king on earth: but

no king has ever done so much towards his own reformation. As for me, I could not help admiring him even when he allowed me to contradict him, without expressing the least impatience. Let him be the object of your admiration also, my dear Telemachus: it is not so much for the sake of his reputation, as your own good, that I give you this advice."

Mentor, by these reflections, made Telemachus feel the danger of being unjust in giving way to severe strictures on the conduct of those especially who are encumbered with the difficulties and perplexities of government.

"It is time," he said, "to part; adieu: I shall wait for you. My dear Telemachus, remember that those who fear the gods have nothing to fear from men. You will find yourself exposed to the greatest dangers; but be assured that Minerva will never forsake you."

At these words, Telemachus had almost perceived the presence of the goddess, and would have actually discovered it was she who spoke to inspire him with confidence, had she not recalled the idea of Mentor by saying, "Forget not, my son, the pains I took when you were a child, to make you as wise and valiant as your father. Do nothing unworthy of his great example, and of those maxims of virtue which I have endeavored to inspire in you."

The sun was already up, and gilded the tops of the mountains, when the kings set out from Salente to join their troops. These troops, which were encamped around the city, began their march under their commanders. On all hands was seen the polished steel of bristling pikes; and the dazzling splendor of their glittering shields; while clouds of dust ascended to the skies. Idomeneus, with Mentor, accompanied the allied kings to some distance from the city. Finally they separated, after the warmest professions of friendship on both sides; and the allies did not at all doubt that the peace would be lasting, now that they were acquainted with the integrity of Idomeneus, who had been represented to them very different from what he really was: because a judgment had been formed of him not from his natural sentiments, but from the bad measures he had adopted by the advice of flatterers.

After the allied army had retired, Idomeneus led Mentor into all the different quarters of the city.

"Let us see," said Mentor, "what number your people may amount to, both in the town and country; let us take an exact account of

them. Let us inquire too what number of laborers there may be among them. Let us see how much wine, oil, and other fruits your lands produce, one year with another: thus shall we be able to determine whether their produce is sufficient to maintain all the inhabitants, and whether there is any surplus with which to carry on a beneficial commerce with foreign countries. We must also see what number of ships and sailors you have: for otherwise we cannot judge your power."

He visited the port, and went on board every ship: inquired to what country each vessel was bound; of what commodities the cargo consisted, and what articles were taken in exchange; of the whole expense of the voyage; of what sums the merchants lent to one another; of what companies or partnerships they had formed, in order to know if they were equitable and duly executed; finally, he inquired concerning the risks of shipwreck, and other mischances to which commerce is liable, with a view to prevent the ruin of merchants who, from an avidity of gain, often undertake what is beyond their power.

He willed that bankruptcies should be severely punished; because if they are not always fraudulent, they are at least generally the effect of rashness. At the same time he made regulations by which they might be easily prevented. He established magistrates to whom the merchants should give an account of their effects, their gains, their expenses, and undertakings. They were not allowed ever to risk the property of others, or more than the half of their own. But what undertakings could not be executed by single merchants were carried on by companies, the rules of which were rendered almost unavoidable by the rigorous penalties inflicted on those by whom they were contravened. Further, the liberty of commerce was preserved entire: far from cramping it by imposts, a recompense was offered to all those merchants who should open a new trade between Salente and any other nations.

Thus great numbers of people came from all parts to settle. The trade of that city might be compared to the ebbing and flowing of the sea. Ships with merchandise and treasure came in and went out in a constant succession like the waves of the ocean. Everything useful was imported and exported without restraint. What was carried out was more than balanced by what was brought in return. Justice was dispensed with the utmost exactness and impartiality to the several nations that used the port. Freedom, probity, and fair dealing seemed

from the top of the lofty towers to invite merchants from the most distant nations; and all these merchants, whether they came from the extremity of the East, where the sun every day rises from the bosom of the deep, or from that vast ocean where, after a tedious course, he quenches his fires at eve, lived in as much peace and security at Salente as in his own country. With regard to the interior part of the city, Mentor visited all the warehouses, the shops of the several artisans, and the public squares. All foreign merchandise that might introduce luxury and effeminacy was prohibited. The dress and diet of all the different ranks were regulated; together with the size, furniture, and ornaments of their houses. He banished all ornaments gold and silver. "I know but of one way," he said to Idomeneus, "to prevent frugality from falling into disgrace among your people; and that is by setting an example of it yourself. There is a necessity, indeed, for you maintaining a certain exterior grandeur; but your guards, and the great officers about you, will be sufficient to distinguish you and command respect. Let your apparel be of fine wool, dyed in purple; and let those next in rank to you wear a garment of the same wool, differing in nothing from yours but the color, and a slight embroidery of gold, that shall run along the border of your robe. The different ranks among your people may be distinguished by different colors, without any necessity to employ for that purpose either gold, silver, or precious stones.

"Let rank itself be regulated by birth. Assign the first place to those of the most noble and illustrious birth. Such as are vested with authority and employments will readily yield precedence to those great and ancient families who have long been in possession of the first honors of the state. Such as are of less noble birth will not pretend to rank with them, provided you do not teach them to forget themselves by a too great and sudden elevation and show a particular respect for those who are not too much lifted up with the smiles of fortune. The distinction least exposed to envy is that which flows from a long line of ancestors. It will be a sufficient excitement to virtue and public spirit if you give crowns and statues to such as perform great and noble actions, and ordain that their children shall rank as nobles.

"Let those of the highest rank next to yourself be dressed in white with a gold fringe at the bottom. They will have a gold ring on the finger and a medal of the same metal hanging from the neck,

impressed with your image. Let those of the second rank be clothed in blue with a silver fringe, and a ring, but no medal: those of the third class in green, with a medal, but neither fringe nor ring: those of the fourth in deep yellow: of the fifth in a pale red, or rose color: of the sixth in a grey-violet color: of the seventh, constituting the last and lowest class, in a mixed color of white and yellow. These are the dresses for the seven different ranks of freemen. As for the slaves let them be clad in grey-brown. Thus will every individual be distinguished according to his degree without expense, and all those arts that are subservient to pomp and luxury be banished from Salente. Let such artisans as were before employed in these pernicious arts apply themselves either to those that are necessary, which are but few in number, or to commerce or agriculture. No change must ever be admitted either in the nature of the cloth or the form of apparel; for it ill becomes men who are designed for exercises more serious and noble to amuse themselves with inventing modes and ornaments of dress, or to permit their wives, to whom such amusements would be less shameful, to fall into such excess."

As a skillful gardener lops off the useless branches of fruit trees, Mentor endeavored to retrench that pomp and luxury by which the morals of a people are corrupted: he aimed at reducing everything to a noble simplicity and frugality. He even regulated the diet of the citizens and slaves.

"What a shame," he said, "that men of the highest rank should place their greatness in the dainties of a luxurious table, by which they enervate their minds, and quickly ruin the health and vigor of their bodies! They ought to account it their happiness to be moderate, to have power and authority to do good, and to be honored and esteemed for so doing. Health and sobriety give a relish to the coarsest, simplest food, and yield the most sincere and most lasting pleasures. Let your provisions then be of the best sorts, but dressed in a plain manner, without any sauces. To excite a false appetite, and make a man eat more than nature requires, is, in effect, to take him off by poison."

Idomeneus immediately understood how much he was to blame for permitting the inhabitants of his new city to sink into effeminacy and corruption by violating the laws of Minos with regard to sobriety: but the sage Mentor satisfied him that these laws, though revived, would signify nothing unless he enforced them by his own example,

which could alone give them authority. Idomeneus, therefore, immediately regulated his table, which afforded nothing but excellent bread; the wine of the country, which is agreeable and strong, but this in moderation; with some simple plain dishes, such as he was used to eat at the siege of Troy with the other Greeks. None dared complain of a regulation to which the king himself submitted; and thus did everyone retrench that profusion and delicacy in which they were beginning to indulge at all their entertainments.

In the next place, Mentor suppressed that soft and effeminate music that tended to corrupt the manners of the youth. Nor was he more favorable to that bacchanalian music which intoxicates almost as much as wine, and is productive of impudence and violent passions. He proscribed all music except on festivals in temples, there to celebrate the praises of the gods and heroes who have set an example of extraordinary virtue. Neither would he permit, except in the temples, the great ornaments of architecture; such as columns, pediments, and porticoes: he drew plans of a species of architecture equally beautiful and simple, by which an inconsiderable space of ground afforded an airy house convenient for a numerous family; having the advantage of a healthy aspect, and apartments independent of one another, that order and neatness might be easily preserved and the whole maintained at a small expense. He ordained that every house of any consequence should have a salon and little porch, with small chambers for all the free persons in the family. But he forbade, under severe penalties, the superfluous multitude and magnificence of apartments. These different plans of houses proportioned to the size of families, served to embellish at a small expense one part of the city, and give it a regular appearance; whereas the other part already finished according to the caprice and pride of individuals was, in spite of its magnificence, neither so agreeable to the eye nor commodious to the inhabitants. This new city was built in a very little time; for the neighboring coast of Greece furnished excellent architects, and a great number of masons were brought from Epirus and several other countries on conditions that, after having finished their work, they should settle in the neighborhood of Salente, have lands assigned them for cultivation, and conduce to the population of the country.

Painting and sculpture were, in Mentor's opinion, among those arts which ought not to be entirely excluded; but he resolved that

very few should be allowed to follow them in Salente. He founded a school and furnished it with excellent masters to superintend and examine the young pupils.

"Nothing weak or low," he said, "must be admitted in the arts that are not absolutely necessary. Consequently, no young persons but such as have a promising genius and are likely to excel, ought to be permitted to apply themselves to them. Others are designed by nature for arts less noble, and may be usefully employed in the ordinary occupations of the republic. Sculptors and painters are only to be employed to preserve the memory of great men and great actions. It is on public buildings or on tombs that representations of all those memorable exploits which have been performed for the public service ought to be preserved."

Nevertheless the moderation and frugality of Mentor did not hinder his authorizing all those grand structures designed for horse and chariot races, for wrestling, for fighting with the cestus, and other exercises which contribute to render the body more supple and vigorous.

Mentor cut back a prodigious number of those who dealt in stuffs of foreign manufacture, in costly embroideries, in gold and silver plate embossed with figures of the gods, of men and animals; and lastly, in liquors and perfumes. He would not even allow any other furniture in any house whatsoever but such as was plain and made to last a long time; so that the Salentines, who began to complain loudly of their poverty, found that they possessed a great deal of superfluous wealth. But it was false wealth that in effect impoverished them, and they actually became rich in proportion as they had the resolution to part with it. "To despise that wealth," they said to themselves, "which exhausts the state, and to make our wants fewer, by reducing them to the true necessities of nature, is, in reality, to enrich ourselves."

Mentor also visited without delay the arsenals and the different magazines, to see that the arms and other warlike stores were in good order: for, he said, a state ought always to be prepared for war in order to prevent its ever being reduced to the disagreeable necessity of engaging in it. He found many things lacking in every place he visited. A great number of artisans therefore were immediately set to work in iron, steel, and brass. Fiery furnaces were seen to rise, and clouds of flame and smoke, like those subterranean fires that are

discharged from the bowels of mount Aetna. The hammer thundered on the anvil, which groaned under the redoubled strokes. These were rebounded from the neighboring mountains; so that one would have thought he was in that isle where Vulcan, animating the Cyclops, forges thunderbolts for the father of the gods. Thus by a wise foresight all the preparations for war were seen going on in the midst of a profound peace.

Mentor afterwards made an excursion into the country with Idomeneus, where he found a great extent of fertile land that lay uncultivated. Nor was the rest cultivated but in a very imperfect manner, in consequence of the negligence and poverty of the husbandmen who, as they lacked hands, lacked also spirit and strength of body sufficient to carry agriculture to perfection.

Mentor, seeing the lands thus neglected, said to the king: "The soil here is such as would enrich the inhabitants; but inhabitants are lacking for the earth. Let us then take all those superfluous artisans whose occupations would serve only to promote a corruption of manners, and employ them in cultivating these plains and hills. It is indeed a misfortune that all these men having been brought up to trades that require a sedentary life have been very little inured to labor: but here is a means by which that evil may be remedied. You must divide among them the uncultivated lands, and invite people from the neighboring nations to assist them and do the more laborious part of the work under their direction. This they will do, provided a suitable recompense is offered them out of the produce of the grounds which they shall bring into tillage: they may afterwards have a part of them allotted them, and thereby be incorporated with your people, whose number is not sufficient. They will make good subjects and increase your power, provided they are industrious and obedient to the laws. Your city artisans, thus transplanted into the country, will bring up their children to labor and the toils of husbandry. Moreover, all the foreign workmen who are at present employed in building your city, have undertaken to cultivate part of your lands and to turn husbandmen: let these then, as soon as they have finished their work, be incorporated among your people. They are pleased with the opportunity of engaging to settle and live under so mild a government. As they are active and laborious, their example will stimulate to toil those artisans who are transplanted from the city into the country, and with whom they will be incorporated. Thus will your whole terri-

tory, in time, be peopled with healthy, vigorous families employed in agriculture.

"As to the increase and multiplication of your people, you may make yourself quite easy; for they will soon become innumerable, provided you encourage marriage. The means are very simple: most men have an inclination to marry, and they are restrained by the fear of poverty alone. If they are not loaded with taxes they will be able to maintain, without difficulty, their wives and children; for the earth is never ungrateful, but produces sufficient to reward and support those who cultivate her with due care; to those only does she refuse plenty who will not bestow due labor upon her. The more children a laborer has, the richer he is, provided they are not impoverished by the prince; for they begin to be useful to him and assist him in their most early days. The youngest feed and tend the sheep; those who are more advanced in age look after the herds of cattle; and the eldest labor with their father. In the meantime, the mother, with the rest of the family, is preparing a simple repast for her husband and dear children, to be ready for them when they return fatigued with the labor of the day; she neglects not to milk her cows and ewes, and streams of milk are seen to flow: she lights up a blazing fire round which all the innocent and peaceful family sing carols every evening until balmy sleep calls them to their repose. She makes delicious cheese, and preserved chestnuts and other fruits as fresh as when they first were gathered from the tree. The shepherd returns with his flute and plays to the assembled family the newest airs which he has learned in the neighboring hamlets. The laborer comes home with his plow, and his weary oxen with drooping heads, though goaded, jog along with a slow, heavy pace. All the woes of labor are buried with the day. The poppies, which sleep, by order of the gods, scatters over the earth, soothe with their charms the pangs of black care and lay all nature under a sweet enchantment; every individual falls asleep without anticipating the toils of the next day.

"Happy are these men, without ambition, distrust or deceit, provided the gods bestow upon them a virtuous king who does not trouble their innocent joy! But what horrible inhumanity is it, by projects of ambition and vain parade, to deprive them of the pleasant fruits of the earth, for which they are indebted to none but the liberal hand of nature, in return for their labor and the sweat of their brows. Nature alone would supply from her fruitful bosom all that would be

necessary for an infinite number of moderate industrious men; but it is the pride and luxury of certain individuals that involve so many of their fellow creatures in all the horrors of poverty."

"What shall I do," said Idomeneus, "if those to whom I assign these fertile lands neglect to cultivate them?"

"You must do," said Mentor, "the very reverse of what is commonly done. Covetous, short-sighted princes think of nothing but loading with impositions those of their subjects who are most active and industrious to improve their estates; and that because they hope to raise them with the greater facility: at the same time they are more favorable to those whom their natural sloth has rendered more unhappy. Reverse this bad order which oppresses the industrious, encourages the idle, and introduces an indolence no less fatal to the king than to the state. Impose taxes, fines, and, if necessary, other severe penalties upon those who neglect the culture of their lands, as you would punish soldiers who should desert their post in time of war: on the contrary, grant privileges and exemptions to such families as are industrious and multiply, assigning them more lands to cultivate in proportion to their increase. Thus their number will be soon augmented, and every individual animated to labor, it will even become honorable. The profession of a husbandman will no longer be despised, being no longer attended with such misery and distress. The plow will again be held in honor, and be guided by the victorious hands that have defended their country. It will not be less honorable to improve the estate of one's ancestors during a happy peace, than to have nobly defended it during the calamities of war; and thus will the whole country put on a new face and flourish: Ceres will wear crowns of the yellow ears of corn, and Bacchus treading the grapes will make streams of wine sweeter than nectar flow down the sides of the mountains. The deep valleys will echo with the concerts of the shepherds who, along the crystal brooks will accompany their pipes with their voices; while their wanton flocks are skipping up and down cropping the flowery turf, without dreading the wolves.

"And will you not be extremely happy, O Idomeneus, to be the author of so many blessings, to make such a multitude of people live in peace and plenty under your protection? Is not such glory more affecting and transporting than that of laying waste the earth and spreading far and near, almost as much among his own people, in spite of all his victories, as in the countries he may have subdued,

the woes of carnage, confusion, terror, despondency, consternation, devouring famine, and despair?

"Happy the king who, favored by the gods, possesses such benevolence of heart as prompts him to become the delight of his people, and to exhibit to future ages a scene so glorious in the example of his reign. The whole earth, far from taking arms to defend themselves against them, would come and lay their scepters at his feet."

Idomeneus replied: "But when my people shall by these means enjoy peace and plenty, luxury will corrupt their manners, and they will employ against me the wealth that I have given them."

"Do not be afraid of that inconvenience," said Mentor. "It is indeed a pretext that is always urged to flatter prodigal princes, who would load their people with imposts. It may be easily prevented. The laws we have made in relation to agriculture will render their lives laborious; and, notwithstanding their abundance, they will have nothing more than necessities, because we have proscribed all the arts that furnish superfluities. Even that abundance will be diminished by the encouragement it will give to marriage, and by the great increase of families. As each family will be numerous, and yet have but a small portion of land, they will be obliged to work it without ceasing. It is sloth and luxury that make men insolent and rebellious. Your people indeed will have bread in plenty, but they will have nothing but that and the produce of their own lands, earned with the sweat of their brows.

"In order to restrain your subjects within the bounds of moderation, you must now fix the extent of land which each family may possess. You know we have divided our whole people into seven classes according to their different ranks: you must not then allow any one family, of what rank soever, to possess more land than is absolutely necessary to maintain the number of persons of which it shall consist. This rule being inviolably observed, the nobles will not be able to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the poor; and every family will have land, but, as it will be of a very small extent, they will be obliged to cultivate it with great care. If, in process of time, the land should become too scanty for the inhabitants, colonies may be sent out, which will contribute to increase the power of the state.

"I even believe that you ought to take care that there be not too great a plenty of wine in your dominions. If too many vines have been

planted, they must be dug up; for wine occasions the greatest disorders among the people, as it gives rise to quarrels, distempers, seditions, idleness, aversion to labor, and domestic troubles. Let wine then be kept as a sort of medicine, or a rare and costly liquor, to be used only in sacrifices or on extraordinary festivals. But do not expect that so important a regulation will be observed unless you set the example yourself.

"Further, you must see that the laws of Minos respecting the education of children be not violated on any account. Public schools must be erected in which the youth may be taught to fear the gods, to love their country, to respect the laws, and to prefer honor to pleasure and even to life itself. There must be magistrates to watch over the families and the morals of the individuals that compose them. Share this task yourself: you that are constituted king, that is, shepherd of your people, only in order to watch day and night over your flock; by so doing, you will prevent an infinite number of crimes and disorders; and what you cannot prevent, you ought to punish with the utmost severity. To make examples is an act of clemency, as it stops the progress of iniquity. By a little blood shed seasonably a great deal is saved; and a prince makes himself feared without being obliged often to have recourse to severity.

"But what a detestable maxim is it for a sovereign to think he cannot be safe without oppressing his people! To take no pains to instruct, to train them up to virtue, or conciliate their affection; but to drive them to despair by terror and dismay, and to lay them under the hard necessity either of shaking off the yoke of arbitrary power or of bidding adieu for ever to liberty. Are these the ways and means to secure a peaceable reign? Are these the paths that lead to glory?

"Remember that the countries where the power of the sovereign is most absolute are those where the sovereigns are least powerful. They take, they destroy whatever they please, and the whole state is their property. But the state on that account languishes, and the lands are neglected and almost deserted; the cities decline every day, and trade decays. The king, who cannot be such if he is alone and without subjects, gradually diminishes his own power by the continual diminution of his people, from whom his wealth and influence flow. His state is exhausted both of men and money: but the former is the greatest and most irreparable loss. As his power is absolute, his subjects by consequence are all slaves. They flatter him, seem to adore

him, and tremble at the least appearance of his anger. But wait till the smallest revolution happens, and you will find that this despotic power, being over-strained, is only of short duration, as not being supported by the affections of the people; it has harassed and incensed all the communities of the state. It compels all the particular members of those communities earnestly to wish for a change. By the first blow that is struck the idol is overturned, broken to pieces, and trodden underfoot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, in short, all the passions unite against such odious despotism. The king, who in his prosperity did not find a single man bold enough to tell him the truth, in his reverse of fortune will not find one either to excuse him or defend him against his enemies."

After this discourse, Idomeneus immediately set about dividing the vacant lands among the useless artisans, and executing whatever else had been resolved upon; reserving only the lands that had been destined for the masons, who could not take possession of them or cultivate them till they had finished the buildings in the city.

Already the fame of Idomeneus for his mild and moderate government attracts great numbers of people from all quarters to incorporate with his subjects, and to partake of their happiness under so gentle an administration. Already those fields, long covered with briars and thorns, promise plentiful crops and fruits, till then unknown. The earth opens her bosom to the plowshare and prepares her riches to reward the husbandman: hope revives on all sides. In the valleys and in the hills are seen flocks of sheep frisking about upon the grass, and herds of oxen and heifers that make the lofty hills rebound with their lowings: these flocks contribute to fertilize the fields. It was Mentor who found means to procure these herds. Mentor advised Idomeneus to make an exchange with the Peucetes, a neighboring people, of all the superfluities which he had determined no longer to permit in Salente, for these flocks, which the Salentines wanted.

At the same time the city and the villages around it were full of beautiful young people who had languished long in misery and dared not think of marrying, for fear of increasing their distress. When they saw Idomeneus embrace maxims of humanity, and resolve to be their father, they were no longer afraid of famine and other scourges with which heaven afflicts mankind. Nothing now was heard but shouts of joy, and songs of shepherds and peasants celebrating their weddings. One would have thought that he saw the god Pan with a crowd

of satyrs and fauns mingled with nymphs, dancing to the sound of the flute under the shade of woods and groves. All was tranquillity and joy, but the joy was moderate and the amusements were intended only as relaxations from labor, which served to render them more lively and pure.

The old men, amazed to see what they had not dared to hope for during a long course of life, wept from an excess of joy mixed with tenderness: they lifted up their trembling hands to heaven. "Bless," they said, "O great Jupiter, the king who resembles you, and who is the best gift you ever bestowed upon us. He is born for the good of mankind: may he receive from you a recompense for all the happiness we derive from him. Our remote descendants, the offspring of those marriages which he favors, will owe everything to him, even their very birth, and he will indeed be the father of his people."

The young married men and women expressed the joy and gratitude they felt by singing the praises of him to whom they were indebted for this gentle joy. His name was much in their mouths, but still more in their hearts. They rejoiced to see him, and trembled at the thoughts of losing him: the loss of him would have been the desolation of every family. Idomeneus then acknowledged to Mentor that he had never known joy equal to that of being loved, and making such multitudes happy. "I never could have formed any notion of it," he said: "I thought the greatness of princes consisted entirely in making themselves feared; and that the rest of mankind were made for them. All that I had heard said of kings who had been the delight of their people appeared to me mere fable: I am now convinced of the truth of it. But I must inform you how my heart has been poisoned from my earliest infancy in regard to the authority of kings. This has been the occasion of all the misfortunes of my life." Then Idomeneus began the following narrative.

Book XI

The argument

Idomeneus informs Mentor of the confidence he had reposed in Protesilaus, and the artifices of that favorite, who acted in concert with Timocrates in order to ruin Philocles and betray the king himself. He owns that being prepossessed by these two men against Philocles, he had ordered Timocrates to go and put him to death in an expedition in which he commanded his fleet; that Timocrates having failed in his attempt, had been sparcd by Philocles, who retired to the isle of Samos, after having resigned the command of the fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus himself had nominated in his written order: that, notwithstanding Protesilaus' treachery, he had not been able to prevail upon himself to discard him.

"Protesilaus, who is a little older than myself, was, of all the young men, he whom I loved most. His temper, naturally bold and lively, recommended him to me; he served me in my pleasures; he flattered my passions; and he made me suspicious of another young man whom I had loved likewise, whose name was Philocles. This last feared the gods, and had a greatness of soul with moderation; he placed grandeur not in exalting but in overcoming one's self, and doing nothing that was base. He spoke to me freely of my faults; and even when he did not dare to speak to me, his silence and his melancholy air made me easily guess at what he wanted to reproach me with.

"His sincerity at first pleased me, and I often protested to him that I would listen to him with confidence all my life, that I might not be misled by flatterers. He instructed me in everything I was to observe in order to tread in the steps of my ancestor Minos, and to render

my subjects happy. He was not, indeed, endowed with a wisdom so profound as yours, O Mentor; but his maxims were just and good, as I now recognize. But by degrees Protesilaus, who was jealous of him and extremely ambitious, by his artful management brought me to dislike Philocles. The undesigning Philocles suffered the other to prevail, and contented himself with telling me the truth when I was disposed to hear it. It was not his own fortune but my good which he had in view.

"Protesilaus insensibly persuaded me that he was a man of a proud, morose temper, who censured all my actions; who asked nothing of me because he was so haughty that he would not be beholden to me for anything, and would pass for a man who despised all honors: he added that this young man spoke no less freely of my faults and failings to others than he did to myself; that he showed plainly enough he had little esteem for me; and that thus depreciating my character his design was, by the splendor of austere virtue, to pave his way to the crown.

"At first I could not be persuaded that Philocles had any design upon my throne: in real virtue there is a candor and ingenuousness that cannot be counterfeited, and in which one cannot be mistaken, provided it is duly attended to. But the firmness of Philocles against my weaknesses began to tire my patience. The attention of Protesilaus to please me, and his indefatigable industry in contriving new amusements for my entertainment, rendered the austerity of the other still more offensive.

"Protesilaus, however, mortified to find that I did not believe all that he said to me against his enemy, took a resolution to speak no more of him to me, and to gain his point by something more effectual than words. The way he took to deceive me was this: he advised me to give the command of the fleet that was to go against the Carpathians to Philocles, and to obtain my consent he spoke to me thus:

"'You know that I cannot be suspected of flattery in the praise I give him: I grant that he has courage, and a genius for war; he is more capable to serve you in that way than any other person I know, and I gladly sacrifice to your interest all the gratification of my own resentment.'

"I was delighted to find such candor and integrity in the heart of Protesilaus, to whom I had committed the supreme direction of my

affairs. I embraced him in a transport of joy, and thought myself extremely happy in having bestowed my confidence upon a man who now seemed to me above all passion or interest. But, alas! how much are princes to be pitied! This man knew me much better than I knew myself: he knew that kings are generally distrustful and indolent; distrustful from the constant experience they have of the artifice and dissimulation of the corrupt men about them; indolent from the love of pleasure, and their being accustomed to have ministers employed to think for them and spare them the trouble of reflection. He was convinced, therefore, that it would be no difficult matter to make me conceive a jealousy and distrust of a man who would not fail to perform great actions, especially as, in his absence, he could lay snares for him with the greater ease and efficacy.

"Philocles, at his departure, foresaw what might happen: 'Remember,' he said to me, 'that in my absence I shall not have an opportunity of defending myself; that you will hear only the accusations of my enemy; and that for serving you at the risk of my life, I am in danger of having no other recompense than your indignation.'

"'You are mistaken,' I said, 'Protesilaus does not speak of you as you express yourself with respect to him: he praises, he esteems you, and thinks you worthy of the highest employments; should he presume to speak against you he would certainly lose my confidence. Fear nothing; go and serve me to the best of your ability.' Accordingly he set out, and left me in a strange situation.

"I must grant, Mentor, that I was well aware how necessary it was for me to have several different persons to consult; and that nothing was more prejudicial, either to my reputation or the success of my affairs, than to confine myself to one. I knew that the wise counsels of Philocles had prevented my taking several dangerous steps, to which I was impelled by the pride and haughtiness of Protesilaus. I sensed that there was a fund of probity and integrity in Philocles not to be found, at least in the same degree, in Protesilaus: but I had let Protesilaus assume such an overbearing decisive tone as I was scarcely any longer able to resist. I was weary of finding myself always between two men who could never agree; and in this disagreeable restraint I weakly chose to risk the interest of the public in some measure to breathe in freedom. I dared not own even to myself that my conduct was influenced by such a shameful motive: but this

shameful reason, though I dared not unfold it, did not fail to operate in secret within my breast, and was, indeed, the true motive of all that I did.

"Philocles surprised the enemy, gained a complete victory, and intended to return in order to prevent the effect of the ill offices which he had reason to fear: but Protesilaus, who had not as yet been able to make me entirely his dupe, wrote to him that I desired he should make a descent upon the island of Carpathium in order to make the most of his victory. In fact, he had persuaded me that I might easily conquer that island. But he had taken care that Philocles should be without many things necessary to make the enterprise successful, and had subjected him to certain restrictions that occasioned many difficulties in the execution.

"In the meantime, he made use of a very corrupt domestic that I had about my person to observe me narrowly and to give him an account of everything he saw, although they seemed to have little or no correspondence, and never to be of the same mind. This domestic, whose name was Timocrates, came one day and told me, as a great secret, that he had discovered a very dangerous affair.

"'Philocles,' he said, 'intends to employ your fleet to make himself king of the island of Carpathium: the principal officers are all attached to him, and the soldiers have all been gained by him, partly by largesse, but more by the dangerous licentiousness in which he indulges them; he is quite intoxicated by his victory. Here is a letter he wrote to one of his friends concerning his project to make himself a king; after so full a proof no doubt can be entertained of his design.'

"I read the letter; it appeared to me to be of Philocles' writing. His hand had been very exactly imitated; and that by Protesilaus, assisted by Timocrates.

"This letter surprised me greatly: I read it over and over, but could not be persuaded that it was written by Philocles, when I recollect, in the anguish of my mind, the many endearing proofs he had given me of his good faith and disinterestedness. But what could I do? How could I resist the evidence of a letter that appeared to me the undoubted handwriting of Philocles?

"When Timocrates found that his stratagem had succeeded so far, he pushed it still further.

"'May I presume,' he said with a faltering accent, 'to desire you to take notice of one word in the letter? Philocles tells his friend that

he may safely venture to speak to Protesilaus concerning something that he expresses only by a cipher: without doubt Protesilaus has embarked on his design, and they have made up their differences, in order to carry on their schemes against you. You know it was Protesilaus who importuned you to send Philocles against the Carpathians. For some time he has desisted from saying anything against him, as he often used to do before. On the contrary, he excuses and praises him on all occasions: they have treated one another of late, when they happen to meet, politely enough. Undoubtedly Protesilaus and Philocles have concerted measures together to share between them the island of Carpathium when it shall be conquered. You know too that he caused this enterprise to be undertaken against all the rules [of prudence], and that he hazards the ruin of your fleet to gratify his ambition. Do you imagine that he would thus contribute also to gratify that of Philocles if they were still at odds? No, no, it cannot any longer be doubted that these two men act in concert to raise themselves to great authority and, perhaps, to overturn your throne. By speaking to you in this manner, I know that I expose myself to their resentment – if, notwithstanding this my faithful advice, you leave your authority in their hands: but what does it signify, while I do my duty, and say nothing but the truth?

"These last words of Timocrates made a deep impression upon me: I no longer doubted the treachery of Philocles, and I was jealous of Protesilaus as his friend and accomplice.

"In the meantime, Timocrates was incessantly saying to me: 'If you wait till Philocles has made an entire conquest of the isle of Carpathium, it will be too late to put a stop to his designs; secure him therefore without delay while you have it in your power.'

"I was now extremely shocked at the deep dissimulation of mankind, and did not know whom to trust. After the discovery I had made of Philocles' treachery, I did not think there was any man upon earth in whose virtue I could confide. That perfidious subject I was determined to put to death forthwith; but I was afraid of Protesilaus and did not know how to act in regard to him. I was afraid of finding him guilty, and I was afraid to trust him. At last, however, in my perplexity I could not help telling him that I began to be suspicious of Philocles. At this hint he seemed surprised; he urged his moderation and upright conduct; exaggerated his services; in short, he did his utmost to make me believe that they understood one another too

well. On the other hand, Timocrates endeavored from thence to persuade me that they acted in concert, and to engage me to get rid of Philocles while it was yet in my power. You see, my dear Mentor, how unhappy kings are, and how much they are in danger of being made the sport of other men — of those very men who seem to tremble at their feet.

"I thought it a stroke of profound policy to disconcert Protesilaus by sending Timocrates secretly to the fleet to make away with Philocles. As for Protesilaus, he carried his dissimulation to the utmost height, and imposed upon me with the more success, the more naturally he acted the part of a man who was himself deceived.

"Timocrates then set out, and found Philocles much embarrassed in making the descent; he lacked everything; for Protesilaus, not certainly knowing if the forged letter would prove the occasion of his death, was resolved to bring it about another way if that failed; namely, by the miscarriage of an enterprise from which he had made me expect so much, and which would not fail to incense me against Philocles. Yet he did surmount the difficulties of this expedition by his courage, his genius, and the affection of the troops. Though the whole army saw how rash the attempt was, and how fatal it would probably be for the Cretans, yet everyone exerted himself to the utmost to make it successful, as if his life and happiness depended upon the event. Everyone was willing to hazard his life at all times under a commander so wise and so attentive to make himself loved.

"Timocrates exposed himself to the most imminent danger in attempting the life of a commander in the midst of an army by whom he was passionately loved; but wild ambition is blind. Timocrates thought nothing too dangerous or difficult to gratify Protesilaus, in conjunction with whom he fancied he should govern me in an absolute manner after the death of Philocles. Protesilaus could not bear a man of virtue whose very appearance secretly reproached him with his crimes, and whose integrity might ruin his projects by opening my eyes to his real character.

"Timocrates assured himself of two officers who were constantly with Philocles; he promised them great rewards in my name; he then told Philocles that he had come by my order to communicate certain secrets which he could not impart but in the presence of these two officers. Philocles accordingly retired to a private apartment with them and Timocrates. Then Timocrates immediately drew a dagger

and stabbed Philocles. The wound was not deep, the weapon passing obliquely through his side; Philocles, not at all disconcerted or dismayed, wrested the dagger from him and defended himself with it against the assassin and his two accomplices. At the same time calling out for help, some persons came running to the door, burst it open, and rescued him from the three assailants, who, being disordered with fear, had attacked him but feebly. They were all three seized and would have been immediately torn to pieces, so much was the army enraged against them, had not Philocles interposed. Finally he took Timocrates aside and calmly asked him who had instigated him to attempt so black a deed. He, in the apprehension of being put to death, immediately produced the order that I had given him in writing to kill Philocles; and as traitors are always base and cowardly, he endeavored to save his own life by making a full revelation of his colleague's treachery.

"Philocles, shocked to find so much malice in mankind, took a part that was full of moderation: he declared to the whole army that Timocrates was innocent, secured him against all danger, and sent him back to Crete; he then resigned the command of the army to Polymenes, whom I had nominated to it in my written order, after Philocles should be killed. Lastly, having exhorted the troops to behave with due loyalty and fidelity to me, he went in the night on board a small bark, which carried him to the isle of Samos, where he lives quietly in poverty and solitude, gaining his livelihood by making statues, and never desiring to hear any more of deceitful and unjust men, but especially of kings, whom he looks upon as the most unhappy and most blind of all men."

Here Mentor interrupted Idomeneus: "Well, was it long before you discovered the truth?"

"No," replied Idomeneus, "I found out by degrees the artifices of Protesilaus and Timocrates, and the sooner by their falling out; for it is difficult for bad men to continue long united. This quarrel gave me an opportunity of discovering the depth of the abyss into which they had plunged me."

"Well," said Mentor, "did not you take a resolution to rid yourself of both of them?"

"Alas!" replied Idomeneus, "can you be ignorant of the weakness and perplexity of princes? When they have once attached themselves to men who have the art of rendering themselves necessary, they have

no longer any liberty to hope for. Those they despise most are those whom they treat best, and even overwhelm with favors. I greatly dreaded Protesilaus, yet I still left him the entire management of my affairs. Strange illusion! I was extremely glad that I knew him, and yet I had not the resolution to resume the authority I had abandoned to him. Besides, I found him easy, obliging, attentive to gratify my passions, and zealous for my interest. In fine, I strove to excuse my weakness to myself by reason [of the fact that] I had never known what true virtue was, for lack of judgment to distinguish and choose men of worth to conduct my affairs. I even thought there were none such upon the earth, and that probity was no more than a beautiful phantom. 'To what purpose,' I said, 'make a noise by disgracing one corrupt minister, only to fall into the hands of another neither more disinterested nor more honest than he?' In the meantime the fleet returned under the command of Polymenes, and I dropped all thoughts of making a conquest of the island of Carpathium; and Protesilaus, notwithstanding his profound dissimulation, could not prevent my perceiving he was extremely chagrined that Philocles had gotten safe to the isle of Samos."

Here Mentor again interrupted Idomeneus to ask him whether after the discovery of such black treachery, he continued still to trust Protesilaus with the management of his affairs.

"I was," replied Idomeneus, "too averse to business, and too indolent to be able to extricate myself from his hands; I would have been obliged to alter the plan I had established for my ease and convenience, and to instruct another minister, a task which I never had resolution to undertake. I chose rather to shut my eyes that I might not see the artifices of Protesilaus. I comforted myself only by letting some persons in whom I confided know that I was not ignorant of his perfidy. Thus I imagined I was but in part deceived, since I knew that I was deceived. I even now and then gave Protesilaus to understand that I bore his yoke with impatience. I often took pleasure in contradicting him, in publicly condemning some things that he had done, and determining contrary to his opinion; but as he knew my haughtiness and lack of resolution, he was not much troubled at my uneasiness. He was never daunted or discouraged, but always returned to the charge, sometimes insolent and assuming, at others, humble and complying; especially when he perceived that I was out of humor with him, he redoubled his efforts to pacify me, either by

procuring me new amusements, or by engaging me in some design in which his assistance might be necessary, or which might give him an opportunity of displaying his zeal for my reputation.

"Although I was on my guard against him, yet he still maintained his ascendancy over me by thus flattering my passions; by knowing my secrets; by extricating me out of my difficulties; and by making all my subjects and neighbors stand in awe of my authority. I could not therefore resolve to discard him. But by thus continuing him in his place, I made it unsafe for any good man to venture to represent to me my true interests. From that time there was an end of all freedom of speech in my council; truth forsook me; and error, the forerunner of the fall of kings, punished me for having sacrificed Philocles to the cruel ambition of Protesilaus: even those who were most zealous for the public good, and most attached to my person, thought themselves now no longer obliged to attempt to undeceive me. After having suffered myself to be so shamefully misled and abused, I was myself afraid lest truth should penetrate the thick cloud, and reach me in spite of adulation; for, as I had not resolution to embrace and follow it, the light of it had become importunate to me. I found that notwithstanding the cruel remorse it had occasioned me, it had not been able to deliver me from my thralldom. From my own indolence, and the ascendancy which Protesilaus had insensibly gained over me, I began to despair of ever being able to recover my liberty, a situation so shameful I would have concealed both from myself and others. You know, my dear Mentor, the false ridiculous notions of glory and grandeur in which kings are brought up: they will never be in the wrong. To cover one blunder, one must commit a hundred. Rather than own that they have been deceived, and take the pains to correct their errors, they will permit themselves to be imposed upon all their lives. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes, and such exactly was mine when I was obliged to embark for the siege of Troy.

"At my departure, I left the administration of the government in the hands of Protesilaus, who acted with haughtiness and inhumanity during my absence. The whole kingdom of Crete groaned under his tyranny, yet nobody had courage to inform me of my people's oppression: they knew I was afraid of discovering the truth, and that I abandoned to the cruelty of Protesilaus all those who ventured to speak against him. But the less courage they had to remonstrate

against him, the more violent he became. At last he compelled me to disgrace the brave Merion, who had attended me with so much glory to the siege of Troy. He grew jealous of him, as he did of all those for whom I discovered any regard, or who had any virtue left.

"You cannot be ignorant, my dear Mentor, that all my misfortunes have arisen from such conduct. The revolt of the Cretans was not occasioned so much by the death of my son, as the wrath of the gods, who were offended at my weak conduct, and the hatred of the people, which Protesilaus had drawn upon me. When I spilled the blood of my son, the Cretans, already exasperated by the severity of my government, lost all patience; and the abhorrence of me and my government that had long been rankling at their hearts, now broke forth and displayed itself openly.

"Timocrates accompanied me to the siege of Troy, and gave Protesilaus secretly an account by letters of all that he could discover. I was very aware that I was no better than a prisoner; but as I despaired of being able to deliver myself from captivity, I did not let my thoughts dwell upon it. When the Cretans, after my arrival, revolted, Protesilaus and Timocrates were the first that endeavored to flee. They would have undoubtedly forsaken me if I had not been obliged to fly almost as soon as they. Assure yourself, my dear Mentor, that those who are insolent in prosperity are always weak and trembling in disgrace. No sooner are they deprived of their authority than they lose their reason. They are then as abject and cringing as they were before haughty and imperious; passing in a moment from one extreme to another."

Here Mentor said to Idomeneus: "But how comes it to pass that knowing so well these two wicked men, you still keep them about you, as I find you do? That they should have followed you I am not at all surprised, as they had no other course to take more for their interest. I even will allow that you acted generously in permitting them to take refuge in your new settlement: but why should you give yourself up entirely to their guidance, after so many cruel experiences?"

"You are not aware," replied Idomeneus, "how little indolent, effeminate, unthinking princes are the better for all their experience. They are dissatisfied with everything, yet they have not courage to redress anything. Being used for so many years to be guided by these two men, was like a chain of iron that fastened me to them; besides,

I was watched and beset by them continually. Since I have been here, they have engaged me in all those expensive projects that you know of, and have quite drained this infant settlement. They too were the occasion of the war, which, but for you, would have been fatal to me. I should soon have undergone the same calamities at Salente as in Crete: but you have opened my eyes and have inspired me with the courage I lacked to place myself beyond servitude. How it happens I cannot tell; but since you came hither I find myself quite another man."

Mentor then asked Idomeneus how Protesilaus had behaved since that change took place. "Nothing," replied Idomeneus, "could be more artful than his behavior since your arrival. At first he took a great deal of pain indirectly to raise in my mind a jealousy of you. He said nothing against you; but there were several persons that warned me to be upon my guard against you, as strangers that had no good designs. 'One of them,' they said, 'is the son of the deceitful Ulysses; the other is a man of great depth and dissimulation: they are continually wandering from one country to another: who knows whether they may not have formed some design upon this? These adventurers themselves reveal that they have been the cause of great disturbances in every place where they have been. This settlement is but yet in its infancy and may be easily overturned.' Protesilaus said nothing directly against you, but he strove to persuade me of the danger and excess of the several reformations you proposed. He endeavored to deter me from them by representing them as contrary to my interest. 'If,' he said, 'you introduce riches among your people, they will labor no more; they will become haughty, intractable, and be ever ready to revolt: the only way to make them humble and submissive, and to prevent resistance and rebellion, is to keep them poor and indigent.' He often attempted to resume his former power, in order to lord it over me, though he covered his design under an appearance of zeal for my service. 'By studying,' he said, 'to ease the people, you trench upon the royal authority, and thereby do them an irreparable injury; for there is a necessity for their being kept under for their own good and quiet.'

"To all this I replied that I knew well how to keep them in their duty and allegiance by making myself loved by them, by maintaining my authority, notwithstanding my inclination to ease them; by punishing the guilty with firmness and resolution; and lastly, by giving

the youth a good education, and supporting, by a strict discipline, a simplicity of manners, sobriety, and industry among the whole body of the people. 'What,' I said, 'cannot a people be kept under without starving them? What inhumanity! What a barbarous policy! How many nations do we see treated with gentleness by their princes, and yet very dutiful and loyal! Rebellions are caused by the intrigues and ambition of the great, when their passions and licentiousness are not duly restrained; by the great numbers, both high and low, who live in sloth, luxury, and idleness; by too great a proportion of military men, who, in time of peace, apply themselves to no kind of useful employment; lastly, by the despair of an oppressed people, the hardness and insensibility of kings, together with their indolence, which makes them incapable of that vigilance that is necessary to prevent commotions in a state. These are the causes of revolts, and not allowing the peasant to eat in peace the bread that he has earned with the sweat of his brow.'

"When Protesilaus found that I was unalterably fixed in these maxims, his conduct was quite altered from what it was before; he began to adopt the maxims which he could not prevail upon me to relinquish; he pretended to relish them, to be convinced of their justness, and to be obliged to me for having set him right in that respect. He is beforehand with me in everything I could wish for the ease of my people; he is the first to urge their wants, and to exclaim against excessive expense. You know how he extols you, how he seems to confide in you, and that he is very assiduous to please you. As for Timocrates, he begins to be upon bad terms with Protesilaus, having shown an inclination to shake off his yoke. In consequence, Protesilaus has become jealous of him; and to this their misunderstanding I am partly indebted for the discovery of their perfidy."

Mentor smilingly replied: "Is it possible you should have been so weak as to let yourself be enslaved so many years by two traitors, whose treachery you knew?"

"Ah," replied Idomeneus, "you are not aware what an ascendancy artful men gain over a weak and indolent prince, who entirely gives up to them the reins of government. But Protesilaus, as I told you, has now entered into all your views for the public good."

Mentor thus replied with an air of gravity: "I see too plainly in what manner wicked men prevail over the virtuous in the courts of kings: you yourself furnish a terrible example. But you tell me that I have opened your eyes in regard to Protesilaus, and yet they are still

so far shut that you leave the management of your affairs in his hands, though he does not deserve to live. Do not imagine that the bad are incapable of doing any good; for they can do good or ill indifferently, as it answers their ambitious views. To do ill costs them nothing, being without any virtuous principle, or benevolent feeling to restrain them; nor are they more backward to do good, though from a vicious motive, that by appearing virtuous, they may more certainly deceive the rest of mankind. Properly speaking, indeed, they are not capable of virtue, though they seem to practice it, but are capable of adding to their other vices that which is the basest of all, namely, hypocrisy. While you are fully bent upon doing good, Protesilaus will fall in with our inclinations, in order to preserve his influence and authority; but if he should observe you to remit ever so little of your ardor in regard to that, he will leave no stone unturned to draw you into your former errors, so that he may be at liberty to indulge his natural ferocity and deceit. Can you enjoy either honor or repose while you have such a man still about you, and while you know that the sage and faithful Philocles lives in poverty and disgrace in the isle of Samos?

"You now recognize, O Idomeneus, that bold perfidious men, if suffered to be about weak, indolent princes, will gain an ascendancy over them, and mislead them; but there is another misfortune to which those princes are subject, not less than the other, which you ought also to be aware of, and that is of easily forgetting the virtue and services of one that has been obliged to be absent any time. The multitudes with which princes are continually surrounded are the cause that none of them singly make any deep impression upon them: they are affected only by what is present and agreeable; everything else is soon forgotten. The virtuous in particular are little regarded by them, because instead of flattering them, they venture even to contradict them, and to condemn their weak conduct. Is it then to be wondered at that they are not loved, when they themselves love nothing but idle pomp and pleasure?"

After having said these words, Mentor persuaded Idomeneus that he ought immediately to dismiss Protesilaus and Timocrates, and recall Philocles. The only difficulty that remained was the king's apprehension with respect to the severity of Philocles.

"I cannot help dreading a little his return, though I love him and esteem him. From my earliest infancy I have been accustomed to such adulmentation, officious zeal, and compliances as I cannot expect

from that man. As often as I took any step which he did not approve, I discovered it immediately by his melancholy air. When he was alone with me, his deportment was modest and respectful, but dry."

"Do not you know," replied Mentor, "that princes spoiled by flattery are apt to call an ingenuous freedom austerity and dryness? They are even apt to imagine that men have no zeal for their service, or that they do not love their authority, unless they are servile, and ready to flatter them in the most unjust exercise of their power. Every free, generous expression appears to them insolent, captious, and seditious. So delicate do they grow that everything but flattery disgusts and offends them. But let us go further. I suppose that Philocles is, in fact, dry and austere: is not that austerity to be preferred to the pernicious flattery of your counselors? Where can you find a man without foibles and defects? And is not that of telling you the truth, perhaps, a little too boldly, the least to be dreaded of any? But what do I say? Is it not a defect necessary to correct yours, and to cure you of that dislike of truth, into which flattery has made you fall? You stand in need of one who hates all falsehood and disguise, and who may love you better than you yet know to love yourself; who may tell you the truth, how disagreeable soever it may be to you, and convey it to your ear at all hazards; and this necessary man is Philocles. Remember that a prince ought to think himself extremely happy if, in his reign, there is born one single man of so much worth that he is the greatest treasure of the state; and that the greatest calamity he has to apprehend from the gods is to lose such a man, should he render himself unworthy of him by not consulting him and following his advice.

"As for the defects of good men, a prince ought to know them, but not for that neglect to employ them. If they have any faults, endeavor to correct them, and never blindly trust to their indiscreet zeal; but give them a fair hearing, honor their virtue, let the public see that you know how to distinguish them; and above all things beware of acting any longer the part you have hitherto performed. Princes, abused as you were, satisfied with despising corrupt men, continue still to employ them, to trust them, and to heap favors upon them: on the other hand, they pride themselves upon knowing also the virtuous, but go no farther than to praise them, never advancing them to employments, nor admitting them into their confidence, nor bestowing any mark of their favor upon them."

Idomeneus then said that it was shameful to have delayed to deliver oppressed innocence, and to punish those who had imposed upon him. Mentor found no great difficulty in persuading him to disgrace his favorite; for when favorites come once to be suspected by and obnoxious to their masters, they are uneasy and impatient till they get rid of them; their partiality to them vanishes; their services are forgotten; the fall of the favorites does not in the least affect them, provided they are no more seen by them.

Accordingly the king gave secret orders to Hegesippus, who was one of the chief officers of his household, to seize Protesilaus and Timocrates, to convey them safely to the isle of Samos and there to leave them; and to bring from thence the exile Philocles. Hegesippus, greatly surprised at this order, could not forbear shedding tears.

"Now," he said, "you will give great joy to your subjects: these two men have been the occasion of all the misfortunes that have befallen you or your people: these twenty years they have made all good men groan, and they hardly dared even do that, so great was their tyranny. All that ventured to make any application to you through any other channel than theirs were sure to be crushed by them."

Then Hegesippus revealed to the king a great many perfidious and cruel deeds perpetrated by these two men, of which he had never heard anyone speak because nobody would venture to accuse them. He also told him what he had heard of a secret conspiracy to destroy Mentor. At all this the king was greatly shocked.

Hegesippus then went to seize Protesilaus at his house: it was not so large, but more commodious and gay than the king's palace, and built in a better taste of architecture; Protesilaus had adorned it at a cost drawn from the blood of the miserable. He was then in a salon of marble near his baths, lolling carelessly upon a bed of purple embroidered with gold: he seemed quite exhausted by his work; and there appeared a certain fierceness, gloominess, and agitation in his eyes and looks. The great men of the state were placed on carpets all around him, watching every motion of his eye, and adapting their looks to his. At every word he spoke there were raptures of admiration. One of the most considerable recounted, with the most ridiculous exaggerations, all that Protesilaus had done for the king. Another affirmed that Jupiter, having beguiled his mother, had begot him, and that he was the son of the father of the gods. Then came a poet

and recited some verses asserting that Protesilaus, instructed by the Muses, had equaled Apollo in every species of wit and ingenuity. Another poet, still more abject and impudent, styled him in his verses the inventor of the fine arts, and the father of the people, who were happy under his administration, describing him as holding in his hand a cornucopia.

Protesilaus heard all these praises with a cold, absent, or contemptuous air, like a man who thinks he deserves far greater, and is wonderfully condescending in deigning to hear himself praised. There was a sycophant who ventured to whisper in his ear some jest upon the regulations that Mentor had introduced.

Protesilaus smiled; the whole company burst into a laugh, although most of them could not yet know what it was that had given occasion to it. But Protesilaus immediately resuming his stern and haughty air, they all relapsed into fear and silence. Several noblemen looked for the moment when Protesilaus should turn towards them and give them a hearing: they appeared to be in great emotion and perplexity; this arose from the favors they were going to ask: one might have guessed at their intention by their suppliant postures, which were like that of a mother at the foot of the altar when she earnestly begs of the gods to restore her only son to health. They all seemed to entertain a high esteem and veneration for Protesilaus, though they bore an implacable hatred to him in their hearts.

At that instant Hegesippus enters the salon, seizes the sword of Protesilaus, and informs him that he had an order from the king to carry him to the isle of Samos. At these words all the pride and arrogance of the favorite fell in a moment, as a rock that tumbles from the top of a high, craggy mountain. He throws himself at the feet of Hegesippus, trembling, faltering, weeping, and embraces his knees, though a little before he would hardly have deigned to take the least notice of him. All those who but lately offered him the incense of fulsome flattery, seeing him irrecoverably undone, insulted him without pity.

Hegesippus would neither give him time to go and bid adieu to his family, nor to fetch some secret papers. All were seized and carried to the king. Timocrates was arrested at the same time, at which he was greatly surprised; for he fondly imagined that as he had quarreled with Protesilaus, he should not be involved in his ruin. They were both put on board a ship that had been provided for

that purpose. They arrived at Samos. There Hegesippus left them: miserable objects now, and to crown their misery he left them together. They reproached one another, in an outrageous manner, with the crimes they had committed, and which had occasioned their fall, without any hopes of every seeing Salente again, condemned to live far from their wives and children; I do not say from their friends, for they had none. They were carried to an unknown land where they had no other way to maintain themselves but by labor, they who had passed so many years in pomp and luxury; so that, like two wild beasts, they were continually ready to tear one another to pieces.

In the meantime Hegesippus inquired in what part of the island Philocles lived. He was informed that he had taken up his abode upon a mountain far from the city, where a cave served him for a house. Everybody spoke of him with admiration: "He has never," they said, "injured anyone since he has been in the island: everybody is charmed with his patience, his industry, and contentment; though he has nothing, he appears always easy and satisfied; and though he has no share in the administration, and has neither estate nor authority, yet he never fails to oblige those who deserve it, and to do a thousand good offices to all his neighbors."

Hegesippus sets out for the grotto, which he finds open and empty; for such was the poverty of Philocles, and his simplicity of manners, that he had no occasion, when he went abroad, to close his door. His bed was nothing more than a coarse mat of rushes. He seldom lighted a fire because he never ate anything cooked: in summer he lived on fruits fresh gathered from the trees, and in winter on dried figs and dates. His drink was of the water of a clear fountain, which, in falling from a rock, formed a little cascade. There was nothing in his grotto but the tools used in sculpture, and a few books, which he read at certain hours, not to gratify his curiosity or polish his wit, but to inform his understanding and learn how to be good, while he indulged a little relaxation from labor. As for sculpture, he applied himself to it not only to prevent his being idle, and to exercise his body, but to earn his livelihood without needing anyone, and to keep himself above want.

When Hegesippus entered the grotto, he could not help admiring the works which had been started. He took notice of a Jupiter whose serene countenance was so full of majesty that it was easy to know him to be the father of the gods and men. In another corner appeared

Mars, with a fierce menacing haughtiness in his air. But the figure that touched him most was a Minerva animating the arts: there was something noble and gentle in her countenance; she was tall, graceful, and finely shaped, and her attitude so lively and natural that one would have thought she was going to walk. After Hegesippus had amused himself awhile in viewing the statues, he left the grotto, and observed Philocles a good way off, laid upon the grass under a huge tree, and reading: he advances towards him; and Philocles, perceiving him, knows not what to think.

"Is not that," he said to himself, "Hegesippus, with whom I lived so long in Crete? But how unlikely is it that he should be so far from home! May not it rather be his shade, that after his death is come hither from the banks of Styx?"

While he thus remained in doubt, Hegesippus approaches so near that he could not help recognizing and embracing him.

"Is it then you, indeed, my dear and ancient friend? What accident, what storm has cast you upon this coast? What made you leave the isle of Crete? Have you been disgraced as I was, and obliged to fly our native land?"

Hegesippus made answer: "I have not been disgraced; on the contrary, it is the favor of the gods that has brought me hither."

He then gave him an account of the long tyranny of Protesilaus, the intrigues carried on by him and Timocrates, the misfortunes they had brought upon Idomeneus, the fall of this prince; his flight to the coast of Italy; the founding of Salente; the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus; the wise maxims which Mentor had instilled into the king, and the disgrace of the two traitors. He added that he had brought them to Samos to suffer banishment there, as they had made Philocles suffer; and lastly that he had orders to conduct him to Salente where the king, who knew of his innocence, intended to commit to him the administration of affairs, and to distinguish him by his favor.

"Do you see," said Philocles, "that grotto, fitter to be the habitation of wild beasts than of men? There have I enjoyed more peace and happiness during so many years than I did in the gilded palaces of the isle of Crete. Here men no longer deceive me, for I seldom see them, or hear their flattering, deluding speeches; I do not need them; my hands, hardened by labor, supply me with ease with the simple nourishment that nature requires. You see I here enjoy a profound

tranquillity and delightful liberty, of which my well-chosen books teach me to make a good use; so that I want nothing of other men but a slight garment to cover my nakedness. For what then should I again mingle with jealous, fickle, and deceitful men? No, no; envy me not, my dear Hegesippus, the happiness I now enjoy. Protesilaus, by betraying the king and endeavoring to ruin me, has ruined himself; but he did not hurt me in the least: on the contrary, he did me the greatest kindness; he delivered me from the slavery and drudgery of business; and to him I am indebted for my dear solitude and all the innocent pleasures I enjoy in it.

"Go, Hegesippus, return to the king; assist him in supporting the miseries of grandeur, and act yourself the part that you would have me act. Since his eyes, so long shut to the truth, have at last been opened by that wise man whom you call Mentor, let him not part with him. As for me, I might be justly charged with imprudence, should I, after being shipwrecked, quit the port whither the tempest luckily drove me, and expose myself again to the winds and waves. O how much are kings to be pitied! How worthy of compassion are those that serve them! If they are bad men, what calamities do they not occasion, and what torments await them in gloomy Tartarus! If they are good, what difficulties have they to surmount! what snares to guard against! what trouble to undergo! Once more, Hegesippus, let me beg you to permit me to enjoy my happy poverty."

While Philocles spoke thus with a good deal of earnestness, Hegesippus beheld him with astonishment. When he knew him formerly in Crete, where he had the direction of the most important affairs, he was meager, sickly, and infirm; the natural heat and severity of his temper engaged him in toils that exhausted his vigor: he could not bear to see vice go unpunished; and insisted upon transacting business with a certain precision which is never fully established: thus his health, naturally delicate, was much impaired by business. But at Samos, Hegesippus found him plump and vigorous; and, notwithstanding his advanced age, the florid complexion of youth appeared upon his countenance. His quiet, active, sober life had, in a manner, renewed his constitution.

"You are surprised," said Philocles, smiling, "to see me so much changed for the better in my appearance. It is to my solitude that I am indebted for my fresh color and good state of health, and my enemies have helped me to that, which I never should have found in

the most elevated station. Would you have me lose these substantial blessings and advantages for such as are only imaginary, and make myself as unhappy as ever? Do not be more cruel to me than Protesilaus; at least do not envy me the happiness that I owe to him."

Upon this Hegesippus plied him with every argument he thought might work upon him, but in vain.

"Are you then," he said to him, "insensible to the pleasure of seeing your friends and acquaintances, who long for your return, and whom the very hope of embracing you fills with transports of joy? But do you, who fear the gods and are careful to perform your duty, look upon it as nothing to serve your king, to assist him in all his endeavors to do good, and to contribute to the happiness of such numbers? Is it justifiable to give oneself up to an austere philosophy, to think oneself wiser than all the rest of mankind, and to consult your own ease sooner than the happiness of our fellow citizens? Besides, if you refuse to see the king, people will impute your refusal to resentment. If he intended to do you harm, it was because he did not know you: it was not the upright, the good, the just Philocles whom he sought to make away with; no, it was a person very different that he proposed to punish. But now that he knows you, and does not mistake you for what you are not, he feels his heart warmed anew with all his former friendship and regard for your person and character: he expects you; already are his arms stretched out to embrace you: he is to the last degree impatient to see you. Can you be so hard-hearted as to be inexorable to your king and all your dearest friends?"

Philocles, who at first seeing Hegesippus had felt great emotions of joy and tenderness, at hearing what he said last resumed his austere air. Like a rock which the furious winds and loud-roaring waves assail in vain, he remained inflexible; and neither arguments nor entreaties could make any impression upon his heart. But at last, when Hegesippus began to despair of prevailing upon him, Philocles, having consulted the gods, discovered by the flight of the birds and the entrails of victims that it was their pleasure that he should go along with his friend. He then hesitated no longer, but prepared for his departure; which, however, he could not do without regretting his being obliged to quit the desert where he had passed so many years.

"Alas," he said, "must I leave you, dear grotto, where balmy sleep came every night to refresh my spirits after the labors of the day! Here did the Fates, notwithstanding my poverty, spin me many a peaceful happy day."

He then prostrated himself, while crying, to adore the Naiad, whose limpid stream had so long allayed his thirst, and the nymphs which inhabited the neighboring mountains. Echo heard his lamentations, and with a plaintive voice repeated them to all the rural divinities.

Philocles then accompanied Hegesippus to the city in order to embark. He imagined that the unhappy Protesilaus would, from shame and resentment, avoid seeing him, but he was mistaken: for bad men have no sense of shame and will readily stoop to any meanness. Philocles, on the other hand, had such delicate feelings that he took all the care he could not to be seen by the other; for he was afraid of increasing his misery by presenting to his view a happy enemy going to be raised upon his ruin. But Protesilaus did not rest till he found out Philocles, when he endeavored to excite his pity, and to engage him to ask the king to let him return to Salente. Philocles was too sincere to promise to use his endeavors to get him recalled, for nobody knew better than he by what pernicious consequences it might have been attended: he treated him, however, with a great deal of good nature, sympathized with him, endeavored to comfort him, and exhorted him to strive to appease the gods by the purity of his manners, and by bearing his disgrace with patience. As he understood that the king had stripped him of all his ill-gotten wealth, he promised him two things, which he afterwards faithfully performed. One was to take care of his wife and children, who were left at Salente in extreme poverty, and exposed to the public odium: the other, to send him some money to enable him the better to bear his misery in that remote isle.

In the meantime a favorable wind began to swell the sails of the ship. Philocles immediately went on board, as Hegesippus was impatient to be gone. Protesilaus saw them embark, and his eyes, which were continually fixed upon the seashore, pursued the vessel as she plowed the waves and bore away before the wind. When she at last disappeared, the image of her still remained deeply impressed upon his mind. At last, transported with rage and overwhelmed with despair, he tore his hair, rolled upon the sand, reproached the gods with

their cruelty, called on death to come to his relief and deliver him from so much misery; but in vain, for death was deaf to his prayers, and he had not resolution enough to bring it about himself.

In the meantime the vessel, by the favor of Neptune and the winds, arrived at Salente. The king, being apprised that she had already entered the port, went directly with Mentor to meet Philocles, embraced him tenderly, and expressed his sorrow for having treated him with so much injustice. This acknowledgment, far from being thought a weakness in the king, was regarded by all the Salentines as the effort of a great mind, noble and ingenuous enough frankly to own its errors and to endeavor to repair them. Everybody shed tears of joy at seeing again the worthy man who had loved and been beloved by the people, and at hearing the king express himself in so wise and gracious a manner. Philocles received the caresses of his sovereign with a modest and respectful air, and followed him to the palace amidst the acclamations of the people, at which he was uneasy. Mentor and he were soon as closely united by friendship as if they had passed their whole lives together, though they had never before seen one another; the gods, though they have not given eyes to the wicked to distinguish the good, have yet taught the good how to recognize one another. Those who are virtuously disposed cannot be long together without being united by the virtue which they love.

Philocles soon requested it as a favor of the king to be permitted to retire to a solitude near Salente, where he continued to live in the same poverty and simplicity as at Samos. Thither the king and Mentor went almost every day to see him. There they deliberated upon the means of supporting the authority of the laws, and fixing the government upon a solid basis for the public good.

The two things that chiefly engaged their thoughts were the education of children, and the maxims to be observed in time of peace. With respect to the children, Mentor said:

"They belong not so much to their parents as to the public; they are the children of the state, its hope and strength; it is too late to attempt to reform them after they have been corrupted. To displace them after they have been found unworthy of their employments signifies little; it is better to prevent the evil than to be reduced to the necessity of punishing it."

"The king," he continued, "is the father of all his people, but in a more particular manner of the youth, who are the flower of the

nation; and care must be taken of the buds and blossoms for the sake of the fruit. The king then must not think it below him to keep a watchful eye himself, as well as make others watch over the education of youth. Let him be steady in causing the laws of Minos to be strictly observed, which ordain that the youth be taught to despise hardship and death, to place honor in undervaluing riches and pleasure, to account lying, ingratitude, injustice, and effeminacy infamous vices; to sing the praises of heroes who have been loved by the gods, have performed great actions for the good of their country, and demonstrated their valor in battle; let the charms of music captivate their hearts, in order to elevate their minds and civilize their manners; let them learn to be kind to their friends, faithful to their allies, just to all men, even their most inveterate enemies; and to dread death and torture less than the reproaches of their own conscience. If these noble maxims are early instilled into the minds of youth, and inculcated by the help of music, very few of them will remain untouched and uninflamed with the love of glory and virtue."

Mentor added that it was essential to establish public schools, to accustom the youth to the most vigorous bodily exercises, and to prevent idleness and effeminacy, which are the bane of the most promising geniuses: he instituted, therefore, a great variety of games and shows, in order to put life and spirit into the whole body of the people; but especially to render their bodies supple, strong, and active by exercise, appointing prizes to excite emulation. But what he had most at heart, for the sake of order and decorum, was to engage the youth to marry early, and their parents to leave them at full liberty to choose such as were agreeable to them, in respect both of body and mind, for wives; and not to impose them upon them from interested views.

But while they were thus contriving ways and means to make the youth pure, innocent, industrious, tractable, and fond of glory, Philocles, who loved war, observed to Mentor: "In vain will you occupy the youth with these exercises, if you let them live always in peace, in which they will have no opportunity of seeing any service, nor of signalizing their valor. Thus you will insensibly weaken the state, and introduce effeminacy, luxury, and a corruption of manners. Other more warlike nations will find no difficulty in conquering you; and by too anxiously guarding against the calamities of war you will fall into the most deplorable servitude."

Mentor replied to him: "The woes of war are more dreadful than you imagine. It exhausts a state, and always exposes it to ruin, even amidst the most glorious victories. With whatever advantages it may be begun, it is impossible to foresee what a fatal turn it may take before it is concluded. How great soever the superiority of your forces may be when you engage in battle, a small mistake, a sudden alarm, in short, the most trifling accident may snatch from you the victory that you were just upon the point of gaining, and transfer it to your enemies. But supposing you were always sure of victory, you would ruin yourself, at the same time that you ruined your enemies. The country would be depopulated; the lands would lie uncultivated; commerce would be impaired; but the worst of all is that the best laws would be weakened, and a corruption of manners ensue. The pursuit of learning would be neglected by the youth, and necessity would oblige you to connive at a pernicious licentiousness in the army: the distribution of justice, public order, everything, in short, suffers by these disorders. A king who, to acquire a little glory, or extend his dominions, sheds so much human blood and is the cause of such evils, is unworthy of the glory that he aspires to, and deserves to lose the territories he possesses, for having unjustly invaded these that did not belong to him.

"I will now show you how the martial spirit of a nation may be kept up in time of peace. You know what bodily exercises I have already ordained; the prizes I have appointed to excite emulation; the maxims of glory and virtue that will be infused into the minds of the youth by singing from their earliest infancy the great actions of heroes: add to these advantages that of a sober, laborious life. But besides all these, as soon as any state in alliance with yours is engaged in war, the flower of the youth ought to be sent to it; those especially that reveal a military genius, and are most likely to profit by the experience. Thus will you maintain a high reputation among your allies. Your alliance will be courted; those who already enjoy it will be afraid of losing it; and without having a war to carry on at your own expense, or in your own country, you will have a gallant and intrepid youth. Even in the midst of a profound peace you must not neglect to treat with great distinction those who are possessed of military talents; for the surest way to prevent war and to secure a long peace is to have your people trained to arms; to distinguish those who are eminent in the profession; to have always some officers who

have served abroad and are acquainted with the forces and discipline of the neighboring nations, and their manner of waging war, to be alike incapable of making war from ambition, and of dreading it from sloth and effeminacy. Thus by being always prepared for a necessary war, we render it almost always unnecessary.

"As for your allies, you ought to interpose as mediator between them when they are upon the point of declaring war against one another. Thereby you will acquire a more sure and solid glory than that of conquerors; you will gain the love and esteem of foreigners; they will court your friendship, and you will reign over them in consequence of the respect they have for you; as you do over your own subjects by your lawful authority. You will be entrusted with their secrets; have the making of their treaties; and the possession of their hearts. Your reputation will extend itself to the most remote nations, and your name will be like a precious perfume, diffusing itself from one country to another, till it reach the most distant corners of the earth. In this state, should a neighboring people attack you unjustly, it will find you trained to arms and prepared; and, what is still more, it will find that you are loved and will be supported; all your neighbors will take the alarm, fully persuaded that their common safety depends upon their supporting and defending you. This will prove a better security than the walls of cities, or the strongest fortifications; this is to acquire true glory. But there are few kings who know how to search for it properly: instead of leaving it at a greater distance, they run after a delusive phantom, and leave true honor behind for want of knowing her distinguishing marks."

When Mentor had spoken thus, Philocles gazed at him with surprise; then turning to the king, he was charmed to observe with what avidity he treasured up in his heart all the words of wisdom that flowed like a river from the mouth of that stranger.

And thus did Minerva, in the guise of Mentor, establish the government of Salente upon the best laws and the most useful maxims of government; not so much to make the dominions of Idomeneus flourish as to show Telemachus, when he returned, by a visible example, how much a wise administration contributed to render a nation happy, and to procure a good king a lasting glory.

Book XII

The argument

Telemachus, in the camp of the allies, gains the good will of Philoctetes, who at first was prejudiced against him on account of his father Ulysses. Philoctetes relates his adventures to him, in which he introduces an account of the death of Hercules, occasioned by the poisoned tunic which the centaur Nessus gave to Dejanira. He told him how he got from that hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was punished for having betrayed his secrets, by all that he suffered in the isle of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to prevail upon him to go to the siege of Troy, where he was cured of his wound by the son of Esculapius.

In the meantime Telemachus showed his courage in all the perils of war. When he left Salente, he applied himself to gain the affection of the old commanders, who had attained to the highest pitch of reputation and experience. Nestor, who had seen him before at Pylos, and who had always loved Ulysses, treated him as if he had been his own son. He gave him instructions and illustrated them by various examples, recounting to him all the adventures of his youth, and all the most remarkable exploits that he had seen performed by the heroes of the preceding age. The memory of that old man, who had lived three generations, was like a history of past times engraved on marble and brass.

Philoctetes, at first, was not so favorably disposed towards Telemachus as Nestor: the hatred he had so long entertained in his heart against Ulysses gave him a dislike of his son; and he could not, without uneasiness, observe that the gods seemed so to favor the

young man as to render him in time equal to the heroes that took and destroyed Troy. But the moderation of Telemachus at last overcame the resentment of Philoctetes; he could not help being charmed with his virtue and modesty. He often accosted Telemachus and one day said:

"My son (for I will not fear any longer to call you so), your father and I have, I avow, long been enemies to one another: I must confess that even after we had made ourselves masters of the superb city of Troy, my heart could not be reconciled to him; and when I saw you, I felt a reluctance even to love virtue in the son of Ulysses. For this I often reproached myself. But virtue, when it is gentle, genuine, modest, and unaffected, at last surmounts everything."

Thus Philoctetes was insensibly engaged to inform him how he came to conceive so violent a hatred against Ulysses.

"I must," he said, "trace my story back a little. I accompanied, in all his expeditions, the mighty Hercules, who delivered the earth from so many monsters; and before whom other heroes are but as the feeble reed that shakes before the stately oak, or as small birds in presence of the eagle. His misfortunes and mine arose from a passion which is the cause of the most tragic events, and that is love. Although Hercules had conquered so many monsters, yet he was not able to conquer that shameful passion, but became the sport of the cruel Cupid. He could not recollect, without blushing for shame, that he had formerly so far forgotten his glory and dignity as to spin for Omphale, queen of Lydia, like the weakest and most effeminate of men; so much had he been enslaved by a blind love. A hundred times he admitted to me that this scene of his life had tarnished his virtue, and almost eclipsed the glory of all his labors.

"Yet such, O ye gods! is the weakness and inconstancy of men; they imagine they are able to subdue every passion, and yet never resist any. For, alas! the great Hercules was again caught in the snares of love, of which he had so often expressed his detestation; he loved Dejanira. Happy had he continued in his passion for a woman whom he had espoused! But in a short time the youth of Iole, in whose countenance the Graces played, stole his heart. This infidelity firing the jealousy of Dejanira, she thought of that fatal tunic which the centaur Nessus had left her at his death, as a sure means whereby she might infallibly recover the love of Hercules, as often as he should seem to neglect her for the sake of any other. That tunic, full of the

venomous blood of the centaur, retained the poison of the arrows with which that monster had been slain. For you know that the arrows which Hercules employed to dispatch that perfidious centaur had been dipped in the blood of the Hydra of Lerna, and were thereby poisonous; so that all the wounds made by them were incurable.

"Hercules, having put on the tunic, immediately felt the devouring flame, which penetrated to the very marrow of his bones: he roared hideously, so as to make mount Oeta, and all the deep valleys rebound, and even the sea seemed moved by his exclamation; the bellowing of the most furious bulls engaged in a fight would not have been half so dreadful. The unhappy Lychas, who had brought him the tunic from Dejanira, having ventured to approach him while he was transported with rage and pain, he laid hold of him, whirled him about as a slinger does a stone in his sling, when he would throw it to a great distance. Thus Lychas, being flung by the mighty arm of Hercules, fell among the waves of the sea, where he was immediately changed into a rock, which still retains the human form; and being continually beaten by the angry waves, strikes a terror, even at a distance, into the wary pilot.

"After what had happened to Lychas, I thought I could not safely trust myself with Hercules; I resolved to conceal myself in the deepest caverns. There I saw him tear up, without difficulty, with one hand, the lofty ashes and old oaks, which for several centuries had bid defiance to the winds and storms. With the other hand he endeavored to tear from his back the fatal tunic, but in vain, for it was glued to his skin, and, in a manner, incorporated with his body. In proportion as he tore it, he also tore his skin and his flesh, while his blood trickled down and bedewed the ground. His virtue at last getting the better of his pain, he exclaimed:

"'You see, my dear Philoctetes, what the gods make me suffer; they are just; for I have offended them, and violated conjugal love. After having subdued so many enemies, I have been so weak as to suffer myself to be subdued by the beauty and love of a stranger; my life is now at an end, and I part with it contentedly, to appease the wrath of the gods. But, alas! my dear friend, where have you fled from me? The excess of my pain, it is true, has made me behave in a cruel manner to the unhappy Lychas, and I am now sorry for it; for he did not know what poison he brought me, and consequently did not deserve the treatment he met with: but can you suppose that

I can forget the friendship I owe you, or that I would deprive you of life? No, no; while I live I will never cease to love Philoctetes: when my soul is ready to take her flight, he shall receive in his bosom my last breath, and, after my death, shall gather my ashes. Where are you then, O my dear Philoctetes, Philoctetes! the only hope I have left on earth!

"At these words, I ran eagerly towards him; he held out his arms and was going to embrace me; but he forbore for fear he should light up in my bosom the fire with which he was himself devoured.

"'Alas,' he said, 'even that comfort is now denied me.'

"So saying, he gathered together all the trees he had thrown down, made a pile of them upon the top of the mountain; he ascended with great tranquillity; then spreading upon it the skin of the Nemean lion which had covered his shoulders, when he went from one end of the earth to the other to destroy monsters, and deliver the unhappy, he leaned upon his club, and ordered me to set fire to the pile. My hands, trembling and seized with horror, could not refuse to do him this cruel office; for life was to him no longer a blessing from the gods, so insupportable was the pain he suffered. I was even afraid that the violence of it should so far get the better of him as to make him do something unworthy of that virtue which had excited the admiration of the universe. When he saw the fire begin to lay hold of the pile:

"'Now,' he said, 'my dear Philoctetes, I find that you are my friend indeed; for you are more concerned for my honor than my life. May the gods reward you for it! What I have upon earth, that I value most, I leave you; namely, these arrows dipped in the blood of the Hydra of Lerna. You know that the wounds they make are incurable. Nobody, therefore, will dare to engage in combat with you, and you will be invincible, as I have been, and no man will dare fight against you. Remember that I die true to our friendship, and forget not how dear you have ever been to me. If you are, indeed, affected with my sufferings, it is still in your power to comfort me, though so near my end, by promising never to reveal my death to anyone, nor the place where you deposit my ashes.'

"This, alas! I promised, and even swore to, while I watered his pile with my tears: a gleam of joy appeared in his countenance. But, in a moment, a cloud of smoke and flame enveloped him, stifled his voice, and almost snatched him from my sight. Yet I saw him once

more through the flames, and he appeared as calm and serene as if he had been partaking with his friends of the mirth and delicacies of a feast, crowned with flowers, and scented with perfumes.

"In a short time the flames consumed all that was earthly or mortal in him. Soon there remained nothing of all that he had received at his birth from his mother Alemena; but, by order of Jupiter, he still retained that subtle and immortal nature, that celestial flame, the true principle of life which he had received from the father of the gods. He, therefore, ascended, with them to the gilded canopy of the bright Olympus to drink nectar, where they gave him for his spouse the lovely Hebe, the goddess of youth, who poured nectar into the cup of the mighty Jupiter, before Ganymede had received that honor.

"As for me, those arrows he had given me to raise me above the heroes, proved an inexhaustible source of woe. Soon the allied kings undertook to avenge Menelaus of the infamous Paris, who had carried off Helen, and to overturn the empire of Priam. They were given to understand by the oracle of Apollo, that they could not hope to put a happy period to the war without the arrows of Hercules.

"Your father Ulysses, who was always the most enlightened and the most active in all consultations, undertook to persuade me to go to the siege of Troy, and carry there with me the arrows of Hercules which he imagined I possessed. It was now a long time since Hercules had disappeared from the earth: no longer was any mention made of any new exploit of that hero; and monsters and robbers began to appear again with impunity. The Greeks did not know what to think of it; some saying he was dead, and others, that he was gone as far as the cold north pole to subdue the Scythians. But Ulysses maintained that he was dead, and undertook to make me admit it.

"He came in quest of me at a time when I was still inconsolable for the loss of the great Alcides. It was with great difficulty I would allow him to approach me; for I could no longer bear the sight of men, nor could I bear to think of quitting the deserts of mount Oeta, where I had seen my friend expire; the image of that hero was still fresh in my imagination, and the sight of these sad places still renewed my grief. But soft irresistible persuasion sat upon your father's lips; he shed tears and appeared almost as much afflicted as myself; thus he insensibly won my heart and confidence. He interested me on behalf of the Greek kings, who were going to fight in a good cause, but could not succeed without me. Yet he never could

draw from me the secret of the death of Hercules, which I had sworn never to reveal; he was convinced, however, that he was dead, and pressed me to let him know where I had deposited his ashes.

"Alas! I could not think without horror of perjuring myself by telling a secret which I had promised to the gods never to disclose; but though I did not dare to violate my oath, yet I was weak enough to elude it; and the gods have punished me accordingly: I stamped with my foot on the ground where I had buried the ashes of Hercules. Then I went and joined the allied kings, who received me with as much joy as I had been Hercules himself. As I entered the isle of Lemnos, having a mind to show the assembled Greeks the efficacy of my arrows, I strung my bow to pierce a deer that rushed into a thicket. I inadvertently let the arrow drop from the bowstring upon my foot, in which it made a wound that I feel to this day. Immediately I suffered the same excruciating pain as Hercules had undergone, making the isle resound day and night with my groans, while a black tainted blood ran from my wound, infected the air, and diffused through the Greek camp a stench sufficient to poison and suffocate the most vigorous. The whole army shuddered to see me in such horrible pain, and concluded that it was a punishment inflicted on me by the just gods.

"Ulysses, who had drawn me into the war, was the first to abandon me. This he did, as I have since learned, because he preferred the common interests of Greece and victory to the obligations of private friendship and decorum: so much was the whole army affected with my wound, its contagion, and my hideous groans, that no sacrifices were offered in the camp. But at the time when I saw myself abandoned by all the Greeks through the counsels of Ulysses, his conduct appeared to me fraught with the most horrible barbarity, and the blackest treachery. Alas! I was blind, and did not see that it was just that the wisest men should be against me, no less than the gods whom I had offended.

"I continued the whole time of the siege of Troy alone, without help, hope, or relief; suffering the most horrible tortures in that savage desert isle, where I heard nothing but the noise of the sea waves dashing against the rocks. In the midst of this solitude I found an empty cavern in a rock, which towered up into the air with two points, like two heads, and from which there issues a fountain of clear water. This cavern was the retreat of wild beasts, to whose fury

I was day and night exposed. I gathered leaves to lie upon; and my whole furniture consisted in a wooden dish coarsely wrought, and some rags with which I stanched the blood and dressed my fatal wound. There, forsaken by men and pursued by the wrath of the gods, I passed my time in shooting with my arrows pigeons and other birds as they flew about the rock. When I had killed a bird for food, I was obliged to crawl upon the ground with a great deal of pain to fetch it; and in this manner did I support myself.

"It is true that the Greeks, when they set out for Troy, left me some provisions; but they did not last long. When I wanted a fire I made use of flints. This life, how uncomfortable soever it may appear, would have been agreeable enough, far removed as I was from treacherous ungrateful men, had I not been racked with pain, and continually tortured with reflecting upon my unhappy fate.

"'What,' I said, 'decoy a man from his native country, and then abandon him, while asleep, in a desert isle!'

"For I was asleep when the Greeks left me. Imagine what was my surprise, and what tears I shed, when I awaked and saw the ships plowing the waves! Alas! after all the search I could make, I could find nothing in that solitary, savage isle which could give me any comfort. In fact, there are no ports in it, no commerce or culture, no hospitality, nor any living soul that voluntarily stays there. One sees only those unhappy persons who have been driven upon it by storms; nor is any society to be expected but from shipwrecks; none even of those who came upon compulsion would venture to carry me off; apprehensive of the wrath both of the gods and Greeks.

'For ten years I was a victim to pain and hunger; feeding a wound that wasted all my substance: even hope was extinguished in my heart. At last, returning one day from seeking medicinal herbs for my wound, I found in my cave a handsome youth, of a graceful and a heroic mien, but proud and lofty aspect. It seemed to me I saw Achilles, so much did he resemble him in his features, looks, and manners; only I perceived by his age that he could not be that hero. I could discern in his countenance a mixture of pity and perplexity; and the pain and slowness with which I dragged myself along, joined to the doleful piercing cries with which I made all the coast resound, seemed greatly to affect him.

"'Stranger!' I said at a considerable distance, 'what misfortune has brought you into this uninhabited isle? I recognize the clothes of

Greece; that garment still dear to my affection! O how I long to hear your voice, and to find upon your lips that language which I learned from my earliest infancy, but have had no opportunity of speaking for a long time in this solitude. Be not afraid to behold such a wretch as me: you ought to have pity on me.'

"Scarcely had Neoptolemus pronounced 'I am Greek,' than I exclaimed: 'O sweet words! after so many years of silence and unremitting pain! O my son! what misfortune, what tempest, or rather what favorable wind has brought you hither to put an end to my sufferings?'

"He replied: 'I am of the isle of Scyros, to which I now return. Fame says I am the son of Achilles; that is all.'

"Such a concise reply not satisfying my curiosity, I said: 'O son of a father whom I so much loved! Dear foster-child of Lycomedes, how came you hither, and from whence?'

"He answered; 'I have come from the siege of Troy.' 'You were not,' I said, 'in the first expedition?' 'Were you?' he said.

"To this interrogation I replied: 'I perceive you have not heard either of the name of Philoctetes, or his misfortunes. Alas! unhappy man that I am! My persecutors make a jest of my sufferings, and Greece knows nothing of them! Thus my woes increase, for which I am indebted to the two sons of Atreus; may the gods reward them for their cruelty.'

"I then informed him how I had been abandoned by the Greeks. He heard my complaints, and then immediately entered upon his own: 'After the death of Achilles,' he said . . . (here I presently interrupted him, and said):

"'What! Achilles dead? Forgive me, my son, if I put a stop to your narrative by the tears which I owe your father.'

"Neoptolemus replied: 'It is a consolation to me to be so interrupted: what joy I feel to see you weep in that manner for my father!'

"Neoptolemus then resuming his narrative, said: 'After the death of Achilles, Ulysses and Phoenix came to me and told me that Troy could not possibly be taken without me. They found little difficulty in prevailing upon me to go along with them. Grief for the death of Achilles, and the desire of succeeding to the glory he had acquired in that celebrated war, were motives sufficient to induce me to follow them. When I arrived before Troy, the whole army gathered about me, and everyone swore that he beheld again Achilles himself: but

alas! he was now no more. Young as I was, and without experience, I imagined that I had everything to hope for from those who were so lavish of their praises; I therefore immediately demanded of the Atridae my father's arms, but they made me this harsh reply: "Whatever else belong to him you shall have; but as for his arms, they are destined for Ulysses." I was confounded at this intimation. I went in a transport of passion: but Ulysses, little regarding my emotion, said: "Young man, you have not shared with us in the perils and hardships of this long siege, and therefore have not just claim to the arms, nor shall you ever have them: you have too much vanity and presumption." My claim to the arms having been thus unjustly rejected, I am now returning to the isle of Scyros, not so much offended at Ulysses as at the two sons of Atreus. May everyone that is their enemy be the friends and favorite of the gods! O Philoctetes! I have now told you all.'

"I then asked Neoptolemus how it happened that Ajax, the son of Telamon, had not prevented that act of injustice. He replied: 'He is dead.'

"'Dead!' I said hastily: 'but Ulysses, so far from being dead, it seems is still in the army alive and well.'

"I then asked him what had become of Antiochus, the son of the sage Nestor; and Patroclus, so dear to Achilles.

"'They too are both dead,' he replied. I then again exclaimed: 'What, dead! Alas! what do you tell me? At that rate, the cruel war carries off the good, while it spares the bad. As Ulysses is still alive, Thersites, no doubt, is living also. Such are the doings of the gods; and yet will we still sing their praises!'

"While I thus vented my rage against your father, Neoptolemus continued to deceive me; adding these melancholy words:

"'I shall now set out for the barren isle of Scyros, where I shall live contented, far from the army of the Greeks, in which the wicked are more esteemed than the virtuous. Adieu, I must be going, may the gods grant you relief, and a cure of your wound.' I immediately answered: 'O my son, I conjure you by the soul of your father, by your mother, and whatever you hold most dear upon earth, not to leave me alone in the woeful condition in which you see me. I am not ignorant how troublesome I shall be to you, but it would be a shame to you to abandon me. Throw me down either at the stem or stern, or in the hold, or wherever I shall inconvenience you least.'

Great minds alone know what glory there is in being good: do not leave me, I beseech you, in a desert, where there are no vestiges of man; carry me to your native country, or to Eubea, which is not far from mount Oeta, Trachine, and the pleasant banks of the river Sperchius: convey me to my father. Alas! how I dread lest he should be dead! I gave him notice to send me a vessel; he must either be dead, or those who promised to acquaint him with my misery have neglected it. I must, therefore, now have recourse to you, O my son! Remember how precarious everything is that belongs to man. He that is in prosperity should beware of abusing it, or turning a deaf ear to the supplications of the miserable!"

"In such terms did the excess of my grief make me address Neoptolemus, who thereupon promised to take me with him; when I again exclaimed:

"'O happy day! O amiable Neoptolemus, worthy of the glory of his father! You who are to be my dear companion in this voyage, allow me to bid a last adieu to this my melancholy retreat. See where I have lived, and imagine to yourself what I have suffered: none besides myself would have borne it. But necessity was my instructor, and by it men are taught what they never would have otherwise learned. Those who have never suffered know nothing, neither adversity nor prosperity; they are strangers to men, nay, they are even strangers to themselves.'

"Having made these reflections, I laid hold of my bow and arrows. When Neoptolemus saw them, he begged to be allowed to kiss arms so celebrated and sacred, as being those of the invincible Hercules. To this I replied:

"'There is nothing, my son, that I can refuse you; for it is you who are going today to restore me to the light, to my country, to my father, laboring under the weight of years, to my friends, and myself; you may, therefore, touch them, and then boast that you are the only Greek who has merited that honor.'

"Accordingly Neoptolemus went into my grotto to view and admire my arms.

"In the meantime, my pain became so violent, and racked me to such a degree, that I was quite beside myself, calling for a sharp knife to cut off my foot, and exclaiming, 'O death! so much wished for, why comest thou not to my relief? O young man, set fire to me immediately, and burn me, as I burnt the son of Jupiter! O earth,

earth! receive a dying man, who can never raise himself from thee again.'

"From this excess of pain I swooned as usual, till a profuse sweat began to bring me to myself and give me some ease; black, purulent blood at the same time flowing from my wound. Neoptolemus, during my fit, might easily have carried off my bow and arrows and left me; but he was the son of Achilles, and not born to deceive. When I came to myself, I perceived his perplexity: he sighed, and looked like one who knows not how to dissemble, and acts against the dictates of his own heart.

"Do you intend,' I said, 'to cut me off by surprise? What then is the matter?' 'You must,' he said, 'go along with me to the siege of Troy.'

"Ah! my son,' I replied hastily, 'what do you say? I am betrayed; restore me that bow, and take not away my life.' Alas! he makes me no answer, but eyes me calmly, without seeming in the least moved. O ye coasts and promontories of this isle! O ye wild beasts! O ye craggy rocks! to you I make my complaint; for you alone have I left to complain to, and you are accustomed to my groans. Must I be betrayed by the son of Achilles? He has taken from me the sacred bow of Hercules, and would drag me to the Greek camp to triumph over me: he does not reflect that it would only be triumphing over a dead man, a specter, a shadow. O if he had attacked me when in strength and vigor! But, besides, he attacks me at present with my own weapons, which he obtained by surprise. What shall I do? 'Restore me my bow, my son, and act like your father and yourself. What do you say? Alas! you make me no answer. O savage rock! I come to thee naked, wretched, forsaken, and destitute of food; I shall die alone in this cave, or the wild beasts will devour me, as I have no bow wherewith to kill them; it matters not! But, my son, as you do not appear to be wicked, you must be influenced by somebody's advice; return me my arms, I say, and take yourself away.'

"Neoptolemus, with a low voice, and tears in his eyes, said: 'O that the gods had never suffered me to leave Scyros!'

"Immediately after I exclaimed: 'Ah! what do I see? Is it not Ulysses?'

"Presendy I heard his voice, and he replies: 'Yes, it is I.'

"Had the dismal realm of Pluto opened to my view, and I had seen the gloomy Tartarus, which the gods themselves dread to behold, I

should not, I admit, have been seized with more horror. I exclaimed again:

"O isle of Lemnos, I call thee to witness! O sun, thou seest it, and sufferest it!"

"Ulysses, without any emotion, replied: 'Jupiter wills it, and I execute his will.'

"Dare you," I said, "mention the name of Jupiter? Do you see that young man, whom nature never designed for an impostor, and who executes with the utmost reluctance what you have enjoined him?"

"We have not come," said Ulysses, "either to hurt you or deceive you; on the contrary, we have come to deliver you, to cure you, to procure the glory of taking Troy, and to carry you to your native country. It is not Ulysses who is the enemy of Philoctetes, but himself."

"Upon this, I poured out against your father all the abuse with which rage could inspire me. 'Since you forsook me upon this coast,' I said, 'why do not you suffer me to remain upon it in peace? Go in pursuit of military glory and pleasure; enjoy your happiness with the sons of Atreus; leave me my misery and pain. Why would you carry me away? I am no longer anything, I am dead. Why do not you think now as you thought formerly, that I cannot go with you; that my groans, and the infection of my wound, would disturb the sacrifices? O Ulysses, author of my woes! may the gods . . . But the gods hear me no more; on the contrary, they stir up my enemy against me. O my native land, which I shall see no more! O ye gods, if there are any just enough to take pity upon me, punish, punish Ulysses, and then shall I think myself cured!'

"While I thus exclaimed, your father, tranquil, regarded me with a look of compassion, like one who, instead of being offended, bears patiently, and excuses the ill humor of a man whom fortune has irritated. He appeared to me like a rock on the top of a mountain, which bids defiance to the fury of the winds, and receives their rudest assaults unmoved. Thus did your father remain in silence, waiting till my rage had spent itself; for he knew that it was in vain to attack the passions of men in order to reduce them to reason, till they begin to grow weak, and to feel a kind of lassitude. Then he addressed me thus:

"O Philoctetes, what has become of your reason and courage? Now is the time to make use of them. You are unworthy of the glory

of being the deliverer of Greece, and the destroyer of Troy, if you now refuse to go along with us, and to fulfill the will of Jupiter in respect to you. Adieu; you may still remain in Lemnos, and these arms, which I shall carry off, will procure me the glory that was intended for you. Come, Neoptolemus, let us be gone; it is in vain to speak to him; and compassion for a single man ought not to make us overlook the safety of all Greece.'

"Then I was seized with no less rage than a lioness when she is robbed of her whelps, and fills the woods with her roarings.

"'O cavern,' I said, 'never will I quit thee, thou shalt be my tomb! O sad retreat! Now is there an end both of food and of hope! Who will give me a dagger to make away with myself? O that the birds of prey would bear me away. No more shall I shoot them with my arrows. O precious bow! made sacred by the hands of the son of Jupiter! O dear Hercules, if you have yet any existence, are you not fired with indignation? Thy bow is no longer in the hands of thy faithful friend, but in the impure and treacherous grasp of Ulysses. Birds of prey, and savage beasts, fly no more from this cavern, for I have now no arrows. Wretch that I am! I cannot now hurt you; come then and devour me; or rather let a thunderbolt of the pitiless Jupiter destroy me.'

"Your father, having tried every other way to prevail upon me in vain, at last thought the best would be to return me my arms; accordingly he made a sign to Neoptolemus to restore them immediately. Upon which I said to him:

"'Worthy son of Achilles, you show that you really are so: but allow me to sacrifice my enemy.' So saying, I would have let fly an arrow at your father; but Neoptolemus prevented me, saying: 'Resentment blinds you, and hinders you from seeing what an unworthy action you are going to commit!'

"As for Ulysses, he appeared as little moved at my arrows as at my approaches. I could not help admiring such patience and such intrepidity, and was ashamed that in the heat of my passion I should have thought of employing my arms to take away the life of him who had caused them to be restored. But as my resentment was not yet quite extinguished, I was extremely mortified to be indebted for my arms to one whom I hated so much.

"In the meantime, Neoptolemus accosted me thus: 'Know, that the divine Helenus, the son of Priam, came by the order and inspira-

tion of the gods out of Troy, and acquainted us with what was to happen hereafter. "Ill-fated Troy," he said, "is doomed to fall; but not till it is attacked by him who has in his possession the arrows of Hercules, and who cannot be cured till his arrival before Troy, where the sons of Esculapius will cure him."

"Here I found myself in doubt and perplexity; I was touched by the simplicity of Neoptolemus, and the readiness with which he had restored my bow; but I could not yet be reconciled to life upon the condition of yielding to Ulysses, and a false shame kept me in suspense. 'Shall I be seen,' I said to myself, 'with Ulysses, and the sons of Atreus? What will people then think of me?'

"While I was in this uncertainty, I heard, all of a sudden, a voice more than human; and beheld, in a bright cloud, Hercules encompassed with rays of glory. I immediately recognized his features, somewhat harsh, his robust make, and his plain unaffected manner; but he appeared with a superior majesty and dignity than when he was subduing monsters on earth. He said to me:

"'You see and hear Hercules. I have come down from the lofty Olympus to notify to you the commands of Jupiter. You know by what labors I have attained immortality. If you would then acquire glory, you must accompany the son of Achilles, and tread in my steps. You shall be cured, and with my arrows shall pierce Paris, the author of so many disasters. After the reduction of Troy, you shall send some rich spoils to your father Paean on mount Oeta, which shall be put upon my tomb as a monument of the victory obtained by my arrows. And to you, O son of Achilles, be it known, that you cannot be victorious without Philoctetes, nor Philoctetes without you. Go then together, like two lions in quest of their prey. I will send Esculapius to Troy to cure Philoctetes. Above all things, I charge you, O Greeks, to show a due regard and reverence to religion; everything else dies, but that will never fade.'

"I had no sooner heard these words than I exclaimed: 'O happy day! Sweet light, thou at last again visitest me after so many years. I yield, and shall set out as soon as I have taken my leave of this place. Adieu, my dear cave! Adieu, nymph of these watery plains! I shall hear no more the rumbling of these waves. Adieu, thou sea-coast! where I have so long been exposed to the inclemency of the air. Adieu, promontories! whence Echo so often returned my groans. Adieu, ye fresh-water fountains! that to me have been so bitter. Isle

of Lemnos, adieu! May my departure from thee be auspicious, since I go where I am called by the will of the gods and my friends.'

"We then embarked: and arrived in the camp before Troy, where Machaon and Podalyrius, by the divine skill they derived from their father Esculapius, cured my wound, or at least brought me to the condition in which you see me. I no longer suffer, and have recovered my strength; but am somewhat lame. I slew Paris like a timorous fawn, which the huntsman has pierced with his arrows; after his death, Troy was soon laid in ashes: the rest you know. Yet I still retained a great antipathy to the sage Ulysses, from the recollection of what I had suffered, which his virtue could not overcome: but my acquaintance with his son, who resembles him, and whom I cannot help loving, has softened my heart for the father himself."

Book XIII

The argument

Telemachus falls out with Phalantus in consequence of a dispute over which had the best right to certain prisoners. He engages and vanquishes Hippias who, despising his youth, had in a haughty manner seized these prisoners for his brother Phalantus. But, far from being pleased with his victory, he laments, in secret, his temerity and error, which he would gladly atone for. In the meantime, Adrastus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the allied kings thought of nothing but making up the quarrel between Telemachus and Hippias, goes and attacks them unexpectedly. Having taken a hundred of their ships by surprise he transports his troops in them to their camp, then sets fire to them, and attacking the quarter where Phalantus commanded, kills his brother Hippias; and Phalantus himself is dangerously wounded.

While Philoctetes recounted his adventures, Telemachus had remained as if suspended and motionless. His eyes were fixed on this great man who was speaking. All the different passions with which Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulysses, and Neoptolemus had been affected, appeared successively upon the naive countenance of the young Telemachus as they were represented in the course of the narration. He sometimes exclaimed and interrupted Philoctetes undesignedly; sometimes he appeared very thoughtful, like one meditating deeply upon the consequences of things. When Philoctetes described the perplexity of Neoptolemus, who was incapable of dissimulation, Telemachus seemed to be in the same situation; and one would have taken him then for Neoptolemus himself.

The army of the allies was now marching in good order against Adrastus king of the Daunians, who despised the gods, and sought only to deceive mankind. Telemachus found it a matter of no small difficulty to manage so many kings who were jealous of one another. He was not to give suspicion to any, and to endeavor to make himself beloved by all. He was good-natured and sincere, but not of a winning disposition: he did not study much to render himself agreeable to others, and though his heart was not much set upon riches, yet he did not know how to give. Thus, though his sentiments were noble and his disposition benevolent, yet he seemed to have neither good nature, nor generosity, nor gratitude for the kindnesses done him, nor desire to reward merit. He followed, without reflection, his own inclination. His mother Penelope, in spite of Mentor, had cherished in him a haughtiness and pride that tarnished all his good qualities. He looked upon himself as of a superior nature to the rest of mankind, who seemed to him to have been sent into the world by the gods for no other purpose but to minister to his pleasure; to serve him, to fulfill all his wishes, and to regard him as a sort of divinity. He thought his servants were sufficiently rewarded by being in his service. He expected that they should not stop at anything, how hard or difficult soever to please him: and was of so warm and impatient a temper that he could not bear the least difficulty or delay.

Whoever had observed this temper and behavior of his would have thought that he was incapable of loving any besides himself, and minded nothing but the gratification of his own glory or pleasure; but this indifference in regard to others, and constant attention to himself, was entirely owing to the violence of his passions. He had been flattered by his mother from his infancy, and was a remarkable instance of the unhappiness attending high birth. Nor had the misfortunes he encountered so early in life been able to abate his haughtiness, or curb the impetuosity of his temper. Stripped of everything, abandoned and exposed to so many hardships and dangers, yet he still retained his pride; it could not be subdued, but like the vigorous palm, still recovered itself, whatever efforts were used to keep it down.

While he was with Mentor these defects did not appear, and they declined every day. Like a high-spirited courser bounding over the spacious plains, whom neither craggy rocks, nor precipices, nor torrents can restrain, and who recognizes but one man whose hand and

voice are capable of taming him, Telemachus, full of a noble ardor, could be curbed and governed by Mentor alone. But a single glance of his eye would at any time check him in the midst of his career: he immediately understood what it meant; became aware of his faults, and cheerfulness and serenity appeared again upon his countenance. Neptune, when he lifts his trident, and threatens the angry waves and stormy winds, does not with greater ease restrain their fury.

When Telemachus found himself alone, all his passions, like a torrent that had been dammed up, broke forth again: he could not bear the arrogance of the Lacedaemonians, nor of Phalantus who was at their head. That colony had founded Tarentum, and consisted of the young men who had been born during the siege of Troy, and had received no sort of education. The illegitimacy of their birth, together with the licentiousness in which they had been brought up, and their dissolute manners had rendered them surprisingly ferocious and barbarous. They looked more like a band of robbers than a Greek colony.

Upon all occasions Phalantus sought to contradict Telemachus; and when anything was debated in council, treated his advice with contempt, as that of a young man without experience. He even ridiculed him, and charged him with effeminacy and weakness; not letting his most inconsiderable faults escape, without pointing them out to the chiefs of the army. He endeavored to sow jealousy everywhere and to make the pride of Telemachus odious to all the allies.

One day Telemachus having taken some prisoners from the Daunians, Phalantus claimed that they belonged to him, because it was he, as he said, who had, at the head of his Lacedaemonians, defeated that detachment of the enemy; and that Telemachus, finding the Daunians already vanquished and put to flight, had no other trouble than to give them quarter, and conduct them to the camp. Telemachus on the other hand maintained that he had prevented Phalantus being beaten, and that the victory over the Daunians was owing to him. They both, therefore, appeared before the assembly of the allied kings to plead their cause. There Telemachus proceeded so far as to threaten Phalantus, and they would have fought upon the spot had they not been prevented.

Phalantus had a brother named Hippias, famous through the whole army for his valor, strength, and dexterity. Pollux, said the Tarentines, did not excel him at the cestus, nor Castor in horsemanship; and he

had the strength and stature of Hercules. The whole army feared him, for he was even more quarrelsome and brutal than brave and intrepid. Hippias, when he observed in what a haughty manner Telemachus had treated his brother, goes directly and takes the prisoners, in order to carry them to Tarentum, without waiting for the decision of the council. Telemachus, being privately informed of his design, went out in a rage. Like a foaming wild boar in quest of the huntsman that has wounded him, he traversed the camp in pursuit of his enemy, brandishing the dart with which he intended to dispatch him. At last he encounters him, and then his fury redoubled. It was now no longer the wise Telemachus, guided by the instructions of Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, but a raving madman, or an angry lion.

He immediately called out to Hippias: "Stop, O most dastardly of all men! Stop; we must see whether you can take from me the spoils of these prisoners of mine. You never shall carry them to Tarentum, for I will send you directly to the gloomy banks of Styx."

He had no sooner pronounced these words than he let fly his dart, but in such a fit of rage that he neglected to take his aim properly, and thereby missed Hippias. Then he forthwith drew his sword, the hilt of which was of gold, and which Laertes had given him when he left Ithaca, as a pledge of his love. Laertes had used it when young with a great deal of glory, and it had been stained with the blood of several famous captains of the Epirotes, in a war in which Laertes had been victorious. Scarcely had Telemachus drawn this sword when Hippias, in order to avail himself of his great strength, rushed upon him and endeavored to wrest it out of the hands of the young son of Ulysses. The sword broke in their hands; they immediately grappled, and closed with one another. Behold them now like two wild beasts endeavoring to tear one another; their eyes burn with fire; they bend, they stretch, they stoop, they rise, they spring, they thirst for each other's blood. Then they close foot against foot, and hand opposed to hand, clinging so close together that the two bodies seemed but one. But Hippias, being of a more advanced age and stronger nerves, seemed likely to be too hard for Telemachus. Already Telemachus, out of breath, felt his knees trembling under him. Hippias, perceiving him flag, redoubled his efforts. All was over with the son of Ulysses, who would have infallibly paid for his rage and rashness, had not Minerva, who watched over him, and permitted him to be in so great

danger merely as a lesson to his ardor, determined victory at last in his favor.

She did not herself quit the palace of Salente, but sent Iris, the prompt messenger of the gods. She, spreading her airy wing, with a rapid flight pervaded the immense spaces of the air, and left behind her a long train of light, tinged with a thousand different colors. She did not alight till she reached the sea-coast, where the army of the allies, in vast numbers, was encamped: she saw from far off the fierce encounter, and violent efforts of the two combatants; she shuddered when she beheld the danger in which young Telemachus was; she drew near, wrapped up in a shining cloud, which she had formed of subtle vapors. At the very instant when Hippias perceived his own superiority in strength, and thought himself sure of victory, she covered the young pupil of Minerva with the aegis which the goddess of wisdom had given her. Immediately Telemachus, whose strength was now exhausted, felt himself inspired with fresh vigor. In proportion as his strength increased, Hippias lost courage; he felt something divine that terrified and disconcerted him. Telemachus, in order to improve his advantage, plies him hard; sometimes on one side, bending and shaking him incessantly, so that he had not a moment to recover his posture, till at last he threw him down and fell upon him. A sturdy oak of mount Ida, felled by a thousand strokes of the ax, with which the whole forest rebounded, makes not a more dreadful noise by its fall; the earth groaned, and everything shook around.

In the meantime, with victory, wisdom again took possession of the heart of Telemachus. Scarcely had Hippias fallen when the son of Ulysses understood the fault he had committed in thus attacking a brother of one of the allied kings whom he had come to assist: he recollects, with shame and confusion, the sage counsels of Mentor: he blushed for his victory, and understood well that he deserved to have been vanquished. In the meantime Phalantus, in a transport of rage, ran to the assistance of his brother: he would have immediately pierced Telemachus with a dart he had in his hand, had he not been afraid of wounding at the same time Hippias, whom Telemachus kept under him in the dust. The son of Ulysses might easily have deprived his antagonist of his life, but his anger was now cooled, and he thought of nothing but repairing his fault by showing moderation. He therefore starts up and exclaims:

"Hippias! I am satisfied with having taught you never to despise my youth again; live: I admire your strength and courage. The gods have protected me; submit to their power: let us for the future direct our united efforts against the Daunians."

While Telemachus spoke thus, Hippias arose, covered with blood and dust, and full of shame and rage. Phalantus did not care to take the life of one who had given it so generously to his brother; he was in a state of surprise, and beside himself. All the chiefs of the alliance ran thither to part the combatants. They conveyed Telemachus one way, and conducted to another quarter Phalantus and Hippias, which last now so humbled that he dared not lift up his eyes. The whole army was lost in amazement to find that Telemachus, at a tender age when men have not yet attained to their full strength, had been able to vanquish Hippias, who was tall and robust, like those earth-born giants who formerly attempted to drive the immortal gods from Olympus.

But this victory was far from yielding the son of Ulysses any pleasure. While they could not leave off admiring him, he retired to his tent, ashamed of his fault and no longer able to support himself. He trembled at his promptitude: he recognized how unjust and unreasonable he was in being carried away; he found something vain, weak, and low in this measureless and unjust haughtiness. He recognized that true greatness resided always with moderation, justice, modesty, and humanity: he saw this, but notwithstanding his knowledge he despaired of ever being able to get the better of his foibles, after so many relapses; so that he lost all patience with himself and roared like a furious lion.

He continued thus for two days shut up in his tent, punishing himself and secluded from all company. "Alas!" he said, "shall I ever dare to look Mentor in the face again? Am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and most patient of men? Came I hither to sow division and animosity among the allies? Is it their blood or that of the Daunians that I ought to shed? I have acted rashly; I did not even know how to throw my dart, and ventured to attack Hippias, though greatly inferior to him in strength; so that I had nothing to expect but death, and the disgrace of being vanquished. But what would that have signified? I should then have been no more: no, I should have been no more than that rash Telemachus, that young fool, who is never the better for any advice: my disgrace and life would have ended together.

Alas! Could I hope that I should never do again what I am now so grieved for having done, I should think myself too, too happy: but perhaps before the day is at an end, I shall commit, and wish to commit again, the very same faults which I at present regard with such shame and abhorrence. O fatal victory! O the mortifying applause, which, in reality, is but a cruel upbraiding of me with my folly!"

While he remained thus alone and inconsolable, Nestor and Philoctetes came to see him. Nestor intended to have expostulated with him upon his misconduct; but the sage soon perceiving how much the youth was grieved for it, instead of the reproof he intended, endeavored to comfort him, and dispel his despair.

This quarrel put a stop to the operations of the army of the allied princes, who were obliged to suspend their march towards the enemy till they had reconciled Phalantus and Hippias to Telemachus. They were continually afraid lest the Tarentine troops should fall upon the hundred Cretans who had followed Telemachus to the war: all was in confusion, and that entirely owing to Telemachus alone; and Telemachus, seeing himself the author of so much present evil and future danger, abandoned himself to bitter sadness. Great was the perplexity of the chiefs: they were afraid to put the army in motion, lest the Cretans, commanded by Telemachus, and the Tarentines of Phalantus, should attack each other upon the march; for it was with great difficulty they were restrained from this violence in the camp, where they were narrowly watched. Nestor and Philoctetes were continually passing and repassing between the tent of Telemachus and that of the implacable Phalantus, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither the mild eloquence of Nestor, nor the authority of the great Philoctetes could pacify his fierce haughty spirit, which was, besides, continually inflamed more and more by the fury of his brother Hippias. Telemachus was much more gentle, but was so affected with grief that he was quite inconsolable.

While the princes were thus agitated, the whole army was under the greatest consternation; the camp appeared like a family in distress for the loss of a father, who was the support of his neighbors, and the tender guardian of his little children. In the midst of this confusion and consternation, all of a sudden was heard a frightful noise of chariots, arms, the neighing of horses, and the cries of men; some shouting for victory, and thirsting for carnage; others flying for their

lives, either wounded or dying. A whirlwind of dust formed a thick cloud that darkened the sky and enveloped the whole camp. And to this was soon added a thick smoke that disturbed the air and made it unfit for respiration. Then was heard a hideous noise like that of the fiery eruptions which issue from the scorched bowels of mount Aetna, when Vulcan with his Cyclops forge the thunderbolts for the father of the gods. Every heart was struck with terror.

The vigilant and indefatigable Adrastus had surprised the camp of the allies, having concealed his march from them, while he was exactly informed of all their motions. During the two nights he had, with incredible diligence, made the circuit of an almost inaccessible mountain, the passes of which the allies had taken care to occupy. Possessed of those defiles they thought themselves perfectly secure, and even believed that through these openings they could fall unexpectedly upon the enemy behind the mountain as soon as some troops which they expected had arrived. Adrastus, who paid those liberally who revealed to him any secrets of the enemy, had learned their plans; for Nestor and Philoctetes, commanders otherwise of such wisdom and experience, were not careful enough to keep their resolutions secret. Nestor, in the decline of life, took too much pleasure in recounting what he thought would procure him admiration and applause: Philoctetes, naturally, was not talkative; but being of a warm temper, if he was ever so little irritated he was sure to disclose what he had determined to conceal. Thus had artful men got an infallible key to open his heart, and draw from it the most important secrets. They needed only put him into a passion: then he would in a rage break out into menaces, and boast that he had infallible means to accomplish his designs. If they seemed to doubt this even a little, he would inconsiderately give a particular detail of them, and thereby reveal the greatest secrets. Thus was the heart of this great captain like a vase of great price, but leaky; so that the most delicious liquors pass through it and are lost. The traitors, who were corrupted by Adrastus, availed themselves of the weakness of these two kings. Nestor they were perpetually applauding, and flattering with extravagant praises, taking notice of his former victories, and extolling his foresight. On the other hand, they were continually laying snares for the hot, impatient temper of Philoctetes, never talking to him of anything but difficulties, cross accidents, dangers, inconveniences, and irremediable blunders. His warm temper was no sooner irritated

than prudence and caution forsook him, and he no longer seemed the same man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding the defects we have seen, was more capable of keeping a secret than either of them: his misfortunes, and the necessity he had been under from his infancy of concealing himself from the lovers of Penelope, had habituated him to it. He knew how to keep a secret, without telling a lie: he had not even that reserved mysterious air, which those that value themselves upon their caution and secrecy usually affect. He did not appear to be charged with the weight of the secret he had to keep; he was found to be altogether free, open, and without disguise or reserve. Yet while he talked freely of whatever he might mention, without any dangerous consequence, yet he knew exactly how to avoid whatever could give any suspicion or had the least tendency to betray his secret: thus his heart was impenetrable. Except Mentor, for whom he had no reserve, his best friends knew no more than what he thought prudent to communicate to them for the sake of their advice. Of these last, indeed, some had more of his confidence than others, in proportion as he had experienced their friendship and sagacity.

Telemachus had often observed that some knowledge of what had passed in council had spread into the camp; he had warned Nestor and Philoctetes of this. But these two men, notwithstanding their experience, did not pay enough attention to so salutary a warning: old age has no pliancy; chained down by inveterate habits, it has no resource against its own defects. Men at a certain age, like trees whose rough knotty trunks have become hard and stiff by length of time, and cannot any longer be bent or made straight, are not to be cured of certain habits which have grown old with them, and remain rooted in the very marrow of their bones. They are often aware of them, and lament them when it is too late: youth is the only season when a man may hope to combat bad habits with success.

There was in the army a Dolopian named Eurymachus, an artful insinuating flatterer, who knew how to suit himself to the different characters and tempers of all the princes, and was very assiduous and successful in his endeavors to please them. To hear him, nothing was ever difficult. If he was asked his opinion on any point, he immediately guessed what would be most agreeable. He was pleasant in conversation, had a turn for raillery and ridicule, but was complaisant and obliging to those he feared, and could flatter with such dexterity

and address as not to offend the most modest and delicate. With the grave, he was grave; but merry and facetious with those of a contrary disposition: for it cost him nothing to assume all sorts of forms. Men who are sincere and virtuous, and without dissimulation, who are always the same and will not deviate from the rules of virtue, can never make themselves so agreeable to princes as those who are ever ready to flatter their predominant passions.

Eurymachus understood war; he had a capacity for affairs. He was an adventurer who had attached himself to Nestor, and had gained his confidence. From him, as being somewhat vain, and not insensible to flattery, he could easily draw whatever he had a mind to know. Though Philoctetes had not the same confidence in him as Nestor, yet the warmth and impatience of his temper produced the same effect. By irritating and contradicting him, Eurymachus had never failed to make him disclose his secrets. This man had received large sums from Adrastus, to give him intelligence of the designs of the allies. The king of the Daunians had always in their camp a certain number of deserters, who were to make their escape from thence one after another, and return to their own. As soon as Eurymachus made any discovery of importance enough to be communicated to Adrastus, Eurymachus immediately dispatched one of these deserters. The cheat could not easily be discovered because he carried no letters. If at any time he was taken, nothing could be found that could occasion any suspicion of Eurymachus. By these means Adrastus rendered all the schemes of the allies abortive. No sooner was any resolution taken in council than the Daunians took precisely the precautions necessary to defeat it. Telemachus took a great deal of pains to find out the cause of all these miscarriages, and to put Nestor and Philoctetes on their guard by alarming their suspicion; but his care was useless, they were blind.

A resolution had been taken in council to wait for the large reinforcements that were expected; and a hundred vessels had been secretly dispatched in the night to transport them from the place of their rendezvous, which was a rugged part of the coast, to the camp. In the meantime they thought themselves quite safe - because the passes of the neighboring mountain, which is the skirt of the Apennines, almost inaccessible, were guarded by their troops. The main body of the army was encamped on the banks of the river Galesus, not far from the sea. This delicious coast produces plenty of pasture, and other provisions necessary for the subsistence of an army.

Behind the mountain Adrastus was encamped, and they thought it was not possible for him to pass it: but as he knew that the allies were still weak, that a large reinforcement was upon the march to join them, that there were ships ready to transport them when they should arrive, and that the quarrel between Phalantus and Telemachus had occasioned great discord and animosity in the army, he resolved immediately to march a great way round the mountain. Accordingly he advanced with great expedition day and night along the sea-coast by ways which, till then, had been thought absolutely impracticable. Thus obstinate labor and boldness surmount the greatest difficulties: almost nothing is impossible to those who know how to dare and suffer; and thus do they who fondly imagine that what is difficult will never be attempted, and think themselves secure, deserve to be surprised and cut off.

The hundred ships belonging to the allies were, at break of day, surprised by Adrastus. As these vessels were ill guarded, as there was no apprehension of danger, he easily made himself master of them, and with incredible diligence transported his army in them to the mouth of the river Galesus, up which he proceeded with the same expedition. The advanced posts about the camp of the allies towards the river imagining that the reinforcements they expected were on board these ships, shouted at the sight of them for joy. Before the mistake was discovered, Adrastus and his soldiers disembarked and attacked the allies, who mistrusted nothing, and were in an open camp, without order, without leaders, without arms.

The quarter of the camp that they first fell upon was that of the Tarentines, commanded by Phalantus. These young Lacedaemonians, having been surprised and charged with great fury by the Daunians were not able to stand their ground. While they in the utmost confusion are running to their arms and embracing one another, Adrastus sets fire to the camp. Immediately the flames ascend from the tents into the air, attended with a noise like that of a torrent which lays the whole country under water, and sweeps away with its impetuosity huge oaks, root and branch, fields of corn, barns, stables, and cattle. The wind spreads the flames with amazing rapidity from tent to tent, and the whole camp looks soon like an ancient forest set on fire by an accidental spark.

Phalantus, who was more immediately exposed to the danger, was not able to guard against it. He saw that his troops were going to perish in the flames if they did not immediately quit the camp; but

he saw likewise the danger of such a disorderly retreat before a victorious enemy: he was beginning to draw off his young Lacedaemonians, who were not yet half armed. But Adrastus did not let him breathe: on one side a body of skillful archers pierced them with showers of arrows; and slingers on the other with showers of large stones. Adrastus himself, sword in hand, at the head of a chosen body of the most gallant Daunians, pursues, by the light of the flames, the flying troops of the enemy. He mows down with the sword all that had escaped the flames, swimming in blood, yet not sated; so that the rage of lions and tigers, when they fall upon the shepherds and their flocks, did not equal his. Phalantus' troops, therefore, were unable to stand their ground, and lost all courage: pale death, led on by an infernal Fury, whose head was bristled with serpents, freezes the blood in their veins, while their benumbed limbs grow still, and their trembling knees deprive them even of the hopes of flight.

Phalantus himself, whom shame and despair still supplied with a little strength and vigor, while he was lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, sees his brother Hippias fall at his feet, overthrown by the tremendous arm of Adrastus. Hippias, stretched upon the plain, lay rolling in the dust; a black and boiling blood rushed like a torrent from the deep wound that had pierced his side; the light forsook his eyes; his furious soul fled with all his blood. Phalantus too, covered all over with his brother's blood, but unable to give him any relief, sees himself surrounded with great numbers of the enemy, striving who should dispatch him first; his buckler had been pierced with a thousand darts, and he had received several wounds in different parts of his body, so that he was altogether incapable of rallying his flying troops: the gods saw him and had no pity on him.

Jupiter, in the midst of the whole assembly of the gods on the summit of Olympus, beheld this slaughter of the allies. At the same time, consulting the immutable destinies, he saw all the chiefs, the thread of whose life was that day to be cut by the scissors of the Fates. Each of the gods was attentive to discover on the countenance of Jupiter what his will would be. But the father of the gods and men, with a mild majestic voice, declared:

"You see to what extremity the allies are reduced, and how Adrastus mows down his enemies; but this appearance is deceitful: the glory and prosperity of the wicked are but of short duration. The impious Adrastus, detestable for his perfidy, shall not gain a complete

victory. This misfortune is permitted to happen to the allies only to make them wiser for the future, and teach them to keep their secrets better. The sage Minerva now intends to procure fresh glory for the young Telemachus, who is her darling."

Jupiter said no more: and all the gods continued in silence to observe the combat.

Meanwhile, Nestor and Philoctetes were informed that part of the camp was already burnt; that the flames, driven by the winds, were still advancing; that their troops were in disorder; and that Phalantus was no longer able to make a stand against the enemy. No sooner did they receive these fatal tidings than they ran to arms, and gave orders to the captains, whom they had called together, to quit the camp with all possible expedition in order to avoid the flames.

Telemachus, notwithstanding his great grief and dejection, as soon as he understood what had happened, immediately took the arms with which he was presented by Minerva, who, appearing to him under the figure of Mentor, pretended to have received them from an excellent workman of Salente, but in reality had them made by Vulcan in the smoking caverns of mount Aetna.

They were polished as smooth as glass and as brilliant as the noonday sun. Upon them were represented Neptune and Pallas, contending for the glory of giving their name to a new city. Neptune with his trident struck the earth, and up sprang a fine horse. Fire issued from his eyes, and foam from his mouth; his supple muscular legs appeared to move with great vigor and agility. He did not walk, but leapt in obedience to the reins; and that so nimbly as to leave no traces of his feet behind him: one would have almost thought that they heard him neigh.

On the other hand, Minerva gave to the inhabitants of the new city the olive which she had planted, with its fruit: the branch, with its fruit hanging from it, was an emblem of peace and plenty, much to be preferred to the devastation of war of which the horse was an image. The goddess, by her simple and useful present, obtained the victory; and proud Athens bore her name.

Minerva was seen, likewise, with all the fine arts around her, which were represented by little children with wings. They had fled to her for protection from the brutal fury of Mars, who destroys everything; as the tender bleating lambs take shelter about their dams at the sight of a famished wolf who, with his jaws wide open and inflamed, rushes

upon them in order to tear and devour them. Minerva, with disdain and resentment in her looks, confounds, by the excellence of her work, the temerity and presumption of Arachne, who ventured to dispute her superior skill in weaving. The body of that unhappy woman appeared quite emaciated and disfigured, as it was changing to that of a spider.

On another side Minerva was again represented, giving counsel to Jupiter himself in the war of the giants, and animating all the other astonished gods. Finally she was represented with her lance and aegis upon the banks of the Xanthus, and Simois leading Ulysses by the hand, rallying the flying Grecian troops, baffling the efforts of the most valiant Trojan commanders, and even of the terrible Hector himself. Lastly, she was seen conducting Ulysses into that fatal machine, which was, in one night, to overturn the empire of Priam.

On another side, this shield represented Ceres in the fertile fields of Enna, which lie in the middle of Sicily. She appeared assembling together the people who before were dispersed, either hunting for their food, or gathering as they fell from the trees, the fruits that grew wild in the woods and forests. These savages she taught how to till the ground, and to procure themselves nourishment from her fruitful bosom. She made them a present also of a plow, and taught them how to use it by the yoke. The fertile fields were then seen laid open in furrows by the plowshare, and afterwards overspread with the golden grain, which the reaper cut down with his sharp sickle, thus rewarding himself for all his labor. Of iron, that elsewhere is employed to destroy everything, no other use seemed to be made here, but to procure abundance and pleasures of every kind.

Nymphs crowned with flowers danced together in a meadow by the side of a river, near a grove: Pan played upon his flute, and the frolicsome fauns and satyrs leapt about in a corner. There appeared Bacchus also, crowned with ivy, leaning with one hand upon his thyrsus, and holding in the other a vine adorned with leaves and clusters of grapes. It was a soft beauty, with something very noble, tender, and agreeable: he was such as he appeared to the unhappy Ariadne, when he found her in the deepest distress, alone and forsaken upon a foreign coast.

Besides these, there appeared a great crowd of people, of whom some were old men going to the temples to offer first fruits; some young, returning home from their labor, weary and fatigued: the wives

had come to meet them, leading by the hand, and caressing their little children. There too was seen a company of shepherds, some of whom seemed to be singing, while others were dancing to the pipe. Everything represented joy, peace, and plenty; happiness and content reigned through the whole. Even wolves were seen playing among the sheep in their pastures, and the lion and tiger had forgot their fierceness, and fled with the tender lamb; while a little shepherd with his crook tended them together, so that happiness of the golden age was there represented in a very lively and agreeable manner.

Telemachus put on his divine armor and, instead of his ordinary buckler, took the terrible aegis, which Minerva had sent him by Iris, the swift messenger of the gods. Iris had taken away his own buckler without his perceiving it, and had given him, instead of it, the aegis, terrible to the gods themselves.

In this state, he made his way out of the camp to avoid the flames, calling with a loud voice to all the chiefs to follow him. His voice alone reanimates the despairing troops. A divine fire sparkled in the eyes of the young warrior. He appeared always gentle, always free and tranquil, always well applied in giving orders, like a wise old man employed in regulating his family and instructing his children. But he was keen and rapid in the execution: like an impetuous river, which not only swiftly rolls its foaming flood, but also bears along with it in its course the heaviest vessels launched into its stream.

Philoctetes, Nestor, and the chiefs of the Mandurians and the other nations felt an authority in the son of Ulysses which it was not in their power to withstand: the old men found they lacked experience, and all the commanders that they were destitute of wisdom and counsel: so that even jealousy, which is so natural to men, had no place in their hearts. They all submitted, all admired Telemachus, and obeyed him without hesitation or reluctance, as if they had been accustomed to it. He advances with the utmost diligence to the top of a hill, from which he could observe the disposition of the enemy's army; he immediately perceives that it would be proper to hasten to surprise it, and take advantage of the disorder they had thrown themselves into by setting fire to the camp of the allies. He makes a circuit [of the camp] in a wagon, and all of the most experienced captains follow him. He attacks the Daunians in the rear, when they imagined the army of the allies was enveloped with flames. This surprise troubles them: they fall thick under the hands of Telemachus, as the

leaves in the forests towards the end of autumn, when the fierce north wind, bringing back the winter, makes the old trees groan and shake in every bough. The ground was covered with men whom Telemachus had overthrown. He pierced with a dart the heart of Iphicles, the youngest son of Adrastus. This youth ventured to present himself in the combat, in order to save the life of his father, who had almost been surprised by Telemachus. Iphicles and the son of Ulysses were both beautiful, strong, active, and courageous; of the same age and stature; both good-natured, humane, and tenderly beloved by their parents. But Iphicles was like a flower that blooms in the fields, soon to be cut down by the scythe of the mower. The next whom Telemachus slew was Euphorion, the bravest of all the Lydians that came into Etruria. Lastly with his sword he dispatched Cleomenes, who had been but lately married, and had promised to present his spouse with rich spoils taken from the enemy; but fate ordained that he should never see her again.

Adrastus shook with rage to see his dear son and several of his officers slain, and the victory escaping from his hands. Phalantus, upon the point of falling at his feet, was like a half-slaughtered victim that escapes from the sacred knife, and flies from the altar. Another moment would have enabled Adrastus to finish the fate of the Lace-daemonians. Phalantus, drenched in his own blood, and that of the soldiers who fought about him, hears the shouts of Telemachus as he advanced to his assistance. At this moment new life was given to him; a cloud that was beginning to overspread his eyes dispersed. The Daunians, feeling themselves unexpectedly attacked, abandoned Phalantus to push back a more dangerous enemy. Adrastus raged like a tiger when the assembled shepherds tear from him the prey that he was just ready to devour. Telemachus searches for him in the crowd, that he might have put an end to the war at once by delivering the allies from their most implacable enemy.

But Jupiter would not give the son of Ulysses so easy and so prompt a victory: even Minerva was willing that he should encounter more hardships and disasters, to learn the better how to govern mankind. The impious Adrastus, therefore, was preserved by the father of the gods, that Telemachus might have time to acquire both more glory and more virtue. Accordingly, to save the Daunians, Jupiter condensed a thick cloud to darken all the air, frightful thunder at the same time announcing the will of the gods. One would have thought

that the eternal dome of the lofty Olympus was going to tumble down upon the heads of weak mortals, while the cloud opened, and the lightning darted from pole to pole; and in the instant that the eye was dazzled by those piercing fires, all nature was again enveloped with the dreadful shades of night. A heavy rain which fell immediately compelled the armies to separate.

Adrastus availed himself of the help of the gods without being affected by their power, and therefore deserved on account of his ingratitude to be doomed to a heavier vengeance. He lost no time in making his troops file off between the half-burnt camp and a swamp that extended quite to the river: he did this with such dexterity and expedition, as plainly proved his great abilities and presence of mind. The allies, animated by Telemachus, wanted to pursue him; but he escaped by means of the storm, as a bird, by her swift wings, escapes from the net of the fowler.

The allies no longer dreamt of anything but returning to their camp and repairing their losses. Upon entering it they beheld one of the most shocking sights that war exhibits: the sick and wounded not having had strength enough to crawl out of their tents, had not been able to deliver themselves from the flames: they appeared, therefore, half burnt, uttering, with a plaintive, dying voice, the most piteous groans and shrieks. Telemachus was deeply affected with the sight, so that he could not refrain from tears; and often turned his eyes aside, greatly shocked and moved. He could not, without shuddering, and feeling the deepest compassion, behold these unhappy objects still alive, and doomed to a lingering, painful death; they looked like victims whose flesh has been burnt upon the altars, and diffuses a smell around.

"Alas," said Telemachus, "see what horrible scenes war produces! How great is the blindness and infatuation of wretched mortals! As life is short and miserable, why will they still make it shorter? Why will they add so many distresses and calamities to those with which the gods have embittered a life so fleeting and precarious? Men are all brethren, and yet more cruel than wild beasts, they tear and destroy one another. Lions do not wage war with lions, nor tigers with tigers, but only with animals of a different species. Man alone, despite his reason, does what animals without reason never did. But again, why these wars? Is there not more land upon earth than can be properly cultivated by all its inhabitants? How much is there left as

desert! The human race could never fill it up. What then! A false glory, a vain title of conqueror which a prince wants to acquire, lights the flames of war in a vast extent of country. Thus one man, whom the gods have sent to execute their wrath on earth, barbarously sacrifices so many others to his vanity: everything must perish, must be deluged with blood, must be consumed with fire; and those who escape the fire and sword, must be destroyed by still more cruel famine, only so that this man, who thus wantonly sports with the lives and fortunes of mankind may, by the general desolation, find his pleasure and his glory. What monstrous glory! Can men who have thus forgotten all humanity, be sufficiently despised and detested? No, no: far from being demigods, they are not even men; and, instead of being admired, as they expected, by future ages, they ought to be execrated. Oh! how cautious ought kings to be about engaging in wars! It is not enough that they be just, they ought also to be necessary for the public good. The blood of the people should not be spilled but when necessity requires it, and to save the people. But flattering counselors, false notions of glory, groundless idle jealousies, an unjust avidity disguised under specious pretexts; and finally, inconsiderate engagements, scarcely ever fail to plunge kings into ruinous wars in which they unnecessarily hazard the loss of their dominions, and do as much evil to themselves as to their enemies."

Thus reasoned Telemachus. But he was not contented with deplored the fatal effects of war; he endeavored also to alleviate them. He visited, in person, the sick and dying in their tents, supplied them with money and medicines, comforted and encouraged them with speeches full of friendship; and those whom he could not visit in person he sent others to visit.

Among the Cretans who were with him were two old men, one named Traumaphilus and the other Nozophugus. Traumaphilus had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and there had learned of the sons of Esculapius the divine art of curing wounds. He poured into the deepest and most envenomed wounds a fragrant liquid which consumed the dread and corrupted flesh, without any necessity of making an incision, and quickly formed a new flesh more sound and beautiful than the first.

As for Nozophugus, he never had seen the sons of Esculapius; but he had procured, by the help of Merion, a sacred and mysterious book which Esculapius had left them. Moreover Nozophugus was the friend of the gods; for he had composed hymns in honor of the

sons of Latona, and offered every day a white sheep without blemish to Apollo, by whom he was often inspired. At first sight of a patient he knew by his eyes, by his complexion, the color of his skin, the conformation of his body, and his respiration, the cause of his illness. Sometimes he prescribed sudorifics, and made it appear by the effects of sweating, how much perspiration, facilitated or obstructed, relieves or disorders the bodily machine; sometimes, in consumptive cases, he ordered certain draughts which strengthened by degrees the noble parts, and restored men to health and vigor by sweetening their blood. But he maintained that it was from a lack of courage and virtue that men stood so often in need of medicine.

"It is a shame to them," he said, "that they should have so many diseases; for good morals produce health. Their intemperance," he continued, "converts what was intended for the comfort and support of life into a mortal poison. An immoderate pursuit of pleasure shortens the lives of men more than medicines can prolong them. The poor are more seldom sick for lack of food, than the rich by indulging too freely in eating and drinking. Those dishes that flatter the taste too much and which cause eating in excess of need, produce poison rather than nourishment. Even remedies themselves are true evils which harm nature, and should therefore never be taken, but when there is an absolute necessity. The great medicines, always innocent and useful, are sobriety, moderation in the enjoyment of pleasures, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exercise. These procure pure and wholesome blood, and throw off all superfluous humors."

Thus was the wise Nozophugus less admirable for his remedies than for the regimen which he counseled to prevent ills and to make remedies useless.

Telemachus sent these two men to visit all the sick of the army. They cured many of them by their remedies, but many more by the care they took that they should be properly nursed and tended; ordering them to be kept always clean, thereby to prevent bad air; and making them observe a very strict, sober regimen when they began to recover.

The soldiers were all highly pleased with Telemachus' care and attention to the sick, and gave thanks to the gods for having sent him to the army of the allies.

"He is not," they said, "a man, but is undoubtedly some beneficent divinity in human shape. At least, if he is a man, he does not so much resemble other men as he does the gods, seeing he is wholly employed

in doing good. He is still more to be admired for his humanity and good nature than for his valor. If we could have him for our king! But the gods intend him for some more happy nation whom they love, and among whom they want to revive the golden age."

These praises Telemachus heard as he went in the night to visit the different posts and quarters of the camp, by way of precaution against the stratagems of Adrastus, and, therefore, they could not be suspected of flattery, as those which sycophants often give princes to their face, upon the supposition that they have neither modesty nor delicacy; and, that to gain their favor, they need only praise them in a fulsome extravagant manner. But the son of Ulysses could enjoy only what was true: and could relish no praises but such as were given him in secret, and out of his hearing, and such as he had deserved. To these last his heart was not insensible: that pleasure, so pure and genuine, which virtue alone can bestow, and which the vicious, by never having felt it, can neither conceive nor believe, he relished: but he did not abandon himself at all to this pleasure: he immediately recollected the many faults and follies he had been guilty of; he did not forget his natural haughtiness and indifference about others, and was secretly ashamed of his hardness and lack of sympathy. To the sage Minerva he acknowledged himself indebted for all the glory he had acquired, without having merited it by his conduct.

"It was you, O great goddess," he said, "who gave me Mentor to instruct me, and to correct my naturally bad disposition; it was you who gave me wisdom to profit by my faults, to learn to be diffident of myself, and to restrain my impetuous passions; it was you who made me feel a pleasure in comforting and relieving the unhappy: without you I should have been hated, and deservedly too; without you I should commit irretrievable errors, and be like a child who, not knowing his weakness, quits his mother, and falls at the very first step."

Nestor and Philoctetes were surprised to see Telemachus now so kind, good-natured, sympathizing, and obliging; so ready to assist and relieve others, and so ingenious in meeting their needs. They did not know how to account for such a total change in his behavior. But what surprised them still more was the care he took of Hippias' funeral: for he went himself, and brought his body, all bloody and disfigured, from where it lay under a heap of dead bodies; and, while he dropped a tender tear over it, exclaimed: "O illustrious shade!

thou now knowest how much I esteem thee for thy valor. It is true, thy haughtiness provoked me, but thy failings arose from youthful ardor. I know well what indulgence the errors of that season of life are entitled to: had you not fallen in the battle, we should certainly have been united by the bands of a sincere friendship. O gods! I own that I also was to blame; why did ye snatch him from me before I had time to force him, in spite of himself, to love me?"

Telemachus then ordered the body to be washed with odoriferous liquors, and, after that, a funeral pile to be got ready. The lofty pines were now heard groaning under the strokes of the ax, and tumbling down the sides of the mountains. The oaks, those ancient sons of the earth, that seemed to menace heaven; the stately poplars, the wild ash trees, whose tops are so green and so bedecked with a luxuriance of leaves; and beeches, that are the glory of the forest, were cut down and conveyed to the banks of the Galesus. There was erected a pile that looked like a regular building; and, being set on fire, the flames began to appear, and a cloud of smoke to ascend towards heaven.

The Lacedaemonians advanced with slow, sad steps, pikes reversed, and downcast eyes; their fierce countenance exhibited the most pungent sorrow, and they shed floods of tears. Then came Pherecides, an old man, ready to sink, not so much under the weight of years as of grief, that he had survived Hippias, who had been his pupil from his infancy. His hands were raised towards heaven, and his eyes bathed in tears. Since the death of Hippias he had refused all sort of nourishment; nor had balmy sleep once closed his eyes, or suspended, for a moment, his deep distress: with feeble, trembling steps did he follow the crowd, and hardly knew where he went. Not a single word proceeded from his mouth, for his heart was too full: grief and despair had overwhelmed him. But no sooner did he see the pile set on fire than he became quite distracted and exclaimed:

"O Hippias, Hippias! I shall see thee no more; Hippias is no more, but I am still alive! O my dear Hippias, it was I, cruel pitiless I, who taught you to despise death! I flattered myself with the hopes that you would close my eyes and catch my last sigh. O cruel gods! you have prolonged my life that I might see the end of that of Hippias! O my dear child, whom I nursed, and who cost me so much care; I shall see thee no more! But I shall see thy mother, who will not be able to bear her grief, and will reproach me with thy death. I shall see thy young spouse beating her breast and tearing her hair; and of

all this I shall be the cause. O dear shade, call me to the banks of Styx, for the light has become odious to me. Thee alone, my dear Hippias, do I desire to see. Hippias! Hippias! O my dear Hippias! It is only to pay my last duty to thy ashes that I support life."

In the meantime appeared the body of young Hippias, stretched upon a bier, adorned with purple, gold, and silver, to be laid upon the pile. Death, though it had extinguished the luster of his eyes, had not been able entirely to efface his beauty; and the Graces still faintly played upon his faded face. About his snowy neck, that reclined upon his shoulder, hung his long black hair, more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, though destined now to be reduced to ashes: and in his side was seen the deep wound through which all his blood had flowed, and in consequence of which he had descended to the gloomy realm of Pluto.

Telemachus, sad and sorrowful, walked close behind the body, strewing flowers upon it all the way. When they arrived at the funeral pile, the son of Ulysses could not see the flames catch hold of the cloth in which the body was wrapped, without shedding tears anew.

"Adieu," he said, "magnanimous Hippias! for I dare not call thee friend; be pacified, O shade, who hast merited so much glory! If I did not love thee, I should envy thy happiness; for thou art delivered from the misery to which we are still exposed, and hast made thy escape in the most glorious manner. Alas! O how happy should I be, so to end my days! May thy shade find no obstruction from the river Styx; may fame transmit thy name to all future ages; and may thy ashes rest in peace!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, broken and intermingled with sighs, when all the army burst into tears, and wept aloud, deeply affected with the loss of Hippias, whose great actions they recounted. Their grief made them recollect all his good qualities, and overlook the faults into which he was misled by the impetuosity of youth and a bad education. But they were still more affected by the tender sentiments of Telemachus.

"Is that then," they said, "the young Greek, so haughty, proud, disdainful, and headstrong? See how gente, humane, and compassionate he has become! Without doubt Minerva, who loved his father so much, loves him also: without doubt, she has bestowed upon him the most valuable gifts which the gods can confer upon men, by giving him wisdom, and a heart susceptible of friendship."

The body was already consumed by the flames. Telemachus, with his own hands, sprinkled the still-smoking ashes with a perfumed liquor, and then deposited them in a golden urn, which he decked with flowers, and carried to Phalantus. That chief was then so weak, and in so great danger from the many wounds he had received, that he had a near view of the black, dismal gates of Tartarus.

But Traumaphilus and Nozophugus having been sent to his assistance by the son of Ulysses, and having given him all the relief which their art could afford, his soul, that was ready to take its flight, by degrees resumed its place: a fresh supply of spirits insensibly invigorated his nerves; a gentle vivifying energy, a balsam of life diffused itself through every vein, even to the inmost recesses of his heart; and its agreeable warmth snatched him as it were from the cold arms of death. But, with the return of his health and strength, he found his grief also return, and he began to feel the loss of his brother, which the condition he had been in hitherto had prevented his feeling.

"Alas," he said, "why all these pains to save my life? Should I not be happier to die, and follow my dear Hippias? I saw him fall close by me: O Hippias! the joy of my life, my brother, my dear brother, thou art no more; then shall I see thee no more, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor make thee acquainted with my grievances; nor administer consolation to thee in time of trouble. O ye gods, enemies to mankind! you have then taken my Hippias from me! Is it possible? May it not be all a dream? No, no; it is but too true. O Hippias! I have certainly lost thee, for I saw thee fall! I must then be content to live, at least till I have revenged thy death; I will sacrifice to thy soul the cruel Adrastus, stained with thy blood."

While Phalantus thus spoke, the two divine men endeavored to assuage his grief, lest it should irritate his wounds and defeat the effects of their medicines. Telemachus, all of a sudden, appeared before him. Then his heart was assailed by two contrary passions; on the one hand, what had passed between Telemachus and Hippias immediately occurred to him; and his resentment, on that account, was whetted by his grief for the death of Hippias. On the other hand, he could not pretend to be ignorant that he owed the preservation of his own life to Telemachus, who had delivered him all bloody and half dead from the hands of Adrastus. But, when he saw the golden urn in which the ashes of his dear brother were deposited, he shed a

flood of tears, embraced Telemachus, but could not speak; at length, however, with a weak, languishing voice, broken with sighs, he said:

"Worthy son of Ulysses, your virtue compels me to love you; to you I am indebted for what remains of life I yet enjoy, and for something still more dear to me. But for you, my brother's body would have been a prey to vultures; but for you, he had lain unburied; his melancholy shade would have been wandering on the banks of Styx, rejected and repulsed by unrelenting Charon. And am I so much obliged to a man whom I hated so violently? O ye gods! reward him for it, and deliver me from a life so wretched. As for you, Telemachus, take care of my obsequies, as you did of those of my brother, and thereby render your glory complete."

So saying, he sank down, quite overwhelmed with grief. Telemachus continued standing by him, and waiting till he should come to himself, before he offered to speak. When he had recovered himself a little, he snatched the urn from the hands of Telemachus, and having kissed it several times, watered it with his tears.

"O dear, O precious ashes," he cried, "when shall mine be deposited with them in this same urn? O shade of Hippias, I shall quickly follow thee to the infernal regions, and Telemachus will be the avenger of us both."

Nevertheless, by the care and skill of the two men who were masters of the science of Esculapius, Phalantus grew better and better every day. Telemachus always attended with them, that they might exert themselves the more, to forward the cure; and the whole army admired the goodness of his heart, in thus succoring his greatest enemy, more than the wisdom and valor he had displayed in the battle, by which he had saved the army of the allies.

In the meantime, Telemachus showed himself indefatigable in the discharge of all, even the most laborious duties of a commander: his sleep was scanty, and even that was often interrupted, either by the advice he received every hour of the night, as well as day, or by visiting the different quarters of the camp, which he never did twice successively at the same hour, the better to surprise those who neglected their duty. He often returned to his tent covered all over with sweat and dust; his diet was very plain, and he lived in all respects as the common soldiers, in order to set them an example of sobriety and patience. And, as the army was supplied with few provisions, he thought his submitting voluntarily to the same hardships and incon-

veniences as they suffered might contribute to silence the murmurs of the soldiers. His body, far from being weakened by such an active, laborious life, became stronger and hardier every day: those tender, delicate graces that are, as it were, the flowers and blossoms of the spring of life, began to disappear: his complexion grew browner and more manly, and his limbs less soft and more muscular.

Book XIV

The argument

Telemachus, convinced by several dreams that his father Ulysses was no longer upon earth, executes the plan he had formed of seeking him in the infernal regions. He privately withdraws from the camp, attended by two Cretans, as far as a temple, near the famous cavern of Acheruntia, through which he passes in the dark; arrives upon the banks of the Styx, and is taken by Charon into his boat. He then goes and presents himself before Pluto, whom he finds disposed to let him proceed in quest of his father — in consequence of which he traverses Tartarus, and is a spectator of the torments which the ungrateful, hypocritical, and perfidious, especially bad kings, are doomed to suffer.

Telemachus enters the Elysian fields, where he is known by Arcesius his great-grandfather, who assures him that his father Ulysses is still alive; that he will see him again in Ithaca, and reign there after him. Arcesius gives him an account of the happiness which the souls of the just enjoy, especially of good kings who, during their lives, have served the gods, and studied to promote the welfare of their people. He lets him know that the heroes who excelled only in the art of war are separated from the others, and less happy. He then takes some pains to instruct Telemachus, who immediately after sets out, and makes his way to the camp of the allies.

In the meantime Adrastus, whose troops had suffered considerably in the engagement, had withdrawn behind the mountain Aulon to wait for new reinforcements, and watch for an opportunity of surprising his enemies once more: like a famished lion who, having been driven from a sheep-fold, returns to the gloomy forests and enters

his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, and waits for a favorable opportunity to destroy all the flocks.

Telemachus, having taken care to establish a strict discipline in the camp, turned all his thoughts towards the executing of a plan he had conceived, but had hidden from all of the chiefs of the army. He had, for a considerable time, been greatly disturbed every night with dreams, in which his father Ulysses appeared to him. That dear image presented itself always towards the end of the night, before Aurora came with her early rays to drive from heaven the roving stars, and banish balmy sleep, with her train of fluttering dreams. Sometimes he fancied he saw Ulysses naked in a meadow, bedecked with flowers, upon the banks of a river, in a pleasant island, surrounded by nymphs who threw him garments to cover his nakedness; sometimes he imagined he heard him speaking in a palace glittering all over with gold and ivory, where men, crowned with flowers, listened to him with pleasure and admiration. Oftentimes he appeared to him all of a sudden at a feast, where mirth and pleasure reigned, and where the sweet melody of a voice accompanied a lyre more ravishing than that of Apollo, or the voices of the Muses.

These agreeable dreams served only to make Telemachus melancholy when he wakened. "O my father! O my dear father Ulysses!" he would exclaim: "the most frightful dreams would be more welcome to me. By these images of felicity, I perceive that you have descended to the place of happy souls, where the gods, to reward their virtues, bestow upon them eternal tranquillity: I think I see the Elysian fields. O what a grief it is that I can hope for no more! What! O my dear father! then I shall see you no more! Never more embrace him who loved me so tenderly, and whom I undergo such labor and hardship to find! Never more hear that voice which spoke so wisely! Never more kiss those hands, those dear hands, those victorious hands, that have overthrown such a multitude of enemies! They will not now punish the presumptuous lovers of Penelope, nor will Ithaca ever emerge from ruin! O ye gods, enemies to my father! ye send me these fatal dreams to deprive me of all hope, which is depriving me of life. No, I cannot live any longer in this uncertainty. But what do I say! Alas! I am only too certain that my father is no more; but I will go down to the infernal regions in quest of him. Thither Theseus descended in safety, the audacious, impious Theseus, who would have insulted the infernal deities; whereas I go conducted by filial

duty. Hercules also descended thither: I, indeed, am not Hercules; but it is glorious to attempt to imitate him. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, moved the pity of that god, who is represented as inexorable, and prevailed upon him to let Eurydice return to life: I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus, as my loss is greater; for, who can compare a young woman, equalled by so many others, with the sage Ulysses, admired by all Greece? Let us go! Let us die, if we must. Why fear death, when life is so full of suffering! O Pluto! O Proserpine! I shall soon see whether you are as pitiless as you are represented. O my father! after having traversed in vain both sea and land in quest of you, I am coming to see whether you may not be in the dismal mansions of the dead. If the gods refuse to let me see you upon earth, and enjoying the light of the sun, perhaps they will not refuse me the sight of your shade in the realm of night."

So saying, Telemachus watered his bed with his tears. At once he arose, and tried by the light to assuage the violent uneasiness which these dreams had caused; but it was an arrow which had pierced his heart, and which he carried everywhere about with him. In this pain he undertook to descend into hell at a celebrated place, not far from the camp. It was called Acheruntia, because there was a frightful cavern through which a passage opened to the banks of Acheron, that river by which the gods themselves are afraid to swear. The city stood upon a rock, like a nest in the top of a tree; at the bottom of this rock was the cavern, which timorous mortals dared not venture to approach; the shepherds took care to keep their flocks at a distance. The air was infected by the sulfurous steam that arose perpetually through the cavern from the Stygian lake. In the neighborhood neither grass nor flowers would grow: there the gentle zephyrs never fanned the air; nor were the beauties of the spring or the rich fruits of the autumn ever seen: the arid ground languished there, and the only vegetation that appeared upon it were some naked withered shrubs and dismal cypresses. To a considerable distance all around Ceres refused her golden grain to the labors of the husbandman; Bacchus seemed to produce his delicious fruit in vain, for the grapes, instead of ripening, were soon shrunk and shriveled. Nor did the drooping Naiads pour forth the sweet transparent stream; the waters were always bitter and muddy. No birds were ever heard to sing in this forlorn country, overrun with briars and thorns, and destitute of groves for their retreat; they chose a more happy climate, where they

could with pleasure sing of their loves. Nothing was heard there but the croaking of ravens, and the dismal hooting of owls. The very grass was bitter; so that the flocks that fed upon it never throve, nor felt that pleasing sensation that makes them frisk along the plain. There the bull never wooed the heifer, and the melancholy, dejected swains never thought of the flute or oaten pipe.

From time to time there issued from the cavern a thick black smoke, that formed an artificial night even in the middle of the day. The people in the neighborhood were then doubly diligent in offering sacrifices to pacify the infernal deities: but oftentimes the human species, in the flower of their youth, and even in their tender years, were the only victims which those cruel divinities took pleasure in destroying, by a fatal contagion.

There it was that Telemachus resolved to seek a passage to the gloomy realm of Pluto. Minerva, who continually watched over and covered him with her aegis, had predisposed Pluto to receive him favorably. Jupiter himself at the request of Minerva had ordered Mercury, who descends every day into the infernal regions to deliver over to Charon a certain number of the dead, to tell the monarch of the dead that he desired he should let the son of Ulysses pass unmolested into his dominions.

Telemachus secretly withdrew from the camp in the night; he walked by moonlight, and he invoked that powerful divinity, which in heaven is the bright luminary of the night, on earth the chaste Diana, and in the regions below the terrible Hecate. That goddess listened with favor to his prayers because his heart was pure, and because he was led by the filial duty which a son owes his father. He had, as soon as he approached the entrance of the cavern, heard the bellowing of the subterranean empire. The ground shook under him, and heaven seemed all in a blaze with the lightning that darted to the earth. The heart of the young son of Ulysses now began to be alarmed, and his body was covered all over with a cold sweat; but his courage did not forsake him: he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed:

“Great gods! I thankfully accept these presages, which I look upon as happy; finish your work!”

He spoke and, redoubling his steps, presented himself boldly. The thick smoke, that proved fatal to all animals which ventured to approach the entrance, immediately dispersed; and the poisonous

smell was suspended for a little. Telemachus enters all alone; for what other mortal would have dared to follow him? Two Cretans, to whom he had communicated his design, and who had accompanied him to a certain distance from the cavern, were now in a temple, a good way off, half dead, and trembling for fear, making vows, and never expecting to see Telemachus again.

The son of Ulysses in the meantime, sword in hand, enters the dark, horrible cavern. He soon perceives a dull, feeble light, such as appears upon earth in the night: he observes a multitude of flitting ghosts hovering about him, which he drives away with his sword; he then descries the melancholy banks of the Stygian floods, whose thick heavy waters hardly seem to move. Upon the bank he found an infinite crowd of the shades of those who had not been buried, and who presented themselves to the pitiless Charon in vain. That god, who is eternally old, churlish, and morose, but vigorous, threatened them, and drove them away, but admitted the young Greek into his boat. Upon his stepping into it, hearing the groans of a ghost that seemed inconsolable, he thus addressed it:

"Whence does your heavy grief arise? What were you upon earth?" "I was," replied the ghost, "Nabopharzan, king of the proud Babylon. All the nations of the East trembled at the very mention of my name; I built a temple of marble, in which I made the Babylonians pay me divine worship, and burn, day and night, the most costly perfumes of Ethiopia before my statue, which was of gold. No one dared to contradict me without being immediately punished: every day new pleasures and amusements were invented to render my life more agreeable. I was still young and robust. Alas! What pleasure I still might have enjoyed upon the throne! But a woman whom I loved and who did not love me soon made me sensible that I was not a god; she poisoned me, and I am now no more. Yesterday my ashes were deposited with great pomp in a golden urn, and there was great lamentation and tearing of hair; they even made a show of throwing themselves into the flames of my funeral pile, in order to be consumed with me; and today they intend to set up a howling and crying at the foot of a superb monument they have erected for my ashes: yet nobody, in reality, regrets me: even in my own family my memory is execrated; and here below I am already subjected to the most horrible treatment."

Telemachus, who sympathized with him in his sufferings, questioned him thus: "Were you really happy during your reign? Did you feel that sweet tranquillity, without which the heart is always uneasy and dissatisfied in the midst of delights?"

"No," replied the Babylonian; "I do not even understand what you mean. The sages extol that tranquillity as the only real good: but, as for me, I never felt it: my heart was perpetually agitated by new desires, by hope and fear. I endeavored to render it callous and insensible by continual dissipation and amusement, and to perpetuate, if possible, the intoxication: the least intrusion of reason, or calm serious reflection, would have been too bitter. Such was the peace I enjoyed; any other appeared to me but a chimera; and such is the happiness I now regret."

So saying, the Babylonian wept like a weak man debauched by prosperity, who, by never having experienced adversity, was incapable of supporting it. He had about him some slaves, whom they had put to death in honor of his funeral: Mercury had consigned them to Charon, together with the king, giving them an absolute power over him whose slaves they had been upon earth. The ghosts of the slaves, therefore, no longer stood in awe of that Nabopharzan, but held it in chains and insulted it in the most cruel manner. "Are not we men, as well as you?" said one of them: "How could you be such a fool as to fancy yourself a god? And should you not have remembered that you were of the race of other men?"

Another, to insult him, said: "You were in the right to be unwilling to pass for a man; for you really were a monster, void of humanity."

Another exclaimed: "Well, where are now your flatterers? Unhappy wretch! Nothing have you now to give, nor can you do any harm: you have even become the slave of your slaves. The gods are slow in rendering to men according to their deserts, but they never fail to do justice at last."

At these hard words, Nabopharzan threw himself upon his face to the ground, tearing his hair in a transport of rage and despair. But Charon said to the slaves:

"Pull him by the chain: lift him up despite himself; he shall not even have the consolation of concealing his shame; all the ghosts of Styx must be witnesses of it, so that the gods may be justified for having suffered this impious man to reign so long upon earth. This,

O Babylonian, is but the beginning of your woe; you will soon be called to account by Minos, the inflexible judge of the dead."

While the terrible Charon spoke thus, the boat reached the bank that bounded the empire of Pluto: all the ghosts came flocking to see the living man that appeared in the boat among the dead: but as soon as Telemachus set foot on land, they all vanished like the shades of the night at the first approach of day. Charon, with a forehead less wrinkled and eyes less fierce and glaring than usual, said to him:

"Mortal, beloved by the gods! since you are permitted to enter the realm of night, inaccessible to other men while alive, proceed without delay whither your destiny calls you; go, by this gloomy path, to the palace of Pluto, whom you will find upon his throne, and who will indulge you with leave to visit those places, with the secrets of which I am not at liberty to acquaint you."

Telemachus immediately advanced with eager steps, and beheld, fluttering all around him, the ghosts more numerous than the sands upon the seashore; and, in the agitation of this infinite multitude, he was seized with a divine horror in observing the profound silence of these vast spaces. His hair stood on end as he drew near to the dismal abode of the pitiless Pluto; his knees trembled under him, so that it was with difficulty he could pronounce these words as he approached the god:

"You see, O terrible god, the son of the unhappy Ulysses; I have come to ask you if my father has yet descended to your empire, or if he is still wandering about upon earth."

Pluto was seated upon a throne of ebony, with a countenance pale and stern, eyes hollow and sparkling, and a forehead furrowed and frowning: the sight of a living man was offensive to him, as light is to the eyes of those animals who never leave their retreats but in the night. By his side sat Proserpine, who alone attracted his looks, and seemed a little to soften his heart: she possessed unfading charms, but there was something of the austerity and cruelty of her husband blended with these her divine graces.

At the foot of the throne was pale devouring Death, whetting, incessantly, his keen resistless scythe. About him flew black Care, cruel Jealousy; Revenge, all dripping with blood, and covered with wounds; unjust Hatred, and Avarice that preys upon itself; Despair, that tears itself with its own hands; mad Ambition, that overturns everything; Treachery, that thirsts for blood, and cannot enjoy the

mischief it has done; Envy, which scatters its mortal poison all around, and is transported with rage at its inability to do mischief; Impiety, which digs for itself a bottomless pit, into which it plunges without hope; hideous specters; phantoms, which represent the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and watchings still more irksome; all these horrid images surrounded proud Pluto, and filled up the palace where he lived. With a hollow voice which echoed through the profound dark of Erebus, he thus replied to Telemachus:

"Young mortal, destiny has impelled thee to violate this sacred asylum of the dead; fulfill thy high destiny: I shall not tell thee where thy father is; it is enough thou art at liberty to search for him: as he reigned a king on earth, thou needest only traverse, on one hand, that part of the gloomy Tartarus where wicked kings are punished; and on the other, the Elysian fields where virtuous monarchs are rewarded. But thou cannot go from hence to the Elysian fields without passing through Tartarus: hasten to go there and to leave my empire."

At that instant Telemachus seemed to fly through those empty spaces, so impatient was he to know if his father was still alive, and to fly from the presence of that horrible tyrant, who is the terror both of the dead and the living. In a short time, he perceived that he was upon the confines of gloomy Tartarus, whence issued a dismal thick smoke, the poisonous stench of which would cause death were it to reach the living. Under the smoke was a river and whirlpools of fire, which made a noise like that of the most impetuous torrents, when they rush from the top of very high rocks into abysses below, so that nothing could be heard distinctly in these sad places.

Telemachus, secretly animated by Minerva, with undaunted steps traverses this dreadful place: there he first observed a great number of men, who had been confined to the lowest stations of life, and were now punished for having endeavored to acquire wealth by fraud, treachery, and cruelty.

There too he saw a great many of those impious hypocrites who had pretended to love religion, but in reality made use of it only as a plausible pretext to gratify their ambition, and impose upon credulous men: these, as having profaned and vilified even virtue itself, though the noblest gift that the gods can bestow, were punished as the most abandoned of all men. Neither children who had murdered their fathers and mothers, nor wives who had steeped their hands in

the blood of their husbands, nor traitors who had betrayed their country and violated every oath, suffered pains less cruel than these hypocrites. The three infernal judges had willed it so; and their reason for it was this: that hypocrites, not satisfied with being wicked as other impious men, want to pass for good, and by their false pretenses to virtue discredit what is really such. The gods, whom they made light of, and whom they rendered contemptible in the eyes of men, with pleasure employ their whole power to punish the insult offered to their divinity.

Not far from them appeared other men whom the vulgar do not look upon as guilty, but whom the divine vengeance pursues without mercy: these are the ungrateful, liars, flatterers, who praised vice; the censorious, who maliciously endeavored to tarnish the purest virtue; finally those who rashly judged things, without being thoroughly apprised of them, and thereby hurt the reputation of the innocent. But of all the different species of ingratitude, that which regards the gods was punished as the blackest.

"What," said Minos, "shall men be accounted monsters who are ungrateful to their parents or friends, to whom they owe some few obligations, and yet glory in being ungrateful to the gods, from whom they derive life, and all the advantages attending it? Are not men more indebted to them for their existence than to their parents? The more crimes are overlooked, and the more venial they appear upon earth, the more rigorous and implacable is the vengeance that awaits them in the regions below."

Telemachus, seeing the three judges sitting, and passing a sentence of condemnation upon a man, ventured to ask them what his crimes were. Immediately the condemned one took up the question, and exclaimed: "I never did anything amiss; nay, it was my delight to do good; I was magnificent, liberal, just, and compassionate; what then can be laid to my charge?"

Then Minos said to him: "We do not charge you with anything amiss in regard to men: but were not you more indebted to the gods than to men? What then is that justice which you boast of? With respect to men, you have acquitted yourself well; but men, compared to the gods, are as nothing. You have been virtuous; but then you charged all your virtue to your own account and not to the gods, whose gift it was; for you practiced it only for the reputation and advantage of it, and would not own yourself beholden to any superior

being for it, or anything else. The only divinity you adored was yourself. But the gods, who made everything, and for themselves too, cannot renounce their rights; as you forgot them while on earth, they will now forget you: they will now leave you to yourself, as you, when alive, studied to please yourself only, and not them. Find now, if you can, your consolation in your own heart; for now are you forever separated from men, to whom you studied to recommend yourself, and are alone, with the idol you worshiped, that is yourself: know that there is no true virtue without love and reverence for the gods, to whom all is due. Now, your false virtue, with which you dazzled the eyes of men, easy to be deceived, is about to be unmasked and exposed. Men judge vice and virtue only as they coincide, or not, with their taste and interest, and are blind with respect to both; here a divine light reveals the error of their superficial judgment; for those whom they admired are often condemned; and those whom they condemned, acquitted and justified."

At these words, this philosopher was struck as with a thunderbolt, and could not support himself: the complacency with which he formerly contemplated his own moderation, fortitude, and generous inclinations, was now changed into despair. The view of his own heart, at enmity with the gods, became a punishment to him: he sees himself, and cannot avoid it; he sees the futility of the judgments of men, whose applause and admirations he aimed at in all his actions. A total revolution takes place within him, as if his heart was turned upside down: he finds himself no longer the same person; and his thoughts can no longer yield him any consolation: his conscience, whose testimony was before so soothing and agreeable, now rises up against him, and bitterly reproaches him with the falsity and futility of all his virtues, which had not the honor of the gods for their motive and end; he is quite confounded, distracted, and overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and despair. He was not tormented by the Furies because they thought it enough to have delivered him over to himself, and to let his own heart take vengeance on him for his contempt of the gods. Though he cannot withdraw from his own conscience, yet, to hide himself from the rest of the dead, he seeks darkness, but cannot find it: an importunate light pursues him everywhere; the piercing rays of truth pervade his most secret haunts, to punish him for neglecting it when on earth. Whatever he loved then has now become hateful to him, as being the occasion of his sufferings, which

will never end. He often says to himself: "O fool! it appears then, that thou neither knewest the gods, nor mankind, nor thyself! No, I knew nothing, since I never loved the only true good; so that every step I took I departed so far from the true way: my wisdom was but folly; my virtue but a blind, impious pride: in fine, I was the dupe of my own vanity: I was my own idol."

Lastly, Telemachus perceived the kings who were condemned for having abused their power. On one hand, an avenging Fury presented to them a mirror, that reflected their vices in all their deformity. There, in spite of themselves, they beheld their excessive vanity that greedily swallowed the most gross and fulsome flattery; their obduracy towards mankind, whose happiness it was their duty to promote; their insensibility with regard to virtue; their dread of hearing the truth; their partiality to worthless men and flatterers; their dissipation, sloth, and indolence; their misplaced distrust; their pomp and ostentation; their boundless magnificence, supported by oppression and the ruin of their people; and their ambition of purchasing a little glory by the blood of their subjects: in fine, their cruelty in seeking every day new pleasures, amidst the tears and distresses of so many miserable wretches. In this mirror they eternally beheld themselves, and found they were more frightful monsters than the Chimera vanquished by Bellerophon; the Hydra of Lerna, destroyed by Hercules; or even Cerberus, though he vomits from his three wide-extended mouths a black venomous discharge, enough to poison the whole race of mortals living on the face of the earth.

At the same time, a second Fury, on the other side, insultingly repeated to them all the praises which flatterers had bestowed upon them during their lives; presenting also another mirror in which they saw themselves as they had been represented by adulation: the contrast of these two mirrors served to punish their vanity. He observed that amongst these kings the most worthless were these who had received the most extravagant praises during their lives, because the wicked are more dreaded than the good, and are not ashamed to expect to be flattered by the poets and orators of their time in the most abject manner.

They were heard groaning amidst these dismal shades, where they could see nothing but what served to insult and deride them: everything around them disgusts, shocks, and confounds them; whereas, on earth, they sported with the lives of men, and pretended that they

were made only for their pleasure. In Tartarus they are subjected to all the caprices of certain slaves, who made them feel, in their turn, the whole weight of servitude; and though to be slaves is extremely grievous and mortifying to them, yet have they not the least glimpse of hope that they shall ever be able to sweeten their captivity. Under the blows of these slaves, now become the most merciless tyrants, they groan like the anvil under the strokes of the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges them to work in the flaming furnaces of mount Aetna.

There Telemachus perceived pale, hideous, melancholy visages. It is a black sadness that preys upon the criminals who abhor themselves, and can no more dispel that horror than they can divest themselves of their very nature. There is no need of any other punishment of their misdeeds than the misdeeds themselves, which they see incessantly in all their enormity, and which present themselves to them, and pursue them like hideous specters. To secure themselves from them, they wish for a death still more powerful than that which separated them from their bodies, and, in their despair, implore the assistance of such a death, as would extinguish in them every thought and perception: they call to the abyss to swallow them up, and deliver them from the avenging light of truth that still pursues them; but they are doomed to a slow vengeance, that distills upon them drop by drop, and will never be exhausted. The truth which they were afraid to see has now become their executioner: they see it, and it alone, rising up against them; and the sight of it enrages, distracts, and confounds them. Like lightning, without destroying anything outwardly it penetrates to the inmost bowels. As metal in a flaming furnace, the soul is, as it were, melted by that avenging fire; which, though it destroys the consistency, yet consumes not the substance; and though the very first principles of life are dissolved, yet one cannot die. They are torn from themselves, and they can find neither consolation nor repose for a single instant, seeming to live only as actuated by rage against themselves, and by the extinction of hope which drives them to despair.

Among the objects which made his hair stand on end, Telemachus perceived several of the ancient kings of Lydia who, instead of laboring for the ease and happiness of their people, which is the indispensable duty of sovereigns, gave themselves up to the pleasures of a soft life.

These monarchs were continually reproaching each other with their blindness. One of them said to another, who had been his son: "Did not I often charge you in my old age, and upon my deathbed, to repair the evils that my negligence had occasioned?"

"Ah, wretched father," replied the son, "it is you who have ruined me; it was your example that taught me pride, ostentation, voluptuousness, and inhumanity. By seeing you, when king, indulge such softness, and have so many flatterers about you, I came by degrees to love pleasure and adulation. I thought other men were, in respect of kings, what beasts of burden are in respect of men; that is to say, animals, of which no account is made, but insofar as they contribute to their advantage or convenience. This I believed, and that was owing to you; and now I am doomed to such pains for having followed your example."

To these reproaches they added the most dreadful maledictions, and seemed ready, from the excess of their rage, to tear one another in pieces.

About these kings too were seen flitting, like owls in the night, cruel jealousies, vain alarms, and distrusts, which give the people their revenge for the hard-heartedness of their kings, insatiable avarice, false glory, which is always accompanied by tyranny, and unmanly sloth, which doubles every evil that befalls us and can yield no solid pleasure.

Of these kings too, several were punished, not for the ill they had done, but for neglecting to do the good they might have done. All the crimes that are occasioned by a remissness in executing the law, and letting it be violated with impunity, were charged to the account of the kings, whose duty it is to cause them to be observed and executed. To them too were imputed all the disorders that arise from pomp and luxury, and other excesses, which tempt men to commit acts of violence, and break the laws, in order to acquire wealth. But those kings in particular were punished with rigor who, instead of acting the part of good and watchful shepherds to their flocks, thought of nothing but fleecing them, like ravenous wolves.

But what amazed Telemachus most was to see in this abyss of darkness and misery a great number of kings who were accounted tolerably good when on earth. They had been condemned to the pains of Tartarus for having let themselves be governed by artful wicked men. These were punished for all the enormities that had

been committed under the sanction of their authority. The greater part of these kings had been neither good nor bad, such was their weakness or imbecility: they had never been afraid of not knowing the truth; they had never discovered the task of virtue, and had never taken the least pleasure in doing good.

When Telemachus left these places, he found himself eased, as if a mountain had been taken off his chest: he understood, from this soothing, how wretched was the lot of those who were confined to them, without hope of ever getting away. He was horrified to see how much more rigorously kings were punished than other guilty men. "What!" he said, "so many duties, dangers, and snares; so many difficulties to surmount, to come at the truth, and to guard against others, as well as one's own self! And lastly, such horrible woes after death in the regions below, after having been so envied, harassed, and plagued in a short life! O the madness, to desire to be a king! Happy he who is satisfied with a quiet private life, in which the practice of virtue is less difficult!"

These reflections filled him with internal disquiet: he shuddered with fear and consternation, by which he felt something of the despair of those unhappy [ghosts] he had just considered. But in proportion as he moved farther off from that melancholy abode of darkness, horror, and despair, his courage began gradually to revive: he breathed more freely, and had a distant glimpse of that pure, delicious light that shines in the retreat of heroes.

There was the habitation of all those good kings who had till then ruled over mankind, separated from the rest of the righteous. As in Tartarus wicked princes were doomed to a punishment infinitely more rigorous than that of other bad men in private life, so on the other hand good kings enjoyed in the Elysian fields a happiness infinitely superior to that of other men who had loved virtue on earth.

Telemachus, now advancing towards these kings, found them reposing in fragrant bowers, on beds of turf, adorned with ever-springing flowers and never-fading verdure; a thousand pure transparent streamlets watered these charming meadows, producing a delicious coolness; among which a thousand little rivulets played, while an infinite number of birds warbled their sweet notes in the groves. All at once were seen together the flowers of spring beneath each step, and the most delicious fruits of autumn hanging from the trees. There was never felt the heat of the Dog star, nor dared the

ruthless north wind presume to blow dispersing winter's rigors. Neither bloodthirsty War, nor rancorous Envy, that bites with venomed tooth, her breast and arms entwined with vipers; nor Jealousies, Distrust, or Fear, or vain Desire, did ever approach that blessed abode of peace. There day never ends, and night, with its sable wings, is altogether unknown: a pure delightful stream of light diffuses itself round the bodies of these just men, and encompasses them with its rays, as with a garment. This light is not like that gloomy gleam which enlightens the eyes of wretched mortals, and is, indeed, nothing else but darkness visible: it is rather a celestial glory than what we call light, penetrating with more subtlety the densest bodies than the rays of the sun pervade the purest crystal; never dazzling, but on the contrary strengthening the eyes, and diffusing a serenity into the inmost recesses of the soul. By this alone the blessed are nourished: it enters in their frame, and issues from them; penetrating and incorporating with them, as our food incorporates with the living body. They see it, they feel it, they breathe it, and it is to them an inexhaustible source of peace and joy; in this abyss of pleasure are they immersed as fishes in the sea; they desire nothing further; and, without having anything, enjoy everything: the sweets of the pure light gratifying every wish of their hearts. All their desires are satisfied, and thus they have no longings or cravings; their satisfaction raises their enjoyment infinitely above all that pleasure which is coveted by hungry, half-starved mortal man. All the delights that surround them are counted by them as nothing; because that complete felicity they derive from within, leaves them no wish for any of those delights, being as the gods who, filled with nectar and ambrosia, would not deign to taste any of those gross viands that are accounted the most exquisite by mortals. Every woe is far removed from these tranquil palaces: neither death, disease, poverty, grief, affliction, remorse, fear, nor even hope which is often the occasion of as much uneasiness as fear, nor discord, disgust, or chagrin, can have any admittance there. Sooner might the lofty mountains of Thrace, whose tops covered with ice and snow from the beginning of the world are hidden in the clouds, while their foundations extend to the center of the earth, be overturned, than the hearts of these just men be moved. Only they feel a pity for the misery with which men on earth are overwhelmed, but it is a calm gentle pity, that does not in the least abate their unalterable felicity. An eternal youth, an endless happi-

ness, and a glory altogether divine, are displayed on their countenances: but there is nothing indecent or extravagant in their joy: it is a calm, noble, godlike joy. They are transported with a sublime relish of truth and virtue: and they are every moment in the same ecstasy of joy that a mother feels when she is blessed again with the sight of a dear son whom she believed to be dead: the mother's transport is soon at an end, but theirs never. It is never suspended or abated for a single moment, but is always the same. They feel the delights of intoxication without its blindness and trouble.

They converse together on what they see and what they feel: they cast at their feet the soft delights and the vain grandeurs of their old condition which they deplore; they review with pleasure those few melancholy years in which they were obliged to combat with themselves, and with a torrent of vice and corruption, to maintain their integrity; and admire the goodness of the gods, who led them as it were by hand to virtue, amidst so many dangers. Something divine, which cannot be expressed, flows perpetually through their hearts, like a rivulet of the divine nature itself united to theirs, and they see and feel that they are happy, and always shall be so. They sing all together the praises of the gods, with one voice, heart, and sentiment; and the same happiness ebbs and flows alike in their united hearts.

In this divine ecstasy, ages pass away more rapidly than hours among men, and yet after millions and millions of ages their happiness is still entire and undiminished. They reign all together, not on thrones that may be overturned by human power, but by virtue of an internal and immutable energy; for they have now no occasion to render themselves formidable by a power derived from wretched mortals. Nor do they now wear those insignificant diadems, amidst the luster of which so many fears and black cares still lie concealed: the gods themselves have, with their own hands, provided for them crowns that never fade.

Telemachus, who was in quest of his father and feared to have found him in these delightful retreats, was seized with such a longing after this peace and felicity that he wished to have found him, and was grieved to find himself constrained to return to the society of men. "Here it is," he said, "where men may in truth be said to live! On earth life is only a kind of death."

But what surprised him was to find so many kings suffering punishment in Tartarus, and to see so few in the Elysian fields. He

understood that there are only a few kings who have fortitude and resolution to guard against the intoxication of power, and the flattery of so many sycophants, continually endeavoring to excite their passions. Thus good kings are very rare, and the generality of monarchs so bad, that the gods would be unjust if, after suffering them to abuse their power on earth, they did not call them to an account for it after death.

Telemachus not finding his father among all these kings, hoped at least to see the divine Laertes his grandfather. While he searched for him uselessly, a venerable old man, with a majestic air, advanced. He did not resemble old men on earth, sinking under the weight of years, and bent to the ground. It appeared only that he had been old at his death, for with the gravity of old age were blended all the graces of youth; for even in the most decrepit old men, the graces all revive the moment they are introduced into the Elysian fields. This man advanced towards Telemachus with eager steps, and surveyed him with looks of pleasure, as a person that was very dear to him. Telemachus, not knowing who he was, seemed troubled and disconcerted at his approach.

"I pardon thee, O my dear son," said the old man, "that thou dost not know me; I am Arcesius, the father of Laertes. I ended my days a little before my grandson Ulysses set out for the siege of Troy, when thou wast a little infant in the arms of thy nurse. I even then conceived great hopes of thee, and find I was not mistaken, since I see thou art come down to the realm of Pluto in quest of thy father and that the gods protect and support thee in the attempt. O happy youth! the gods love thee, and have in reserve for thee a glory equal to that of thy father! Happy am I to see thee again! Look not any more for Ulysses in this place: he is alive, and for him it is reserved to raise our house to its former splendor in the isle of Ithaca. Even Laertes still enjoys the light, though bending under the weight of years, and hopes that his son will return in time to close his eyes. Thus mortals pass away like flowers which bloom in the morning, and in the evening are faded and trodden under foot. The generations of men glide away like a rapid river; nothing can stop the current of time, which sweeps away with it what appears most durable. Thou thyself, my son, my dear son! who at present enjoyest all the vigor and pleasures of youth, remember that this delightful period of life is but a flower, which will wither almost as soon as it blooms. Thou

wilt find thyself alter insensibly: the smiling Graces and enchanting delights that now attend thy steps, will vanish like an agreeable dream, nothing of them remaining but the sad remembrance; morose, feeble old age will steal upon thee by degrees, plow thy forehead with wrinkles, bend thy body, weaken thy limbs, dry up the source of joy within thy heart, put thee out of humor with the present, and in fear of the future, render thee insensible to everything but pain and uneasiness. That time seems to thee at a great distance: alas! my son, thou art mistaken; it advances fast, and is just at hand. What comes with such rapidity, cannot be far from thee: the present is already gone, and far away, since it is lost while we are yet speaking, and will never return. Do not then, my son, count on the present, but support thyself in the steep rugged path of virtue, by looking to the future, and, by purity of manners and the love of justice, secure thyself a place in the happy mansions of peace.

"Thou wilt soon see thy father return to Ithaca and resume his authority. Thou art born to reign after him; but alas! my son, what a deceitful thing is royalty! When one views it at a distance, one sees only splendor, pomp, and pleasure: but when one examines it more closely, everything is thorny. A private person may, without dishonor, lead an easy, obscure life: but a king cannot, without dishonor, prefer an idle indolent life to the painful functions of government; he owes himself to all the men whom he governs; he is never permitted to be for himself; his smallest actions are of infinite consequence, entailing misery on his people, and that sometimes for several ages. He must repress the audaciousness of the wicked, support the innocent, and discourage calumny. It is not enough for him to do no ill, he must also do all the good he can for his people. It is not enough that he does nothing but what is right himself, he must also prevent the ill that others would do, if they were not kept in awe. Fear then, my son, fear a condition so perilous, and arm thyself with courage against thine own heart, against thine own passions, and against flatterers."

In pronouncing these words, Arcesius appeared to be animated with a divine fire, and showed Telemachus a face full of compassion for the evils that accompany royalty.

"When it [royalty] is taken out of self-contentment," he said, "it is a monstrous tyranny; when it is taken to fulfill its duties and to watch over numerous subjects, as a father directs his children, it is a crippling servitude, and requires a heroic courage and patience.

And therefore it is certain that those kings who have acquitted themselves to the best of their ability, enjoy here whatever the power of the gods can bestow, to render their happiness complete."

While Arcesius spoke thus, his words made a deep impression: and they were engraved on the heart of Telemachus, as figures engraved on brass by the hand of an able artist, in order to be transmitted to later ages. These wise words were like a subtle flame which penetrated into the bosom of the young Telemachus: his heart glowed with transport; something divine, that cannot be described seemed, as it were, to melt his very soul. He was secretly consumed by something in the inmost recesses of his breast, and the impression was so strong that he could neither resist, moderate, nor support it: it was a very lively agreeable sensation, but blended at the same time with something so painful and uneasy as to be almost inconsistent with life.

Telemachus soon began to breathe more freely. He recognized a great resemblance in countenance between Arcesius and Laertes; he even fancied he recollects confusedly that the features of his father Ulysses, when he departed for the Trojan War, resembled those he now beheld. This recollection melted his heart, and tears of joy trickled down his cheeks: he wanted to embrace a person so dear to him, and often made an effort for that purpose, but in vain. The vain phantom still eluded his embraces, as a deceitful dream vanishes from the man who fondly thinks himself in possession of what he loves. Sometimes his lips are in motion to form words, which his benumbed tongue refuses to pronounce; and he eagerly endeavors to catch at something with his hands in vain. Thus was Telemachus unable to gratify his tenderness; and though he saw Arcesius, heard him, and spoke to him, yet could not he touch his shadowy form. At length he desired to know who those personages were that appeared about him.

"Thou seest, my son," replied the sage, "the men who, when alive, were the ornament and glory of their age, and proved a blessing to mankind. Thou seest these few kings that deserved to be such, and performed with fidelity their duty, as gods on earth. These others, who reside pretty near them, parted only by a small cloud, possess a much lesser glory. They are indeed heroes, but the recompense of their valor, and military expeditions, is far short of that of wise, just, and beneficent kings."

"Among those heroes behold Theseus, in whose countenance there appears a little melancholy: he has felt the ill effects of his credulity to an artful woman, and is still grieved, that he should have so cruelly and unjustly asked of Neptune the death of his son Hippolytus. Happy, had he not been so passionate and irritable! See there also Achilles, leaning on his lance, by reason of the wound he received in the heel from the lax Paris, which cost him his life. Had he been as wise, just, and moderate, as he was intrepid, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they took pity on the Phthiotis and Dolopians, whose king he would have been after Peleus: they were not willing to subject such a number of people to a hasty, hot-headed man, more easy to be put into a rage than the most stormy sea. The Fates therefore cut short the thread of his days, so that he was like a flower half bloomed, which is cut down by the plowshare, before the close of the day in which it sprang up. The gods resolved to make no other use of him, than of torrents and tempests, namely to punish men for their crimes, employing him to level the walls of Troy, in order to revenge the perjury of Laomedon, and the dishonorable amours of Paris. Having thus avenged themselves by his means, they were pacified, and refused, though Thetis importuned them with tears, to let the young hero be any longer upon earth, as he would only have disturbed the peace of mankind, and laid waste cities and kingdoms.

"Seest thou that other hero with a fierce countenance? It is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and cousin of Achilles. Of his valor and military glory, thou certainly canst not be ignorant. After the death of Achilles, he claimed that he had a better right to his armor than any other: thy father would not allow his claim, and the Greeks decided in his favor. Ajax killed himself in despair; fury and indignation are still painted on his face. Do not approach him, my son; for he would think you were going to insult his misfortune, when he has a just claim to your pity. Do not you perceive that the sight of us is uneasy to him, and that he retires in haste to that gloomy grove, because we are hateful to his view? On the other side thou seest Hector, who would have been invincible, had not the son of Thetis been in the world at the same time. But there goes Agamemnon, who yet bears the marks of Clytemnestra's perfidy. O my son! I shudder, when I think of the misfortunes of the family of the impious Tantalus. The discord between the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, plunged that

family in bloodshed and ruin. Alas! How many more does one crime draw after it! Agamemnon had no time, after he returned at the head of the Greeks from the siege of Troy, to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired. Such is the fate of most conquerors. All these kings that thou seest were great warriors, but their characters were far from being amiable or virtuous: accordingly they have only the second place in the Elysian fields.

"As for these others, they reigned with justice, loved their people, and were beloved by the gods: whereas Achilles and Agamemnon, who were always quarreling and fighting, still retain their uneasinesses and natural defects, in vain regretting the loss of life, and lamenting that they are now but vain impotent shades. But these just kings, purified by the divine light that nourishes them, have nothing further to wish for to complete their happiness, regarding with compassion the cares and uneasinesses of mortals, and looking upon the most important affairs that engross and disquiet the minds of ambitious men, but as the amusements of children: as their own hearts are satisfied to the full with the truth and the virtue they draw at the fountain-head. They can suffer no more, either from others or themselves: they have no longer any wants, desires, or fears; all is over with them, except their joy, which can never end.

"Observe, my son, that ancient monarch Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. How mild and majestic is his air! while the flowers scarcely feel his tread, his feet's light motion resembling the flight of a bird. In his hand he holds an ivory harp, and in an endless transport chants the wonders of the gods. From his heart and mouth issues an exquisite perfume, and the harmony of his lyre and voice would ravish gods and men. Thus is he rewarded for having loved the people, whom he assembled within his new-built walls, and for whom he enacted laws.

"On the other side, among these myrtles, you may observe Cecrops the Egyptian, who was the first king of Athens, a city consecrated to the goddess whose name she bears. From Egypt, to which Greece was indebted for its letters and polity, Cecrops brought good laws, civilized the barbarous inhabitants of the towns of Attica, and united them by the bands of society. He was just, humane, compassionate; he left his people in abundance, but his own family in a middling condition, and did not desire that his sons should reign after him, because he thought others more deserving.

"I must now show you also in that little valley Erychton, who first introduced the use of silver as money, in order to facilitate commerce among the isles of Greece; but he foresaw the inconveniences to this invention. 'Be diligent and industrious,' he said to the people of those isles, 'in multiplying the riches of nature, which are the only true riches, and cultivate the lands, so that you may have plenty of corn, wine, oil, and fruits. Breed flocks innumerable, to nourish you with their milk, and cover you with their wool, whereby you will secure yourselves against all fear of poverty. The more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you make them industrious; for the earth is inexhaustible, and its fertility increases in proportion as the inhabitants increase, and cultivate it, liberally rewarding those who take pains, but making poor scanty returns to those who do not. Endeavor then chiefly to procure these true riches, which are sufficient to satisfy the real need of men. As for silver money, no account ought to be made of it, but in as far as it is necessary, either for carrying on unavoidable wars abroad, or for purchasing commodities that are useful and necessary, but lacking in your own country; for it is to be wished that all trade in articles of luxury, vanity, and softness, were laid aside.'

"The sage Erychton also often observed: 'I am much afraid, my children, that I have made you a fatal present, by inventing money. I foresee that it will be an incitement to avarice, ambition, and vanity; that it will give rise to an infinity of pernicious arts, directly tending to soften and corrupt manners; that it will make you despise agriculture, which is the support of human life, and the source of all its true riches: but the gods are my witnesses that my intention was good and upright, in introducing among you this invention, which is useful in itself.'

"Afterwards, when Erychton found that money, as he had foreseen, corrupted the people, he withdrew from grief to a savage mountain, where he lived in poverty and solitude to an extreme old age, but would never concern himself any more with the government of the cities.

"Not long after him, the famous Triptolemus made his appearance in Greece, whom Ceres had taught the art of cultivating the lands, and covering them every year with golden grain. Not that men lacked corn before, and did not know how to multiply it by sowing: but their knowledge of agriculture being only superficial, Triptolemus,

by order of Ceres, came with the plow in his hand, to make an offer of the gifts of the goddess to all those who should have resolution enough to overcome their natural sloth, and apply themselves vigorously to tillage. In a short time Triptolemus taught the Greeks how to plow the ground, and fertilize it by proper culture: soon the active indefatigable reapers made all the yellow grain that covered the fields fall under the strokes of their sharp sickles: even those fierce savages, that wandered through the forests of Epirus and Etolia, in quest of acorns for their food, became more civilized, and submitted to laws, after they had learned to raise crops of corn and to live on bread. Triptolemus made the Greeks feel the pleasure of owing all their riches to their own labor, and of finding in their own field whatever was requisite to make their lives easy and happy. The plenty that they procured in so simple and innocent a manner by agriculture, made them reflect on the sage counsel of Erychthon. They despised money and artificial wealth, which is only of imaginary value, tempting men to seek dangerous pleasures, and diverting them from labor, which would supply them with everything necessary, together with liberty and innocence. They then understood that a fertile, well-cultivated field is a real treasure to every family that is wise enough to desire only to live frugally, as their forefathers had lived. Happy would the Greeks have been, had they steadfastly adhered to these maxims, so proper to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy of being so by their genuine virtue. But alas! they begin to admire false riches, by little and little to neglect true wealth, and to degenerate from that marvelous simplicity.

"O my son! as you will reign one day; remember to make your subjects apply themselves to agriculture, to honor that occupation, to favor those who engage in it, and not to let men either be idle or follow arts that foster luxury and softness: for you see that these two men, who were so wise when on earth, are here greatly distinguished and caressed by the gods. Their glory, you may observe, as far outstrips that of Achilles, and other heroes, who were eminent only for their valor, as a mild pleasant spring excels a cold frosty winter, or the light of the sun exceeds the moon in splendor."

While Arcesius spoke, he observed that Telemachus kept his eyes fixed upon a grove of laurels, and a little rivulet, bordered with violets, roses, lilies, and other sweet-smelling flowers, whose vivid colors resembled those of Iris, when she descends from heaven to earth, to

notify to some mortal the will of the gods. It was the great king Sesostris whom he recognized in that delightful place; he seemed now a thousand times more majestic than ever he had appeared on the throne of Egypt. Mild rays of light issued from his eyes, with which those of Telemachus were dazzled. He looked as if he was intoxicated with nectar, in such an ecstasy, above human comprehension, had the divine spirit enraptured him, in recompense for his virtues.

Telemachus said to Arcesius: "I there recognize, O my father! the great king of Egypt, Sesostris, whom I saw in that country not long ago."

"Yes," replied Arcesius, "that is he, and he is an example to show you how liberal the gods are in rewarding good kings: but you must know, that all that felicity is nothing in comparison with what was intended for him, if too much prosperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and justice. To humble the pride and insolence of the Tyrians, he besieged them with a desire of more, he let himself be seduced by the vain ambition of conquerors, and in consequence of that seduction subdued, or rather ravaged all Asia. When he returned to Egypt, he found his brother had usurped his throne, and, by an unjust administration, violated the best laws of the kingdom. Thus his great conquests served only to trouble his kingdom. But what was still more inexcusable in him, was his letting himself be intoxicated by his glory: for he compelled some of the most haughty of the vanquished kings to draw his chariot. He afterwards became aware of his ostentatious cruelty, and was ashamed of it. Such was the fruit of his victories. Such is the harm that kings do, both to themselves and their dominions, by endeavoring to subdue those of their neighbors. It was that which stained the character of a king, otherwise so just and beneficent, and deprived him of that degree of glory, which the gods had intended for him.

"See, my son, that other prince, whose wound appears so bright and shining? His name is Dioclides. He was king of Caria, and devoted himself for his people in a battle; because in a war between the Carians and Lycians, the oracle had foretold that the nation whose king should be killed, would be victorious.

"Look at that other: he was a wise legislator, who framed laws for his people, calculated to make them virtuous and happy, and exacted of them an oath that they never would violate any of them during his

absence: then, in order to oblige them, in consequence of their oath, to adhere for ever to such good laws, he went abroad a voluntary exile, and died poor in a foreign land.

"That other is Eunesimus, who was king of the Pylians, and one of the ancestors of the sage Nestor. When a plague desolated the country, and crowded with fresh ghosts the banks of Acheron, he prayed to the gods to let him appease their wrath by his death, and save the lives of so many thousands of innocent people. The gods heard him, and bestowed upon him here a true crown, of which those on earth are only the empty shadows.

"That old man, whom thou seest crowned with flowers, is the famous Belus. He reigned in Egypt, and espoused Anchinoe, the daughter of the god Nilus, who conceals his source, and enriches by his inundations the country through which he flows. He had two sons, Danaus, whose story thou knowest, and Egyptus, from whom the country took its name. He thought himself richer by the plenty he procured his people, and the love they bore him, than by all the taxes he could have imposed. These men, my son, whom you suppose to be dead, are still alive, and that life which mankind miserably drag out on earth, is real death: the words are only changed. May the gods indulge thee with virtue enough to merit that happy life, which nothing will end or trouble. Come, it is now time to go in quest of thy father. Alas! What a deluge of blood wilt thou see spilled before thou shalt find him! What glory waits thee in the plains of Hesperia! Remember the counsels of the sage Mentor: by following them, thou wilt make thy name famous in all ages and nations."

He spoke and immediately led Telemachus towards the ivory gate, by which there is an outlet from the gloomy realm of Pluto, where they parted. Telemachus, at parting, shed tears, though he could not embrace Arcesius; then made his way to the camp of the allies, and joined again the two young Cretans who had accompanied him to the confines of the cavern, and never expected to see him again.

Book XV

The argument

In an assembly of the chiefs of the army, Telemachus wins their assent to his advice against surprising Venusium, which had been put into the hands of the Lucanians in trust, with the consent of both the parties concerned. He displays his wisdom no less when two deserters are apprehended – one of whom, named Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him. The other, named Dioscorus, offered to bring the head of Adrastus to the allies. In the battle that was fought soon after, Telemachus deals death around him wherever he turned in quest of Adrastus; and that king, in looking for him, meets with and kills Pisistratus the son of Nestor. Immediately after Philoctetes appears and, when he was just going to dispatch Adrastus, is wounded himself, and obliged to retire from the field. Telemachus hastens to the relief of his friends, who were in great distress, engages Adrastus, who was making a dreadful havoc among them, and having vanquished him, grants him his life upon certain conditions. But Adrastus, on getting up, and endeavoring to surprise Telemachus, he seized him a second time, and put him to death.

Meanwhile the chiefs of the allied army held a council, to determine whether it would be proper to take possession of Venusium. This was a strong city, which Adrastus had unjustly surprised and taken, some time before, from the Eouctes of Apulia, his neighbors. The latter had joined the allies against him, to seek justice over this invasion. In order to appease them, Adrastus had put the city into the hands of the Lucanians: but he had corrupted with his money both the Lucanian garrison and commander, so that Venusium was actually more at his disposal than that of the Lucanians; and the

Apulians, who had consented to a Lucanian garrison, had been deceived in the negotiation.

A citizen of Venusium, named Demophantes, had secretly made an offer to the allies, to put them in possession of one of the gates of the city by night. This offer was the more considerable, as Adrastus had all of his war provisions in a castle near Venusium, which would not have been tenable, had the other been taken. Philoctetes and Nestor had already given it as their opinion that such an advantageous offer was not to be rejected; and all the other chiefs, influenced by their authority, together with the facility of the enterprise, applauded their sentiment: but Telemachus at his return, exerted himself to the utmost to divert them from their purpose.

"I know," he said, "that if ever a man deserved to be surprised and deceived, it is Adrastus, who has so often deceived all the world. I see well that the surprising of Venusium will only be taking possession of a city that is your own, since it belongs to the Apulians, who are one of the nations that compose your league."

"I grant that you could do it with the greater appearance of reason, as Adrastus, by whom it was sequestered, has corrupted the garrison and officers, so that he may have it in his power to make himself master of it when he pleases."

"Lastly I am aware, as much as you, that if you should take Venusium, you would the very next day be in possession of the castle, in which Adrastus has deposited all his war preparations, and that you might thus put an end to his formidable war in two days."

"But is it not better to perish than conquer by such means? Shall we repel fraud by fraud? Shall it be said that so many kings entered into a confederacy to punish the deceit of the impious Adrastus, and yet practiced perfidy themselves? If it is permitted for us to imitate his example, then is he not guilty, and we are to blame for endeavoring to punish him. For what! has all Hesperia, supported by so many Greek colonies, and heroes returned from the siege of Troy, no other arms with which to combat the perfidy and perjury of Adrastus, but those very arts of perfidy and perjury? You have sworn by all that is sacred, that you would let Venusium remain in trust in the hands of the Lucanians. But, you say, the Lucanian garrison has been corrupted by Adrastus. I believe it as well as you; but still that garrison is paid by the Lucanians, and it has not yet refused to obey their orders, but observes, at least in appearance, a neutrality. Neither Adrastus nor

any of his troops have ever entered Venusium; so that the treaty is still binding, and the gods have not forgotten your oath. Is faith never to be kept, but when plausible pretexts cannot be found to violate it? Are oaths to be religiously observed only when nothing is to be got by breaking them?

"If the fear of the gods and the love of virtue do not move you, at least you ought to be influenced by your own interest and reputation. What wars will you not excite among mankind, if you should be so abandoned as to set them the pernicious example of terminating this by the violation of your oaths of faith? To what neighbor will you not thereby give ground to fear everything from you, and to detest you? Who for the future will venture in the most pressing necessity to trust you? What method will you take to convince your neighbors of your sincerity, when you are really in earnest, and when it is your interest that they should believe you are so? Will you propose a solemn treaty? But that you have already trampled under your feet, Will you offer to confirm your engagements by oath? Will it not appear that you pay very little regard to the gods, when you hope to reap any advantage from your perjury? You will therefore be as insecure in time of peace as in war. Every step you take will be received as war, either feigned or declared; and thus you will be perpetually in a state of hostility with those nations who have the misfortune to be your neighbors: whatever transactions require reputation, probity, and confidence, will to you become impracticable; you will have no resource left to make your promises credible.

"But there is," he added, "one consideration still more interesting which must strike you, if you have yet any remains of virtue or concern for your future welfare: that is that a conduct so treacherous has a direct tendency to attack your league, and will ruin it; and thus your perjury will ensure the triumphs of Adrastus."

At these words the assembly were greatly surprised, and asked him how he could dare to say that what would procure certain victory to the league could ruin it.

"How," he replied, "is it possible that you should put any trust in one another, after having broken the only band of society and mutual confidence, which is good faith? Whom among you, after it is laid down for a maxim that the rules of probity and fidelity may be violated in order to obtain any great advantage, will trust another, when that other may be a great gainer by breaking his word, and deceiving him?"

In what a disagreeable situation will you be? Who is there among you that will not endeavor to defeat the perfidious schemes and intrigues of his neighbor, by his own? What will become of the confederacy of so many states, when by a public resolution it is declared lawful to take all advantages against your neighbor, and to violate the given law? How great will be your mutual distrust, discord, and eagerness to destroy one another! Adrastus will have no occasion to attack you; for you will sufficiently weaken and harass one another; you will justify his perfidy.

"O! sage and magnanimous monarchs, and commanders of this vast army, of consummate experience, do not disdain to listen to the counsels of a young man! Should you be reduced to the greatest extremities, as is sometimes the case in war, you may extricate yourselves by your vigilance, and by the efforts of your virtue; for true courage never gives way to despondency. But if you have once overleaped the bulwark of honor and good faith, the error is irretrievable; you can neither regain the confidence that is necessary in all transactions of importance, nor bring men back to the rules of virtue, after you have taught them to despise it. What do you fear? Have you not courage enough to conquer without having recourse to treachery? Is not your virtue, supported by so great an army, sufficient? Let us fight, let us die, if it must be, rather than conquer so unworthily. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, is in our hands, provided we banish all thoughts of imitating his laxness and his bad faith."

When Telemachus ended his speech, he perceived that sweet persuasion had flowed from his lips, and penetrated to the very hearts of his hearers. A profound silence ensued, the whole assembly being struck not with his person or eloquence, but the evidence of truth that ran through the whole of his reasoning; their astonishment was visible in their countenances. At length a low murmur was heard all over the assembly: everyone looking at another, and not daring to speak first. They expected every moment that some of the chiefs of the army would declare themselves, and everyone found it difficult to rein in his feelings. At last the venerable Nestor spoke these words:

"Worthy son of Ulysses, the gods have made you speak; and Minerva, who has so often inspired your father, suggested to you the wise and generous counsel you have just given. Your youth I do not attend to; for I look upon all you have said as dictated by Minerva.

You have pleaded the cause of virtue: without her the greatest advantages that can be gained are real losses. Without her men soon draw upon themselves the vengeance of their enemies, the distrust of their friends and allies, the detestation of all good men, and the just wrath of the gods. Let us then leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think no more of conquering Adrastus by any other means than courage."

He spoke, and the whole assembly extolled the wisdom of his words, at the same time eying with astonishment the son of Ulysses, whose looks seemed to shine with the wisdom of Minerva, by whom he was inspired.

In a short time another question arose that was debated in the assembly of kings, by which Telemachus gained equal glory. Adrastus, still cruel and perfidious, sent into the camp a pretended deserter, named Acanthus, who had undertaken to poison the most illustrious chiefs of the army; above all he had orders to spare no pains to kill young Telemachus, who was already the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who was too courageous and brave to be inclined to distrust, received in a friendly manner, as soon as he arrived, this seemingly unhappy man, who had seen his father Ulysses in Sicily, and recounted to him the adventures of that hero. He nourished him, and endeavored to comfort him in his misfortunes; for he pretended to have been imposed upon, and extremely ill used by Adrastus. But this was warming and cherishing in his bosom a venomous viper, ready to sting him to death.

Another deserter, named Arion, was apprehended, whom Acanthus had dispatched to inform Adrastus of the state of the camp of the allies, and to assure him that he would next day poison, at an entertainment to be given him by Telemachus, the chief of the kings, together with Telemachus himself. Arion, when apprehended, avowed his treason. It was suspected that he acted in concert with Acanthus, on account of the great intimacy between them; but Acanthus being a bold man, and a profound dissembler, made so artful a defense, that he could not be convicted, nor a full discovery of the conspiracy obtained.

Several of the kings were of the opinion that it was necessary, in a state of doubt, to sacrifice Acanthus to public safety. "He must," they said, "be put to death; the life of a single man is nothing, when

the business is to secure the lives of so many kings. What does it matter if an innocent man perishes, when the question is the security of those who represent the gods among men?"

"What an inhuman maxim! What barbarous policy!" cried Telemachus. "What! Are you, who are appointed the shepherds of mankind, and have authority over them, only to enable you to protect them as a shepherd does his flock, thus prodigal of human blood? You are then cruel wolves, and not shepherds; at least, if you are shepherds, it is only to fleece and devour the flock, instead of leading them to proper pastures. According to you, a man becomes guilty as soon as he is accused; a suspicion deserves death; the innocent will be at the mercy of envy and detraction, and the more your hearts become a prey to jealousy and distrust, the more victims must be sacrificed."

Telemachus pronounced these words with such an air of authority and indignation, as had a great effect upon his hearers, and overwhelmed with shame the authors of so base a proposal. Then in a milder tone he thus proceeded. "As for me I do not value life so much as to purchase it at that price, and I had rather that Acantus should be a villain than I, and that he should take away my life by treachery, than that I should put him to death when in doubt. But hear me, O ye, who being ordained kings, that is judges of the people, ought to know how to administer justice with moderation, prudence, and impartiality; let me examine Acantus in your presence."

Accordingly he interrogated him in regard to his connection with Arion, and urged a thousand suspicious circumstances; he often threatened to deliver him up to Adrastus as a deserter that merited punishment, to see if he would fear being thus sent back; but no alteration appeared either in his countenance or voice; and Telemachus concluded from this that Acantus [might not be guilty].

At last, finding all his endeavors to come at the truth hitherto ineffectual, he said to him, "Give me your ring; I want to send it to Adrastus."

Upon this demand of the ring, Acantus turned pale, and was disconcerted. Telemachus, whose eyes were continually fixed upon him, perceiving his confusion, immediately snatched the ring.

"I will send it," he said to him, "directly to Adrastus by a Lucanian, named Polytropus, who is your acquaintance, and will pass for your accomplice. If we can by these means come to the knowledge of your

correspondence, we will grant you your life, and only send you to an island in the sea, where you will want for nothing."

Then Acantus made a full confession, and Telemachus persuaded the kings to grant him his life, because he had promised him that favor. Accordingly he was sent to one of the isles, called Echinades, where he lived in peace.

A little later, a Daunian of obscure birth, but a bold violent spirit, came by night into the camp of the allies, and offered to assassinate King Adrastus in his tent. This he could have done, for a man becomes master of another's life the moment he loses all regard to his own. This man breathed nothing but vengeance against Adrastus, because he had violently taken his wife, whom he loved to excess, and who equaled Venus herself in beauty. He was resolved either to kill Adrastus and to take back his wife, or to perish himself. He maintained a secret correspondence with some individuals, who had promised to admit him into the king's tent in the night, and several Daunian officers had engaged to assist him in the attempt; but he thought it would be necessary that the allies should attack the camp of Adrastus at the same time, so that he might have an opportunity in the confusion to escape and carry off his wife. And if, after having assassinated the king, he could not retrieve her, he was content to lose his life.

When Dioscorus had laid his design before the kings, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon Telemachus, to request, as it were, his determination.

"The gods," he answered, "by preserving us from traitors, forbid us to make any use of them ourselves. Though we had not virtue enough to make us reject with abhorrence this treasonable offer, the consideration of our own interest would be sufficient. After having given a public sanction to treason in regard to others we should deserve to have it employed against ourselves; and who then among us could pretend to be safe? Adrastus may possibly elude the blow that threatens him, and make it fall upon the allied kings. The war will then no longer be a war, but a scene of treachery, treason, and assassination, and virtue and wisdom will be useless. We ourselves shall feel the fatal consequences, and deservedly, for having authorized the greatest of evils. I conclude therefore that the traitor ought to be delivered up to Adrastus. I grant that this king does not deserve it; but all Greece and Hesperia, who now attentively observe our

conduct, may justly expect we should act such a part to merit their esteem. To abhor perfidy is a duty we owe the just gods and ourselves."

Accordingly, Dioscorus was immediately delivered up to Adrastus, who shuddered at the thoughts of the danger he had been in, and was quite amazed at the generosity of his enemies; for pure virtue is above the comprehension of bad men. He could not help admiring it, though he dared not praise it. The noble action of the allies made him reflect with shame on all his treacheries and cruelties. He endeavored to depreciate the generosity of his enemies, being ashamed to seem ungrateful, while he had such obligations to them; but wicked men are soon hardened against everything that can touch them.

Finding the reputation of the allies increased every day, he thought he must of necessity perform some notable exploit to prevent the loss of his own; and being incapable of executing any that was praiseworthy, he resolved at least to try if he could not obtain some signal advantage over them by arms; he hastened to give them battle.

The day of combat having come, Aurora had scarcely unbarred to the sun the portals of the East, in a path bestrewed with roses, when Telemachus, in vigilance outstripping the oldest commanders, sprang from the sweet arms of sleep, and called up all the officers. His helmet, adorned with a flowing crest, already glittered on his head, and the cuirass on his back dazzled the eyes of the whole army: the work of Vulcan, besides its natural beauty, displayed all the splendor of the aegis which was there concealed. With one hand he grasped his lance, and with the other pointed to the several places where troops were to be posted. Minerva had filled his eyes with divine fire, and dignified his looks with a sublime majestic air that promised victory.

He marched; and all the kings, finding themselves impelled by a superior power, forgot their age and dignity, and followed where he led. Weak jealousy could find no place in their hearts; everything plied before him whom Minerva led invisibly by the hand. His conduct had nothing in it impetuous or precipitate; he was affable, cool, patient, always ready to listen to others, and to pay a due regard to their advice; but he was active, far-sighted, and attentive to the most distant needs, regulating everything appropriately, neither embarrassing himself, nor others; excusing mistakes, retrieving blunders, preventing difficulties, never requiring anything excessive of anyone, and

inspiring through all ranks freedom and confidence. If he gave an order, it was in terms the most clear and simple. He repeated it the better to instruct the person who was to execute it. He could discover by his eyes whether he apprehended his meaning; he then made him explain in what sense he understood his words, and what it was he principally aimed at in the enterprise. After he had thus tested the good sense of him whom he was sending, he dismissed him, but not till he had first bestowed upon him some mark of confidence and esteem for his encouragement. Hence all those whom he thus employed were full of ardor to please him and to succeed; but they were without fear of being made answerable for ill success, for he always forgave involuntary errors.

The horizon now appeared all in a blaze with the first rays of the sun; the sea was deeply tinged with the blush of the dawning day. All the coast was covered with men and arms, horses and chariots, all in motion, and attended with a confused noise, like that of the raging waves, when Neptune excites black tempests from the bottom of the abyss. Thus did Mars begin by the din of arms, and the noisy apparatus of war, to sow the seeds of rage in every heart. All over the plain appeared the bristling pikes, like ears of corn, which cover the fruitful fields in the time of harvest. Already clouds of dust arose, so that neither heaven nor earth could be discerned by human sight, while confusion, horror, slaughter, and pitiless death advanced.

Scarcely were the first arrows thrown, when Telemachus, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, pronounced these words:

"O Jupiter, father of gods and men, on our side you see justice and a disposition to peace, which we have not been ashamed to endeavor to obtain. It is with regret that we fight; we should be glad to avoid shedding human blood, and we do not even hate the enemy himself, though he is cruel, perfidious, and sacrilegious. See, and decide between him and us: as our lives are in your hand, if we must fall, we submit; but if we deliver Hesperia, and humble the tyrant, as we shall be indebted for the victory to your power, and the wisdom of your daughter Minerva, the glory of it will also be due to you. It is you who hold the balance in your hand, and determine the issue of battles, and for you we fight; as you are our judge, Adrastus is more your enemy than ours. If before the close of the day, your cause should be victorious, the blood of a whole hecatomb shall stream upon your altars."

He spoke, and forthwith drove his fiery foaming steeds among the thickest ranks of the enemy. The first he encountered was Periander, the Locrian, covered with the skin of a lion that he had killed in Cilicia when he was traveling in that country. He was armed, like Hercules, with an enormously large club, and his strength and stature were such that he resembled a giant. When he cast his eyes on Telemachus, he despised his youth and the beauty of his countenance.

"It well befits thee, effeminate stripling," he said, "to dispute with me the prize of military glory. Go, child, go and seek thy father in the shades below."

So saying, he lifted up his ponderous, knotty club, which was armed with iron spikes; it looked like a mast of a ship; everybody dreaded destruction from its fall. He aimed it at the head of the son of Ulysses; but he avoided it by slipping aside, and then sprang upon Periander with the rapidity of an eagle darting through the air. The club in its descent broke in pieces the wheel of a chariot near to that of Telemachus. In the meantime, the young Greek with a javelin pierced the throat of Periander, whose voice was choked by the blood that gushed from the large gaping wound: his fiery horses feeling no longer the restraint of his enfeebled hand, now scampered here and there, the loose reins flowing on their necks. At last he tumbled from the chariot, his eyes already closed forever, and pale death pictured in his ghastly face. Telemachus, taking pity on him, delivered his body immediately to his attendants; but kept the lion's skin and the club as trophies of his victory.

He then went in quest of Adrastus in a crowd; but before he found him, he precipitated many a combatant to the infernal regions: Hileus, whose chariot was drawn by two coursers, like those of the sun, and nourished in the extensive meadows watered by the river Ausidus; Demoleon, who in Sicily formerly almost equaled Erix in fighting with the cestus; Crantor, who had been the friend and host of Hercules, when that son of Jupiter passed through Hesperia, and put to death the infamous Cacus; Menecrates, who is said to have been little inferior to Pollux in wrestling; Hippocoon the Salopian, who imitated with success the dexterity and gracefulness of Castor in horsemanship; Eurymedes the famous hunter, always stained with the blood of bears and wild boars, killed on the snowy tops of the cold Apennines, who is said to have been so dear to Diana, that she

taught him herself to shoot with the bow; Nicostrates, who vanquished a giant that vomited fire among the rocks of mount Gargan; Cleanthes, betrothed to the young Pholoe, daughter of the river Liris. She had been promised by her father to him who should deliver her from a winged serpent hatched upon the banks of the river, which, according to the prediction of an oracle, would have devoured her in a few days. The young man, deeply enamored of the maid, exposed himself to almost certain death, in order to kill the monster, but he succeeded. He had not, however, reaped the fruit of his victory; for while Pholoe, in hopes of hymeneal joy, impatiently waited for him, she learned that he had followed Adrastus to the war, and that the Fates had cruelly cut short the thread of his days. The neighboring woods and mountains echoed with her lamentations: she bathed her eyes in tears, and tore her fine blond hair, forgetting the garlands of flowers that she used to gather, and charging heaven with injustice. As she never ceased weeping night and day, the gods, moved with her distress, and her father's entreaties, put an end to her grief. In consequence of the tears she shed, she was all of a sudden changed into a fountain, which glides into the bosom of the river, and joins its waters to those of the god her father: but the water of the fountain is bitter, the plants upon its margin never flower, and no other shade but that of cypress is found upon its melancholy banks.

Meanwhile Adrastus, being informed that Telemachus spread terror all around him, eagerly sought the youth. He hoped that it would be an easy matter to vanquish the son of Ulysses, who was yet so young, and he placed around him thirty Daunians, of extraordinary strength, agility, and boldness, to whom he promised great rewards if they could by any means whatsoever make Telemachus perish in the engagement. If he had then met the young Greek, undoubtedly these thirty men surrounding his chariot, while he attacked him in front, would have found little difficulty in killing him: but Minerva led them another way.

Adrastus thought he saw and heard Telemachus in the hollow of the plain, at the foot of a hill, where there was a crowd of combatants; he runs, or rather flies thither, eager to glut himself with his blood: but, instead of Telemachus, he finds old Nestor, who, with a trembling hand, was throwing about him some harmless darts. Adrastus, in his fury, would have pierced him, had not a troop of Pylians thrown themselves about him. Then a shower of darts darkened all the air,

and enveloped the combatants; and nothing was heard but the heavy groans and cries of the dying, and the clattering noise made by the armor of those who fell in the crowd; the ground was loaded with heaps of dead bodies, and streams of blood ran down on all sides. Mars and Bellona, with the infernal Furies clad in robes dripping all over with blood, feasted their cruel eyes with the spectacle, and continually renewed the rage of the combatants. These divinities, enemies to mankind, banished from the breasts of both parties generous pity, gentle humanity, and valor tempered with moderation. In such a tumult of men, intent upon destroying one another, all was carnage, revenge, despair, and brutal fury; the sage and invincible Pallas herself shuddered when she beheld it, and was struck with horror.

In the meantime Philoctetes, with slow steps, and bearing in his hands the arrows of Hercules, advanced to the assistance of Nestor. Adrastus, unable to harm the divine old man, had hurled his darts at several Pylians, who bit the ground. Already he had overthrown Eusilas, so swift in running that he scarcely left the prints of his feet upon the sand, and in his own country outstripped the most rapid billows of Eurotas and Alpheus. Hard by him had fallen Entyphron, more beautiful than Hylas, and a keener sportsman than Hippolitus; Pterelas, who had followed Nestor to the siege of Troy, and whom Achilles himself had loved on account of his courage and strength; and Aristogiton, who by bathing in the river Achelous, had secretly received from that god the power of assuming all sorts of forms. In fact, he was so nimble and quick in all his motions that he could not be detained even by the strongest hands: but Adrastus, with his lance, laid him motionless, and immediately his soul fled, together with his blood.

Nestor, seeing his bravest captains fall under the hands of the cruel Adrastus, as the yellow ears of corn in harvest fall under the sharp sickle of the indefatigable reaper, forgot his age, and the danger to which he exposed himself, to no purpose. He thought of nothing but keeping his eyes fixed upon his son, who bravely maintained the fight in defense of his father. But the fatal moment had come, when Pisistratus was to convince Nestor what a misfortune it is to live to a great age.

Pisistratus aimed so violent a blow at Adrastus with his lance that the Daunian should have succumbed: but he avoided it, and with a

javelin wounded in his belly Pisistratus, who had been a little disconcerted by missing his blow, and was now raising his lance again. Through the wound the bowels of Pisistratus began to burst, with a stream of blood, and his complexion faded like a flower, which the hand of a nymph had plucked in the meadows: the light of his eyes was almost extinguished and his voice faltered. Alceus, his governor, who was close by him, supported him, when he was just going to fall, and had hardly time to convey him to his father's arms before his death. While he was opening his mouth in order to speak, and give his father the last marks of his tenderness, he expired.

While Philoctetes spread death and dismay around him, in repelling the efforts of Adrastus, Nestor held the corpse of his son clasped in his arms: he filled the air with his cries and could not endure the light of day.

"Wretch that I am!" he said, "to have been a father, and to have lived so long! Alas! Cruel Destinies, why did you not put an end to my life, either at the chase of the wild boar Calydon, or the first siege of Troy, or when I made the voyage to Colchos? I should then have died gloriously, and without feeling this bitter distress; whereas I am now doomed to linger out a miserable old age, diseased and impotent; I now live only for evils, and am insensible to everything but grief! O my son! O my son! My dear son Pisistratus! when I lost your brother Antilochus, I had you left to comfort me: but as I have now lost you also, I shall never be comforted anymore; I have now no more happiness to expect. I am even excluded from hope, the only cordial that enables mankind to support affliction. O my dear children, Antilochus and Pisistratus! Today, I think, I have lost you both; the death of the one making the wound I had received in my heart by that of the other, to bleed afresh. I shall not see either of you anymore. Whom have I now to close my eyes, or gather my ashes? O my dear Pisistratus, you died, as did your brother, like a gallant man; but I alone am obliged to live."

So saying, he made an attempt to kill himself with a javelin that he had in his hand; but he was prevented, and the body of his son forced from his embrace. The unhappy old man then swooned away, and was carried to his tent; where having recovered his spirits a little, he would have returned to the combat; but he was withheld by force.

In the meantime Adrastus and Philoctetes were looking out for one another, their eyes sparkling like those of a lion or leopard when

they seek to tear one another in pieces on the plains watered by the Caystea. Dire menaces, hostile fury, and cruel vengeance gleam from their voracious eyes. Wherever their shafts are hurled, certain death attends them; and all the combatants behold them with terror. Already they appear to each other's view; and Philoctetes holds in his hand one of those dreadful arrows which never missed the mark when shot by him, but still inflicted wounds that were incurable. But Mars, who favored the cruel yet intrepid Adrastus, could not bear to see him fall so soon; for he was resolved to increase the carnage, and prolong the horrors of war. Adrastus was still spared by the gods, to execute their justice in punishing mankind by shedding their blood.

At the very instant when Philoctetes was going to attack him, he received a wound with a lance from Amphimachus, a young Lucanian who was more beautiful than the famous Nireus, who, in that respect, was inferior to none of all those who were at the siege of Troy, except Achilles alone. No sooner had Philoctetes received the wound, than he let the arrow fly at Amphimachus, and pierced him to the heart. Immediately his beautiful black eyes were quenched, and covered with the shades of death; the vermillion of his lips, more lively than the roses which Aurora scatters through the horizon at the dawn of the day, now vanished, and a deadly paleness overspread his cheeks; that face, so delicate and tender, was suddenly disfigured. Philoctetes himself could not help pitying him. All the combatants were greatly affected when they saw him fall and welter in his blood; his hair, beautiful as Apollo's golden locks, now trailing in the dust.

Philoctetes, having slain Amphimachus, was obliged to quit the battle; he was losing his blood and his power; and even his old wound, by the efforts he made, seeming ready to break out again, and renew his pains: for the sons of Esculapius, with all their divine skill, had not been able to cure him entirely. Behold him then upon the point of falling on a heap of dead bodies that surrounded him. Archidamus, the most high-spirited and dexterous of all the Oebalians, whom he brought with him to found Petilia, carried him off from engagement at the very instant when Adrastus, with ease, would have laid him at his feet. Nothing now could stand before Adrastus, or stop his career; all his opponents fell or bled. He rushed like a torrent that, surmounting all obstacles, sweeps away with its rapid flood the fields of corn, flocks, and villages.

Telemachus heard at a distance the shouts of the conquerors, and at the same time saw the disorder of his own troops, flying before Adrastus as a herd of timorous deer traverse the vast forests, woods, mountains, and even the most rapid rivers when pursued by the huntsmen. He groaned; and indignation lightening from his eyes, he quits the place where he had fought a long time with much danger and glory. He runs to the assistance of his troops; he advances covered all over with the blood of a great number of the enemy, whom he had laid groveling in the dust. Even at a distance he shouted so loud as to be heard by both the armies.

Minerva had swelled his voice to such a terrible pitch that all the neighboring mountains echoed with the sound. Never did Mars exalt his horrid voice with greater force in Thrace when he summons the infernal Furies, War and Death. This cry of Telemachus inspired the troops of his own side with courage and spirit, while he froze the blood of his enemies with fear: Adrastus himself was ashamed to find himself troubled. A great many unfavorable presages alarmed him, and it was rather despair than cool courage that supported his spirits. Three times his trembling knees began to sink under him; three times did he recoil without thinking of what he did. A deadly paleness and cold sweat overspread his body and his limbs; his hoarse faltering voice could hardly pronounce one word; his fierce gloomy eyes seemed ready to start from his head, and all his motions were convulsive; so that he looked like Orestes agitated by the Furies. Then he began to believe that there were gods: he thought he saw them incensed against him; and heard a hollow voice come from the bottom of the abyss, to call him to gloomy Tartarus; every circumstance served to convince him that an invisible celestial hand hung over him, ready to fall heavy on him. All hope was extinguished in his breast; and all his intrepidity forsook him, as the daylight disappears when the sun sets in the bosom of the sea, leaving the earth enveloped in the shades of night.

The impious Adrastus — suffered to remain too long on earth, if men had not rendered such a scourge necessary — the impious Adrastus now draws near his end. He runs headlong to meet his inevitable destiny, attended by horror, sharp remorse, consternation, fury, rage, and despair. No sooner did he perceive Telemachus, than he thought he saw Avernus open, and the flames that issue from the

dusky Phlegethon ready to devour him. He cries aloud; and his mouth remains wide open, without his being able to utter any word at all: like a man asleep, who, in a frightful dream opens his mouth, and makes an effort to speak; but his tongue fails him, and he endeavors to use it in vain. With precipitation and a trembling hand he throws a javelin at Telemachus. The latter, cool and intrepid as the favorite of the gods, covers himself with his buckler; victory seemed already to shield him, as it were, with her wings, and to hold a crown suspended over his head; courage, calm and unruffled, beaming in his eye; one would have taken him for Minerva herself, such sagacity and presence of mind did he show amidst the greatest dangers. The javelin which Adrastus threw having been repelled by the shield of Telemachus, he instantly unsheathes his sword, that he might not give the son of Ulysses time to launch his javelin in his turn. Telemachus, seeing him sword in hand, forthwith unsheathed his own, and left his javelin useless.

The other combatants seeing them thus engaged in close fight, laid down their arms, and with silent attention beheld the contest, expecting that it would determine the fate of the war. Their two swords, gleaming like the flashes of lightning from whence the thunder breaks, crossed one another several times, and with their ineffectual strokes the polished armor rings. The two combatants extend their bodies, and contract themselves by turns. Sometimes they stoop, and in an instant rise again: at last they close. The ivy, springing at the root of a wild ash, does not clasp more closely with its interwoven branches the hard and knotty trunk, till it reaches the highest branches, than they clasped one another. Adrastus had not lost any of his strength; Telemachus had not attained the whole of his. Adrastus several times endeavored to surprise his enemy, and take him from his poise. He endeavored also to wrest his sword from him, but in vain; for at that instant Telemachus lifted him up, and flung him on the sand. Then did that impious man, who had always despised the gods, show a base fear of death; and, though ashamed to ask his life, yet he plainly showed that he wished for it, by endeavoring to move the pity of Telemachus.

"Son of Ulysses," he said, "now am I convinced of the justice of the gods; they punish me as I deserve; by misfortune alone the eyes of men are opened to see the truth which I now see, and by which I am condemned. But let an unhappy king remind you of your father,

who is far from Ithaca, and let that remembrance touch your noble heart."

Telemachus, who held him down with his knees, and had already raised his sword to plunge it in his breast, immediately replied: "I desire nothing more than victory, and the tranquillity of the nations that I came to succor. I take no pleasure in shedding blood. Live then, Adrastus, but live to repair your faults: restore whatever you have unjustly seized; reestablish peace and justice upon the coast of the great Hesperia, which you have violated by so many massacres and treacheries; live, and become another man; learn by your fall that the gods are just; that bad men are miserable, and deceive themselves when they seek to obtain happiness by violence, cruelty, and falsehood; lastly, that nothing is so sweet and happy as the practice of simple and constant virtue. Give us your son Metrodorus, together with twelve of your principal subjects as hostages."

So saying, Telemachus let Adrastus rise, and held out his hand to him, without the least suspicion of treachery; but Adrastus that instant threw at him a second javelin, very short, which he had hitherto kept concealed. So sharp was the weapon, and with so much force was it thrown, that it would have penetrated the arms of Telemachus if they had not been divine. Meanwhile, Adrastus ran behind a tree, to elude the pursuit of Telemachus, who thus exclaimed:

"Daunians, you see the victory is ours; the miscreant could not have saved himself, without having had recourse to treachery; and, though he is not afraid of the gods, he is afraid of death; whereas those who fear the gods, fear nothing else."

Pronouncing these words, he advanced towards the Daunians, making a sign at the same time to his own men, who were on the other side of the tree, to cut off the retreat of the perfidious Adrastus, who, now afraid of being surprised, feigned to return the way he came, and would have opened to himself a passage through the Cretans, who opposed his retreat: but Telemachus immediately darted upon him, quick as the thunderbolts which the father of the gods hurls from the lofty Olympus on the heads of guilty men, seizes him, throws him down, and, as deaf to his entreaties as the cruel north wind when it levels the slender ears that gild the plain, though the impious one attempted once more to abuse the goodness of his heart, he plunged his sword into his bosom, and sends him headlong, as his crimes deserved, among the flames of gloomy Tartarus.

Adrastus was no sooner dead than the Daunians, far from regretting their defeat and the loss of their chief, rejoiced at their deliverance; offering their hands to the allies, in token of peace and reconciliation.

Metrodorus, the son of Adrastus, whom his father had trained to maxims of dissimulation, injustice, and cruelty, like a coward, basely fled. But a slave who had been his accomplice in all his cruel and infamous actions, to whom he had granted liberty and many favors, and who now attended him in his flight, thought of nothing but betraying him for his own interest: accordingly he stabbed him in the back as he fled, cut off his head, and carried it to the camp of the allies, hoping to receive a great reward for a crime that would put an end to the war. But he was held in abhorrence for what he had done, and put to death.

Telemachus could not refrain from tears, when he beheld the head of Metrodorus, who was young, extremely beautiful, and naturally of a good disposition, but corrupted by pleasure and bad example.

"Alas!" he said, "thus it is that young princes are spoiled by prosperity; the greater their elevation and vivacity are, the farther do they recede from every virtuous principle they may have: and, perhaps, that would now have been my case, had not I, thanks to the gods, by the misfortunes I have undergone from my infancy, and the instructions of Mentor, been taught moderation."

The assembled Daunians demanded no other condition of peace but that they should be allowed to choose a king out of their own nation; who, by his virtues, might wipe out the stains with which the impious Adrastus had sullied the royal dignity. They thanked the gods that they had cut off the tyrant, and came in crowds to kiss the hand of Telemachus, which had been steeped in the blood of the monster, looking on their defeat as a triumph.

Thus, in a moment, that power vanished irrecoverably which had threatened the downfall of all the states of Hesperia, and made so many nations tremble: like those grounds that appear firm and solid, but are gradually undermined. For a long time, the weak attempts to sap them are ridiculed; no alteration appears, no part sinks or gives way, or seems to be hollow; but, in the meantime, the whole, by little and little, is undermined, till at last all at once the ground gives way, and opens a dreadful abyss. Thus power acquired by violence, injustice, and fraud, how much soever it may appear to prosper, digs

a pit for itself. Fraud and oppression, by degrees, undermine the most solid foundations of legal authority. Power acquired in that manner is admired and dreaded; it makes the world tremble, till it vanishes in a moment, and sinks under its own weight. Nor can it ever rise again; having overthrown, as it were, with its own hands, the true pillars of power, namely, good faith and justice; by which the love and confidence of mankind are gained.

Book XVI

The argument

Adrastus being dead, the Daunians offer their hands to the allies, to signify their inclination to peace, and desire them to allow them to choose a king from their own nation. Nestor, being inconsolable for the loss of his son, does not come to the assembly of the chiefs – in which several give it as their opinion that the lands of the conquered ought to be divided, and the territory of Arpi given to Telemachus. Far from accepting this offer, Telemachus makes it appear to be the common interest of the allies to choose Polydamus king of the Daunians, and to leave them in possession of their lands. He afterwards prevails upon that people to give the country of Arpi to Diomedes, who then happened to arrive in the camp. The troubles being thus solved, the several nations separate, in order to return home.

Next day the chiefs of the army assembled to grant a king to the Daunians. It gave them great pleasure to observe the two camps united by so unexpected a friendship, and the two armies which were now only one. The sage Nestor could not assist at the council, his heart being quite broken with grief and old age; as a flower, which at the dawn of day was the ornament and glory of the green fields, in the evening is overwhelmed, and languishes beneath the beating rain. His eyes had become two fountains of tears that never ceased to flow: far from them fled gentle sleep, that soothes the most poignant sorrow. Hope, which is the life of men's hearts, in him was quite extinguished. All nourishment was distasteful to the unfortunate old man, and even the light grew odious: the only wish of his soul was to be disengaged from the body, and to descend into the eternal night.

of Pluto's empire. All his friends spoke to him in vain: he had no more relish for friendship and conversation than a sick man has for food. He made no other reply to the most endearing expressions of his friends, than groans and sobs. Now and then he would exclaim: "O my son Pisistratus, Pisistratus, Pisistratus, thou callest me, I shall follow thee, Pisistratus! Thou wilt make death agreeable, my dear son! I desire nothing more to make me happy than to see thee again upon the banks of Styx." He would pass whole hours without speaking, groaning only, and lifting his hands and streaming eyes to heaven.

Meanwhile, the assembled princes were waiting for Telemachus, who stood by the body of Pisistratus, strewing it with flowers by handfuls, adding exquisite perfumes, and shedding floods of bitter tears.

"O my dear companion," he said, "I shall never forget that I saw you at Pylos, followed you to Sparta, and met with you again upon the coast of the great Hesperia. Many were the obligations I owed you; I loved you, as you did me; and I was no stranger to your valor, which would have surpassed that of many famous Greeks. Alas! It was your valor which put an end to your days; with glory indeed, but deprived the world of the benefit of your virtues, which would have equaled those of your father. Yes, in a more advanced age, your wisdom and eloquence would not have fallen short of your father's, which were admired by all Greece. You already had that gentle manner that no one could resist when you spoke, those naive ways of story-telling, that wise moderation which is a kind of charm to appease irritated minds, that authority which comes from prudence and from the force of good advice. When you spoke, all lent an ear; all were prepossessed in your favor; all wished that you might have reason on your side; and your simple modest eloquence distilled upon their hearts, as the dew falls upon the tender grass. Alas! Of all these goods which we possessed a few hours ago, we are now deprived forever. Pisistratus, whom I embraced this morning, is now no more; nothing remains of him but the sad remembrance. Had you lived to close the eyes of Nestor, and your own had not been closed so early, he would not have seen what he now sees, nor been the most wretched of fathers."

After this lamentation, Telemachus directed the bleeding wound of the side of Pisistratus to be washed: then he was laid by his order

on a bed of purple, where his head reclined on one side, and his face exhibited the paleness of death; he resembled a young tree which, after it had overshadowed a large space of ground, and extended its verdant boughs towards heaven, had been stretched on the earth by the sharp ax of the woodsman. No longer is it supported by its roots, nourished in the bosom of its fruitful mother the earth: it languishes, and its verdure disappears; it nods, it falls: its branches, which before excluded the light of heaven, now sweep the dust, decayed and withered; and it is nothing more than a log, stripped of all its graces. Thus Pisistratus, a prey to death, was taken away in order to be laid on the funeral pile.

Already the flame ascends towards heaven. A company of Pylians, with slow and solemn steps, arms reversed, and downcast eyes all bathed in tears, conveyed it to the pile. As soon as it was consumed, the ashes were inclosed in a golden urn, which Telemachus, who superintended the whole ceremony, committed as a great treasure to the care of Callimachus, who had been the tutor of Pisistratus.

"Take care," he said, "of these ashes, the melancholy but precious remains of him whom you loved. Keep them for his father; but, before you present them to him, wait till he has recovered strength enough to ask for them: what at one time excites grief, at another time sweetens it."

Telemachus then went to the assembly of the allied kings, in which all were silent as soon as he appeared, that he might be heard the better: he blushed, and could not be prevailed upon to speak. The praises given to him for all that he had done increased his confusion; so that he wished he could have concealed himself from their view; it was the first time he had appeared embarrassed and uncertain. At last he begged it as a favor that they would forbear any further praise.

"Not," he said, "that I do not love it, especially when it is bestowed by such good judges of merit; but that I am afraid I should grow too fond of it, for it is apt to corrupt the heart, and make us vain and presumptuous. We must merit it and flee it: the highest praises resemble false ones. Tyrants, the most vicious of the human race, are still those who are most praised by flatterers. What pleasure can there be in being praised like them? Good praise is that which you shall bestow upon me in my absence, provided I am so happy as to deserve it. If you really think I have merit, you ought also to suppose I would want to be modest and fear vanity: spare me then if you

really esteem me; and do not treat me as one enamored of applause."

Telemachus, after having spoken thus, took no further notice of those who continued to extol him to the skies, and his indifference soon put a stop to their praises. They began to be afraid of giving him offense by praising him; thus the praises ended, but admiration increased. Everyone understood what regret he had expressed for Pisistratus, and how careful he had been of his final duties. The whole army was more affected by these marks of the goodness of his heart than by all the prodigies of wisdom and valor which he had exhibited.

"He is wise, he is valiant!" they said to one another in private, "he is beloved by the gods, and the greatest hero of the age: he is more than human; but all of this is only marvelous, all of this only astonishes us. But he is humane, benevolent, a fair and affectionate friend, compassionate, liberal, beneficent, and wholly attached to those whom he is bound to love: he is the delight of those he lives with; he has entirely shaken off his former haughtiness, indifference, and pride; those his good qualities are of general use. They touch the heart; they bind our affections to him; they make us feel all his goodness, insomuch that we would willingly lay down our lives for him."

When this discourse was over, they began to deliberate upon the necessity of giving a king to the Daunians. It was the opinion of most of the princes who were present in the council that their country ought to be considered as conquered, and the lands divided. Telemachus was offered for his share the fertile country of Arpi, which bears twice a year the rich gifts of Ceres, the sweet presents of Bacchus, and the evergreen fruit of the olive, sacred to Minerva. "That country," they said to him, "will make you forget the poor cottages of Ithaca, the dreadful rocks of Dulichium, and the savage forests of Zacynthus. Think no more of your father, who must have perished in the waves at the promontory of Caphareus, by the vengeance of Nauplius, and the resentment of Neptune; nor of your mother, who must have been possessed by her lovers since your departure; nor of your country, whose soil has not been so favored by heaven as that of the lands which we now offer you."

This discourse he heard patiently: but the rocks of Thrace and Thessaly are not dearer to the plaintive supplications of despairing lovers than he was to all their offers.

"As for me," he said, "I do not much regard either riches or pleasures; of what advantage is it to possess a greater extent of land, and to have the government of a greater number of men? It is only to have more trouble and less liberty: life, even to the wisest and most moderate, is full enough of misfortunes, without increasing them by the government of headstrong, restless, unjust, treacherous, and ungrateful men. To desire to be a ruler of men, purely for one's own sake, to get authority, grandeur, and pleasure, is to desire to be a tyrant, a miscreant, and the scourge of mankind. On the other hand, when he desires not to rule over them but as he ought, and for their good, he is not so much their ruler as their tutor, and gets nothing by it but infinite pain, so that he was far from desiring to extend his authority. The shepherd, who does not butcher his flock, who exposes his life to defend them from wolves, who watches them day and night, and conducts them to good pasture, is not solicitous to increase their number, or to take any of his neighbor's: it would be only increasing his trouble. Although (Telemachus added) I have never governed, yet I have learnt from the laws, and the wise men that made them, how difficult it is to lead cities and kingdoms. I am, therefore, satisfied with my poor Ithaca; small and poor as it is, I shall acquire glory enough, if I rule it with justice, piety, and valor; but even there I shall only too soon ascend the throne. May the gods grant that my father may escape the fury of the waves, and reign in Ithaca to extreme old age, so that I may have an opportunity of learning a long time from him how to restrain my own passions, so as to be able to moderate those of a whole nation!"

Afterwards Telemachus said, "Hear, O princes assembled here, what I think it my duty to lay before you, for your interest. If you give the Daunians a just king, he will rule them with justice, and convince them how much it is their interest to be true to their engagements, and not to invade unjustly, or usurp the possessions of their neighbors: a lesson which they never could have learned under the impious Adrastus. While they are under the government of a wise and just prince, you will have nothing to fear: they will be indebted to you for their good king; they will owe you the peace and prosperity they enjoy. These people, far from attacking you, will bless you without ceasing, and both king and people will be the work of your hands. If, on the other hand, you should divide their lands among you, these, I predict, will be the consequences: they will become desperate, and

renew the war; and as they will then fight for their liberty, and have justice on their side, the gods, who are enemies to tyranny, will fight on their behalf. If the gods become involved, sooner or later you will certainly be confounded, and your prosperity will vanish like the smoke: the wisdom and counsel of your chiefs, the courage of your armies, and the fertility of your lands will fail. You will delude yourselves: you will turn a deaf ear to good men who would tell you the truth. You will fall suddenly, and it will be said of you: 'Is that then the flourishing nation which pretended to give law to all the world? They now fly before their enemies, and are despised and insulted by other states. See what the gods have done: it is what an unjust, proud, cruel people deserved.' Moreover, you ought to consider, that if you should attempt to divide among you this conquest, you will make all the neighboring nations united against you: your league, formed to defend the common liberty of Hesperia against Adrastus, will become odious, and you will be justly charged by all nations with aspiring to universal despotism.

"But suppose you should conquer the Daunians and all the other peoples: that victory would destroy you. Consider then in the first place that such an enterprise would break your union: as it is not founded upon justice, you will have no rule to determine the claims of each; each of you will expect that his share should be proportioned to his power; none of you will have authority enough to make the rest agree to his distribution: the consequence will be war, of which your grandchildren may not see the end. Is it not better to be guided by justice and moderation, than by ambition attended with so much danger, and so many unavoidable misfortunes? Are not profound peace, and the innocent agreeable pleasures that accompany it, cheerful plenty, the friendship of your neighbors, the glory inseparable from justice, and the authority that is acquired by foreign states referring their difference to you, in consequence of their esteem for you, advantages that far outweigh the gratification of a ridiculous vanity obtained from unjust conquest? O princes! O kings! You see I am quite disinterested in what I say: listen then to him who is so much your friend as to venture to contradict and displease you, that he may tell you the truth."

While Telemachus spoke in this manner, with an authority which they never had observed in any other, and all the princes were struck with wonder and astonishment at the wisdom of his counsels, a

confused noise diffused itself through the whole camp, and at last reached the place where the assembly was held. "A stranger," they said, "has just arrived upon the coast with a troop of armed men. He has a noble mien, and all the appearance of a hero: one may easily see that he has been long unfortunate, but the greatness of his courage has raised him above misfortune. At first the people of the country, who guarded the coast, were resolved to attack him as an enemy who had made a descent with a hostile intention; but he drew his sword with an intrepid air, and told them he knew how to defend himself if he was attacked, though he wished for peace and hospitality. At once he held out a branch of olive, as a suppliant. His request being complied with, he desired to be conducted to those who had the government of that part of Hesperia, and accordingly they are bringing him hither to present him to the kings here assembled."

This account had scarcely been given when the stranger appeared, with an air of majesty that surprised the whole assembly. He might have easily passed for the god Mars, when he assembles upon the mountains of Thrace his bloodthirsty troops. He addressed the chiefs thus:

"O ye shepherds of the people, who doubtless are here assembled either to defend your country against its enemies, or to enforce the most just laws, listen to a man whom fortune persecuted. May the gods grant you may never meet with such misfortunes. I am Diomedes, king of Etolia, who wounded Venus at the siege of Troy. The vengeance of that goddess now pursues me through the universe. Neptune, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the sea, has abandoned me to the rage of winds and waves, which have often dashed my ships to pieces against the rocks. The inexorable Venus has left me no hope of ever seeing again my kingdom, my family, and the gentle light where I first saw the day and drew my breath. No, I shall never see again what I held most dear in life. After having been so often shipwrecked, I have ventured ashore on this strange coast, in hopes of finding some repose, and a safe retreat. If you fear the gods, and especially Jupiter, who is the protector of strangers; if you have any feelings of humanity, do not refuse me some barren corner in this wide extended country, some desert, some craggy cliffs or sands, where I may, with the help of my companions, found a city, which may be at least a melancholy representation of the place of our nativity, now lost. We ask only a small space of ground, which is of no use to you. We shall live in strict friendship and alliance with

you; your enemies shall be ours, and we shall ever be attached to your interests; we desire only that we may be allowed to use our own laws."

While Diomedes thus addressed the chiefs, the eyes of Telemachus were fixed upon him, and all the different passions by turns appeared in his countenance. When Diomedes began to speak of his long series of misfortunes, he fondly imagined that he might possibly be his father. But as soon as he had declared that he was Diomedes, his countenance faded like a fair flower defaced by the cruel breath of ruthless Boreas. When Diomedes afterwards complained of the unrelenting rage of the goddess, his words deeply affected Telemachus, by reminding him of what his father and he himself had suffered; mingled tears of pity and joy ran down his cheeks, and he immediately flew to embrace Diomedes.

"I am," he said, "the son of Ulysses, whom you knew, and who was of some service to you when you carried off the famous horses of Rhesus. The gods have persecuted him as well as you without pity. If the oracles of Erebus do not deceive me, he is still alive, not, alas! for me. I left Ithaca to go in quest of him, and now I can neither find Ithaca nor him; you may judge by my own misfortunes what compassion I must feel for those of others. The advantage of having been unfortunate is that we can thereby sympathize with the distresses of others. Although I am here only a stranger myself, renowned Diomedes, the most invincible of all the Greeks except Achilles (for notwithstanding the calamities of my country during my infancy, my education was not so bad as not to know the glory you acquired in battle), I can procure you some assistance. These princes, whom you see, are endowed with humanity; they know there is no virtue, no true courage, no solid glory without humanity. Misfortune gives a new luster to the glory of great men; while they are strangers to misfortunes, there is something lacking to complete their characters, as their lives afford no examples of patience and fortitude; and every heart that has any relish for virtue, sympathizes with it in distress. It shall then be our care to comfort you, since the gods have brought you among us; in so doing they have dealt kindly by us, and we ought to account ourselves happy that we have it in our power to alleviate your pains."

While he spoke, Diomedes looked at him with attention and surprise, and felt a strong emotion in his heart. After they had embraced one another, as if they had long been intimate friends, Diomedes

exclaimed, "O worthy son of the wise Ulysses, I recognize in you his mild aspect, his graceful action, his forceful eloquence, his noble sentiments, and his profound wisdom."

Then Philoctetes likewise embraced the great son of Tydeus, and when they had given each other an account of their misfortunes, Philoctetes said to Diomedes, "Undoubtedly you will be pleased to see again the sage Nestor, who has just lost his sole remaining son Pisistratus; a path of sorrow is all he now has left in life, and that conducts him to the tomb. Come, and see if you can give him any consolation: an unfortunate friend is more likely to do it than any other."

Then they went both together to the tent of Nestor, who hardly knew Diomedes again, so much had grief depressed his spirits and impaired his understanding.

As Diomedes could not help shedding tears at first sight, the old man's grief redoubled, but afterwards it was assuaged by the presence of such a friend. It plainly appeared that his affliction was a little suspended by the pleasure he found in recounting to Diomedes what he had suffered, and in hearing, in his turn, what had befallen his friend.

While they conversed together, Telemachus and the other chiefs in council assembled were debating the question concerning the country of the Daunians. Telemachus advised them to give the territory of Arpi to Diomedes, and to choose for king of the Daunians Polydamus, a native of the country, and an officer of distinction, whom Adrastus out of jealousy never would employ, apprehensive lest the success of his arms should be attributed to his general's abilities, and himself thereby deprived of the glory which he otherwise hoped to enjoy alone. Polydamus had often warned him in private that he risked too much both his life and his crown, in a war against so many nations combined; he would have engaged him to act with more moderation and justice towards his neighbors. But men who hate the truth hate also those who have the courage to tell it to them: they are not moved either with their zeal, or sincerity, or disinterestedness. A delusive prosperity hardened the heart of Adrastus against all salutary advice; and notwithstanding his slighting it, he triumphed every day over his enemies. By insult, treachery, and violence, he still brought victory to declare for him; and none of the misfortunes which Polydamus foretold had yet ensued. He mocked the timid caution

that was always foreseeing danger; Polydamus became insupportable to him; he divested him of all employment; he left him to languish in poverty and solitude.

His disgrace at first lay very heavy on him, but it soon gave him what he had never hitherto possessed: it opened his eyes to see the vanity of grandeur, he grew wise at his own expense; he triumphed in his misfortunes; he learned by degrees to bear affliction, to be satisfied with a little, to nourish his mind with contemplation in tranquillity, to cultivate the secret virtues, which are of more value than the most shining talents; in fine, to live by himself free and independent. He took up his residence in a desert, at the foot of mount Garganus, where a hollow rock served him instead of a house. A rivulet that fell from the mountain quenched his thirst, and some trees in the neighborhood supplied him with fruit: he had two slaves, who cultivated a little field; these he assisted with his own hands, and the land rewarded them abundantly for their pains, so that they wanted for nothing. They had not only plenty of fruit and vegetables, but all sorts of sweet-smelling flowers. There he lamented the unhappy lot of those nations who are undone by the absurd ambition of their kings; there he expected every day to hear that the just, though long-suffering gods, had taken vengeance on Adrastus. The greater his prosperity, the nearer he concluded he was to irrecoverable ruin; for successful iniquity and imprudence, and power stretched to the height of despotism, are the forerunners of the fall of kings and kingdoms. When he heard of his death and defeat, he showed no joy, either for having foreseen them or for being delivered from the tyrant, but was extremely uneasy lest the Daunians should be stripped of their liberties.

Such was the man whom Telemachus proposed to make reign. It was some time since he had been informed of his virtue and courage; for, in pursuance of Mentor's advice, he diligently inquired into the characters of all those who were in any considerable employment, not only in the nations that composed the confederacy, and served in the war, but also among the enemy. He never neglected to inform himself minutely concerning all that were eminent either for talents or virtues.

The allied princes at first had some repugnance to placing Polydamus upon the throne.

"We know," they said, "by experience, how formidable a king of the Daunians is to his neighbors, when he is fond of war, and acquainted with the military art. Polydamus is an able officer, and would be a dangerous enemy."

But Telemachus replied: "It is true, Polydamus is acquainted with war, but then he loves peace, and these are precisely the qualifications to be wished for. A man who knows the dangers, difficulties, and disasters inseparable from war, will probably be more cautious of engaging in it, than he who has had no experience of its evils. He has had an opportunity of acquainting himself with the sweets of a quiet life, and he always condemned the conduct of Adrastus, of which he foresaw the fatal consequences. You have more to fear from a weak and ignorant prince, than from one who will judge and determine everything himself. A prince, weak, ignorant, and without experience, will see only by the eyes of a capricious favorite, or a flattering, restless, ambitious minister. Hence he will blindly engage in war without intending it, and it will be impossible for you to depend upon him, who cannot depend upon himself; nor will he be true to his engagement, so that you will soon be reduced to the hard necessity either of destroying him, or being destroyed by him. Is it not more for your interest, more safe, and at the same time more just and noble, not to abuse the confidence of the Daunians, but to give them a king who is worthy of command?"

By these arguments all the chiefs were persuaded, and accordingly Polydamus was proposed to the Daunians, who waited with impatience for the council's resolution. When they heard the name of Polydamus, they immediately exclaimed:

"Now we are convinced that the allied princes have no sinister views in regard to us, and that they desire a lasting peace, since they have proposed to give us for a king a man so virtuous, and so capable of governing well. If they had proposed to us one that was pusillanimous, ignorant, and effeminate, we should have concluded that their intention was to humble us, and to unhinge the form of our government; a conduct so artful and insidious would have excited in us a violent and lasting resentment: but by recommending Polydamus, you show the uprightness of your intentions. It is evident that your views in relation to us are just and honorable, since you have given us a king who is incapable of attempting anything against our liberty, and the glory of our nation. We can, therefore, venture to declare in the

presence of the just gods, that the rivers will return to their sources before we will cease to love such beneficent princes. May our latest posterity be informed of the benefit now conferred upon us, and renew from generation to generation the peace of the golden age through all the coast of Hesperia!"

Telemachus then proposed that they should give to Diomedes the lands of Arpi, where he might establish his colony. "These colonists," he said, "will be indebted to you for their settlement in a country at present unoccupied. Remember that all men ought to love one another; that there will always be more land than can be settled; and that, as you must have neighbors, it is better to have those who are obliged to you for their establishment. Take pity on an unfortunate king, who cannot reach his native country. Polydamus and he, united by the bands of justice and virtue, which are the only lasting ties, will procure for you an uninterrupted peace, and render you formidable to all those neighbors that may think of aggrandizing themselves at your expense. You see, O Daunians, that we have provided you with a king capable of carrying the glory of your country to the highest pitch. We may hope then that you will grant, at our request, a tract of land which is of no use to you, to a king who merits all possible assistance."

The Daunians responded that they could refuse Telemachus nothing, since it was he that had procured them Polydamus for their king, whom they immediately went to find in his desert, in order to place him on the throne. But before their departure they made a grant of the fertile plains of Arpi to Diomedes, there to lay the foundations of a new kingdom. This settlement gave great pleasure to the allies, because that Greek colony might be able to assist them powerfully, should the Daunians ever attempt to renew the encroachments, of which Adrastus had set them a bad example. The princes now resolved to separate: accordingly Telemachus marched off with his troops, his eyes bathed in tears, after he had tenderly embraced the valiant Diomedes, the sage but inconsolable Nestor, and the renowned Philoctetes, who worthily inherited the arrows of Hercules.

Book XVII

The argument

Telemachus, upon his arrival at Salente, is surprised to find the country so well cultivated, and so little magnificence in the city. Mentor explains to him the reasons for that change, points out to him the errors that commonly prevent a state's flourishing, and proposed to him for a model the conduct and government of Idomeneus. Telemachus then disclosed his mind to him in regard to his inclination to marry Antiope, the daughter of that prince. Mentor agrees with him in praising her good qualities, and assures him that the gods had destined her for him; but that at present he ought to think of nothing but setting out for Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from the irksome advances of her suitors.

The young son of Ulysses burned with impatience to be with Mentor again at Salente, and to embark with him for Ithaca, where he hoped his father had by this time arrived. As he approached Salente, he was quite astonished to find all the neighborhood cultivated like a garden, and full of industrious people, which at his departure was little better than a desert: he recognized the work of the sage Mentor. Then entering the city, he perceived fewer artisans for the luxuries of life, and much less magnificence than he had observed before. He was quite shocked by this, for he was naturally fond of show and splendor. But other thoughts at once occupied his heart: seeing Mentor and Idomeneus at a distance coming to meet him, his bosom forthwith throbbed with strong emotions of tenderness and joy. At the same time, notwithstanding his great success in the war against Adrastus, he was apprehensive that Mentor should not be satisfied

with his conduct and, therefore, as the sage approached, he endeavored to discover in his eyes whether he had done anything amiss.

After Idomeneus had embraced him with as much tenderness as if he had been his own son, he flew immediately to the arms of Mentor, and bedewed him with his tears.

Mentor said to him: "I am content with you: you have, it is true, committed great faults; but then they have taught you to know yourself better, and to be more diffident than you were before. One often reaps more benefit from his misconduct than from his heroic exploits. Great actions are apt to swell the mind with pride, and to inspire the most dangerous presumption; whereas errors make one look into oneself, and recall that wisdom which prosperity had exiled. All that you have now to do is to be thankful to the gods, and not too ambitious of the praise of men. You have performed great actions, but if you will be truthful, you must grant that but a small part of the merit of them is due to you. Is it not true that they were suggested and directed by something independent of yourself? Would not your natural heat and imprudence otherwise have made them miscarry? Did you not perceive that Minerva had, as it were, transformed you into something above yourself, to enable you to perform what you have achieved? She suspended all your natural defects, like Neptune when he pacifies the storms, and holds the angry billows in suspense."

While Idomeneus with eager curiosity interrogated the Cretans who returned from the war, Telemachus was listening to the sage instructions of Mentor. Finally, he cast his eyes around him with surprise, and said to Mentor:

"What a change is here! I cannot conceive the reason for it. Has any calamity befallen Salente since my departure? What has become of that magnificence which then appeared in every part of the city? I now see neither gold, nor silver, nor precious stones; the dresses are plain; the buildings which they are now erecting are neither so large nor so much ornamented as they were then; the arts languish, and the city has become a solitude."

Mentor replied with a smile: "Have you observed the condition of the country round the city?" "Yes," said Telemachus, "I observed that the fields were cultivated, and agriculture in repute."

"Which," said Mentor, "is better, a city adorned with marble, gold and silver, and a barren neglected country; or a fruitful well-cultivated country, and a city in which there is a simplicity of manners,

and not much magnificence? A large city full of artisans employed in promoting luxury and a corruption of manners, with a poor ill-cultivated country about it, resembles a monster with an enormous head, but the rest of the body, for want of nourishment, is meager and overextended, and bearing no proportion to the head. The true strength and wealth of a kingdom consist in the number of the people, and the produce of the lands. Idomeneus now has an infinite number of people indefatigably laborious, through the whole of his dominions, so that they look like one continued city; Salente is only the center. We have transplanted from the city to the country the hands with which the former was overstocked, but were needed in the country, in which we have also induced many foreigners to settle. The more these people multiply, the more they multiply by their labors the fruits of the earth; and by such a peaceful and agreeable multiplication, the power of a state is more enlarged than by a conquest. We have not suppressed in the city any but superfluous arts, which divert the poor from the culture of the lands for the supply of real needs, and corrupt the rich by introducing among them luxury and softness: but nothing has been done that can affect the fine arts, or those who cultivate them with a true genius. Thus Idomeneus has become much more powerful now than when you admired his magnificence. That dazzling outside concealed a weakness and misery that would have soon brought his empire to ruin: now he has a much greater number of subjects, and nourishes them more easily. These men, accustomed to labor and hardship, and taught to despise death by their love of equitable laws, are all ready to fight to defend these lands cultivated by their own hands. Soon this state, which you thought on the brink of ruin, will be the wonder of Hesperia.

"Remember, O Telemachus, that there are two grievances in government which are scarcely ever guarded against or remedied: the first is an unjust and violent authority assumed by kings; the second is luxury, which corrupts manners.

"When kings once begin to think that their absolute wills are the only laws they are bound by, and place no bridle on their passions, their power indeed is uncontrolled: but by the exercise of such a power, they sap the foundation of it; they have no longer any certain rule or maxims of government. Everyone vies with another in flattering them; they no longer have a people: there remains to them only slaves, whose number diminishes every day. Who will tell them

the truth? Who will check the torrent of their power? They carry all before them: the wise flee, hide, and tremble. A power so exorbitant can be reduced to its just limits only by force, and a sudden revolution; but the blow that might have reduced it often overthrows it. Nothing is more exposed to a fatal overthrow than power pushed too far: it is like a bow too much bent, which never fails to break all of a sudden, unless it is slackened: but who is it that will venture to slacken the bow of power? The heart of Idomeneus had been corrupted by an excess of power: he was dethroned by his subjects, but not cured of his folly. It was necessary that the gods should send us hither to disabuse him of that blind and excessive power, for which men are altogether unqualified; a kind of miracle was required to open his eyes.

"The other evil, almost incurable, is luxury. As arbitrary power is the bane of kings, so luxury poisons a whole nation. It is said that luxury maintains the poor at the expense of the rich, as if the poor could not gain a livelihood, and be more useful in multiplying the fruits of the earth, without enervating the rich by the refinements of luxury. A whole nation comes by degrees to look upon superfluities as necessary to life, and to invent such necessities every day; so that they cannot dispense with what was counted superfluous thirty years before. Such luxury is called good taste, the perfection of the arts, and the politeness of a nation. This vice, which draws after it an infinite number of others, is extolled as a virtue, so that the contagion extends at last to the very dregs of the people. The near relations of the king want to imitate his magnificence; the grandees, that of the royal family; those in the middle ranks of life, that of the grandees; for who is it that keeps within his own sphere? And those in low life will affect to pass for people of fashion. Thus all live above their rank and income, some from vanity and ostentation, and to display their wealth; others from a false shame, and to hide their poverty. Even those who are wise enough to condemn such excesses do not have resolution to make head against them, and to set an example of a different conduct. A whole nation goes to wreck; all ranks are confounded. The desire of money wherewith to make a figure corrupts the best disposed mind; wealth is the sole pursuit, and poverty is accounted scandalous. Though you should be learned, ingenuous, and virtuous; though you should instruct mankind, gain victories, save your country, and sacrifice your all for its honor and interest,

yet you will be despised, if your talents are not set off by luxury. Even those who are poor will affect to appear wealthy, and spend as if they really were so: they will borrow, they will cheat, they will have recourse to a thousand indirect methods. But how will these evils be remedied? Only by changing the taste and manners of a whole nation; one must give it new laws. But who will undertake it, unless it be a king who is a philosopher, and who by setting an example of moderation, may bring contempt on those who love an expensive show, and give a sanction to the manners of the wise, who will be glad to have their decent frugality supported by such authority."

Telemachus, hearing these remarks, was like a man returning from a deep sleep: he was convinced of the truth of Mentor's words, which made a deep impression upon his heart: as the skillful sculptor engravés on marble what features he thinks proper to display, so as to give it delicacy, life, and motion. Telemachus made no reply, but after reflecting on what he had heard, and taking a view of the changes which had been made in the city, he said to Mentor:

"You have made Idomeneus the wisest of all kings; so that I now know neither him, nor his people. What you have done here, I grant, is infinitely more glorious than the victories we have gained. In the successes of war, bodily strength and accident have no small share; of the glory gained in war, a part is due to the soldiers; but this whole work proceeded from your sagacity alone: you were obliged to combat the false notions both of king and people, in order to correct them. The successes of war are always ruinous and odious: here all is the work of celestial wisdom; all is peace, joy, and beneficence, and manifests supernatural authority. When men want glory, why do not they endeavor thus to obtain it, by doing all the good they can? How much they are mistaken with respect to true glory, who expect to find it by laying waste the earth, and shedding human blood!"

Great joy appeared in Mentor's countenance when he perceived that Telemachus had such just notions of victories and conquests, at an age when it was natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had acquired.

He then added: "It is true, all is proper and praiseworthy that has been done here; but you must know that something greater and better might have been done. Idomeneus now bridles his passions, and strives to govern his people with justice: but his conduct is far from being free from blame, the unhappy effect of his former errors. Even

when men are willing to forsake vice, it seems still to pursue them for a length of time: some bad habits still remain; the natural vigor of the mind impaired, inveterate errors, and almost incurable prejudices. Happy are they who never left the path of virtue! They attain to a higher degree of perfection in the practice of beneficence. The gods, O Telemachus, will expect more of you than of Idomeneus, because you were taught to know the truth in your infancy, and were never exposed to the seduction of great prosperity.

"Idomeneus," continued Mentor, "is wise and enlightened; but he is too attentive to details, and his views of things are too narrow and confined to form proper plans. It is not requisite that a king, who is above other men, should do everything himself: it is vanity to imagine it possible for him, or to endeavor to make the world believe that it is. A king must govern by choosing and directing proper persons to govern under him; but he is not to concern himself with every detail, for that would be to do the duty of those who are subordinate to him: he ought only to make them give him an account of their administration, and to know enough of it to be able to judge that account with some degree of precision. He may be justly said to govern extremely well, who judiciously chooses those that are to govern under him, and employs men according to their different talents. The supreme and perfect government consists in governing those who govern: these must be watched, proved, checked, punished, encouraged, advanced, degraded, shifted from one place to another, and always kept in order.

"To examine everything himself argues a distrust of his ministers, and a littleness of mind: it is abandoning himself to attention to matters of little consequence, which consumes the time and application necessary for great affairs. To form great designs, the mind must be free and composed: it must meditate without restraint, wholly disengaged from the dispatch of thorny matters. A mind exhausted of its vigor by such an application, is like the lees of wine, which have neither strength nor spirit. Those who govern in detail are always determined by the present, never extending their views to a distant future: they are always caught up in the affair of the day; and as their minds are engrossed by that alone, it makes too great an impression, and weakens the faculty of reason; for there is no forming a sound judgment of affairs but by comparing them all together, and ranging them in a certain order, so as to have sequence and proportion. Not

to adopt this rule in government, would be to resemble a musician who should be satisfied with inventing melodious sounds, but should give himself no trouble about uniting them, so as to compose agreeable and affecting music. It would also be acting like an architect, who should think he had done everything necessary in collecting large columns, and abundance of hewn stone, without regarding the order, or proportion of the ornaments of his edifice. In laying out a salon, he never reflects that there must be a convenient staircase; and while he is employed upon the main building, he never thinks either of the court or portico; so that his work is nothing but a confused assemblage of magnificent parts, not at all suited to one another. Such a work, far from doing him honor, will be a monument to perpetuate his shame; for it will show that the architect did not have a capacity sufficient to form a general plan of his work. Such conduct argues a narrow confined genius; and he whose capacity rises no higher than detail is only fit to be employed in a subordinate station. Do not doubt, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony, like music, and proportions as exact as those of architecture.

"If you will allow me once more to borrow a comparison from the arts, I will convince you how moderate the capacity of those is who govern by detail. He, who in a concert only sings certain parts, how well soever he may acquitted himself, is still only a singer: he alone who conducts the whole concert, and at once regulates all the parts of it, is the master musician. In the same manner, he who cuts the columns, or builds a part of the edifice, is only a mason; but he alone who has planned it, and has all the proportions in his head, is the architect. Thus, those who labor, who execute, and transact the greatest share of business, are those who govern the least; they are only subordinate workmen. The true genius who governs the state is he who, doing nothing, makes everything be done — who reflects, who plans, who looks into the future, and resolves past events; who arranges and adjusts, who takes reasonable precautions, and in continual efforts wrestles with fortune; as a swimmer struggles with the stream, employing his attention day and night, so that nothing may be left to accident. Do you believe, Telemachus, that a great painter labors incessantly from morning to night to finish his pictures the sooner? No, such servile labor and drudgery would quite extinguish the fire of his imagination, and depress his genius: he must work by starts

and sallies, according to the dictates of his taste, and the impulse of his genius. Do you imagine that he spends his time in grinding colors and preparing pencils? No, that is the business of his pupils. His part is to meditate, and by bold touches, to infuse majesty, life, and passion into his figure, while his imagination is warmed with the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he intends to represent, transporting him to the ages in which they flourished, and recalling all the circumstances of their fate. To this kind of enthusiasm must be joined judgment, so that the whole may be just, correct, and duly proportioned. Do you think, Telemachus, that a less elevated genius, and less capacity, are required to form a great king, than a good painter? If not, it follows that the business of a king must be to reflect, to plan great designs, and to choose proper persons to execute them under him."

Telemachus replied: "It seems to me that I comprehend all that you have said: but if matters are to be managed in that manner, a king would be often imposed upon, by not entering himself into the detail of business."

"That is your mistake," replied Mentor. "To prevent a king's being imposed upon, it is sufficient that he have a general knowledge of government. Those people who have no principles in regard to business, nor any true discernment, are always, as it were, groping in the dark; if they are right, it is merely by accident, for they do not know exactly what they are seeking, nor the mark they ought to aim at: all they know is to be distrustful and suspicious; and they are actually more distrustful of honest men who contradict them, than of knaves who flatter them. On the other hand, those who have principles to direct them in government, and who are acquainted with human nature, know what they are to expect, and the means of obtaining it: at least, they know in the main, if the people they employ are fit for their purposes, and have a clear comprehension of their views and designs. Further, by not subjecting themselves to the labor of detail, they can with more freedom take a general survey of the whole administration, and determine whether their ministers advance towards the principal end. If they are deceived, it can hardly be in respect to essentials. Moreover, they are above those little jealousies that mark a low mind and narrow understanding: they know it is impossible to avoid being sometimes deceived in great affairs, as there is a necessity for employing in them men who are so much

addicted to deceit. More is lost by the irresolution proceeding from distrust, than would be hazarded by acquiescing in a little imposition. Happy are those who are deceived only in matters of no very great consequence, while such as are of importance are happily forwarded; and it is only about these that a great man ought to give himself trouble. Deceit ought to be severely punished when it is discovered: but men must count on being sometimes imposed upon in trifles, if they would avoid imposition in matters more essential. An artisan in his shop sees everything with his own eyes, and does everything with his own hands: but a king, whose dominions are extensive, can neither see everything nor do everything. He ought to see only what regards matters of importance, and to do what can be done by none of those who are subordinate to his will."

In conclusion Mentor said to Telemachus: "The gods love you, and are preparing a reign full of wisdom for you. All that you see here is calculated more for your instruction than the glory of Idomeneus. All the wise establishments which you admire in Salente are only the shadow of what you will do one day in Ithaca, if your virtue responds to your high destiny. It is now time to think of quitting this place; Idomeneus has prepared a vessel to carry us home."

Then Telemachus opened his heart to his friend, though with some reluctance, in regard to an attachment that made him regret [leaving] Salente.

"Perhaps," he said, "you will blame my being too susceptible of tender inclinations in the place where we sojourn: but I should be continually exposed to the reproaches of my own heart, if I hid from you that I am in love with Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. No, my dear Mentor, it is not a blind passion like that of which you cured me in the island of Calypso; I have felt to my cost how violent that passion was with which Cupid then inspired me for Eucharis; for I cannot yet pronounce her name without emotion, and time and absence have not been able to efface her from my memory. This unhappy experience has put me upon my guard. But as for Antiope, what I feel is of a very different nature: it is not a blind violent passion, but taste, esteem, and regard to merit. How happy should I be, if I could pass my life with her! If ever the gods shall restore my father to me, and allow me to choose a wife, Antiope shall be the person. What charms me in her is her silence, her modest reserve, her constant employment; her industry in spinning, weaving, and

embroidery; her attention to the economy of her father's house, since the death of her mother; her contempt of the ornaments of dress, and her forgetting, or even seeming to be ignorant of her beauty. When Idomeneus desires her to lead the dance with the young Cretan ladies to the sound of the flute, one would take her for the smiling Venus, who is accompanied by the Graces. When he carries her to the chase, she displays no less majesty and address in shooting with the bow, than Diana amidst her nymphs; yet of all these accomplishments she seems herself insensible, even while she is universally admired. When she enters the temples of the gods, bearing the offerings on her head in baskets, one would imagine that she was herself the divinity of the place. With what reverence and humility have I seen her sacrifice, and turn back the wrath of the gods, when any act of impiety was to be expiated, or ill omen averted. In fine, when she appears among the virgins with a golden needle in her hand, one is apt to think that Minerva herself has come from heaven in human shape to teach the fine arts; she animates the rest to work, and banishes weariness and uneasiness by the charms of her voice, when she sings all the marvelous histories of the gods. The most exquisite painting falls short of the delicacy of her embroidery. Happy the man whom gentle Hymen shall unite to her! The only thing he will have to fear will be his irretrievable loss in case he should survive her.

"I here call the gods to witness, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart. Though I shall love Antiope as long as I live, yet she shall not retard one moment my return to Ithaca. Were another to possess her, I should pass my days in bitterness and sorrow: but I am determined to leave her, although I know that during my absence I may chance to lose her. I will not mention my passion either to her or her father; for you are the only person I ought to consult, until Ulysses, reestablished on his throne, shall declare his consent. Hence you may judge, my dear Mentor, how different my present attachment is from that blind passion which I had for Eucharis."

Mentor replied to Telemachus: "I am aware of the difference. Antiope is good-natured, discreet, and unaffected; she does not think it below her to work with her hands; she foresees what will be wanted, and looks to everything: she knows when she ought to be silent; goes about things in an orderly deliberate manner, and is never idle. She is never in any perplexity or confusion, because everything is done

in its proper time and place: the good order of her father's house speaks her praise, and is a greater ornament to her than her beauty. Although she has the care of everything, and authority to reprove, to refuse, to retrench (an authority that makes almost all those women odious who are vested with it), yet she is loved by the whole family, because they do not find her subject to passion, caprice, levity, or ill humor, like other women. By a single look she can make herself understood, and everybody is afraid of displeasing her. She gives her orders with precision, requiring nothing of any but what they are capable of executing; reproofing with tenderness and good nature, so that she encourages even while she reproves. The heart of her father reposes on her as a traveler, fatigued by the violent heat of the sun, reposes under a shade on the tender grass. You are right, Telemachus; Antiope is a treasure worth seeking in the remotest corners of the earth. Her mind is not set off with vain ornaments, no more than her body: her imagination, though lively, is chaste; she never speaks but when it is proper; and when she opens her mouth, a stream of sweet persuasion and unaffected graces flow from her lips. When she speaks, everybody is silent, then she blushes; and is almost tempted to suppress what she intended to have said, when she finds herself listened to with so much attention. I have hardly ever heard her speak at any length.

"Do you remember, Telemachus, that her father one day sent for her, and she appeared with a modest look under a large veil; when she spoke only to pacify Idomeneus, and intercede for one of his slaves, whom he was going to punish severely: at first she gave way to his anger, then pacified him, and at last urged what she could on behalf of the unhappy delinquent; and without making the king aware that he had been too much hurried away by passion, she inspired him with sentiments of justice and compassion. Thetis, when she flatters old Nereus, does not with more mildness pacify the angry waves. Thus Antiope, without assuming any authority, or availing herself of her charms, will one day mold the heart of her husband, as she now touches the lyre, when she would draw from it the most ravishing notes. Once more, Telemachus, your love for her is just; the gods intend her for you; you love her with a reasonable love; but you must wait till Ulysses gives her to you. I commend you for resolving not to reveal your feelings to her; for I assure you, if you had made any attempt of that kind, she would have been offended at it,

and you would have lost her esteem. She will never promise herself to anyone, but will be entirely at the disposal of her father; she is determined too to espouse no man that does not fear the gods, and observe all the rules of decorum. Have you taken notice, as I have, that she appears seldom, and is more shy since your return, than she used to be? She is no stranger to the success you have had in the war, nor to your birth and adventures, and the talents the gods have bestowed on you; it is that consideration which makes her so shy and reserved. Let us go, Telemachus, let us go towards Ithaca. I have now nothing more to do but to find your father, and help you to a wife worthy of the golden age; for if she were but a shepherdess on mount Algidum, instead of being the daughter of the king of Salente, you would be extremely happy in possessing so much virtue."

Idomeneus, who feared the departure of Mentor and Telemachus, dreamt only of holding them back; he told Mentor he could not, without his assistance, terminate a difference that had arisen between Diophanes, priest of Jupiter, Conservator, and Heliodorus, priest of Apollo, in regard to the presages taken from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims.

"Why," said Mentor, "would you concern yourself with sacred things? Leave the decision of them to the Etrurians, who have the traditions of the most ancient oracles, and are qualified by inspiration to be the interpreters of the gods: you ought to employ your authority to stifle these disputes in their birth. Take care not to show any prepossession or partiality to either side, and to maintain the decision when once it is given: remember, that a king ought to be subject to religion, and without ever attempting to subject it to his regulation. Religion comes from the gods, and soars superior to the power of kings. If kings interfere in the disputes of religion, instead of protecting, they enslave it. So great is the power of kings, and so small that of other men, that everything will run the risk of being altered to suit their humor, if once they should assume a right to determine questions relating to sacred things. Leave then the determinations of them entirely to the ministers of the gods, and content yourself with restraining those who refuse submission to the judgment they pronounce."

Idomeneus then complained of the perplexity occasioned by a great number of lawsuits between individuals, which he was pressed to determine.

"Decide," replied Mentor, "every new question which tends to establish general maxims of jurisprudence, and to explain the laws; but never charge yourself with judging particular causes. Otherwise you will be perpetually harassed by their number and variety, as in that case you would be the sole judge of your people, and all the other subordinate judges would become useless; the labor and drudgery of such an undertaking would be insupportable, and by attending to small matters, you would neglect such as were important, without being able to discuss the former. Beware then of exposing yourself to this embarrassment; refer private causes to the ordinary judges; only charge yourself with that which others cannot do for your relief; thus you will acquit yourself of the duty of a king."

"I am also pressed," said Idomeneus, "to bring about certain marriages. Those persons of high birth, who have followed me in all my wars, and lost great goods in my service, would be glad to repair them by marrying certain rich heiresses, and it would cost me but a word to procure them these advantageous matches."

"It is true," Mentor replied, "it would cost you but a word: but then that very word would cost you too dear. Would you rob parents of the liberty and consolation of choosing their sons-in-law, and consequently their heirs? That would be to reduce all families to the most wretched slavery: you would make yourself responsible for the domestic woes of your subjects. Marriages have enough thorns, without adding to the bitterness of them by such conduct. If you have any faithful servants to reward, assign them estates out of the uncultivated lands, and add to that rank and honors, proportioned to their condition and services; if there is occasion, you may also present them with some money out of that paid into the treasury from the funds appropriated to your own immediate expense: but never pay your debts by encroaching on the rights of parents, and sacrificing the daughters of the rich."

From this, Idomeneus made a sudden transition to another question. "The Sybarites," he said, "complain that we have taken usurped lands that belong to them, and assigned them to the strangers we have lately drawn hither as waste grounds for cultivation. Shall I yield them up to these people? If I do, every other neighboring state will think they have nothing to do but to make a claim upon me."

"It is not just," replied Mentor, "to believe the Sybarites in their own cause: nor you in yours."

"Whose evidence then," said Idomeneus, "is to determine the dispute?"

"There is no necessity," said Mentor, "for trusting to the evidence of either party. Let some one of the neighboring nations be chosen arbitrators, who are not suspected on either side; such are the Sipentines: their interests and yours do not clash in the least."

"But am I obliged," said Idomeneus, "to refer it to any arbitrator? Am not I a king? Ought a king to allow strangers to determine the extent of his dominions?"

Mentor thus replied: "As you seem resolved not to part with the lands in question, you, no doubt, look upon your right as good; on the other hand the Sybarites continue firm, and insist that they have an indubitable right. Either an umpire chosen by both parties, or the clash of arms, must decide between these opposite claims; there is no other expedient left. If you should visit a republic where there was neither judge nor magistrate, and where every family thought they had a right to make good their claims upon their neighbors by violence, you would lament the unhappy condition of such a nation, and look with horror upon such anarchy, as permitted all the families thus to make war on one another. Do you not think the gods must regard the whole world, which is the universal republic, with equal horror, should each nation, that is, each family of the great commonwealth, think it had an undoubted right to make good its claims upon the neighboring nations by violence? A private person who is the proprietor of a field that descended to him from his ancestors, cannot maintain himself in possession of it but by the authority of the laws, and the decision of the magistrate; he would be severely punished, as guilty of sedition, if he should take arms to preserve even what justice has awarded. Do you imagine that kings are justifiable in having immediate recourse to violence to assert their claims, before they have made trial of every gentle and humane method? Is not justice to be held more sacred and inviolable by kings, when whole countries are concerned, than by private families, when only a few cultivated fields are in question? Shall he be accounted an unjust invader of another's property, who wrongfully dispossesses another of an acre of ground; and he who dispossesses another of whole provinces, be deemed a just man and a hero? If men are apt to be prepossessed, to be blinded, and to impose upon themselves in regard to the trifling concerns of private life, is there not more reason to

apprehend that will be the case, when the question regards the great interests of a state? Will they venture to trust themselves upon an occasion when they have so much reason to be diffident? Will they not be afraid of deceiving themselves, in a case wherein the mistake of a single person may have such frightful consequences? For the mistake of a king, who works himself up to a false persuasion of the justice of his claims, is often the occasion of devastations, massacres, famines, losses, and corruption of manners, the fatal effects of which extend to very remote ages. Ought not a king, who is always surrounded by such a number of sycophants, to be afraid of flattery upon these occasions? If he consents to submit his claim to arbitration, he thereby reveals his equity, his good faith, and his moderation. He will then publish the solid reasons that justify his claim, referring it to the arbitrator that is chosen, as an amicable mediator, and not as a sovereign judge. He does not engage to submit implicitly to his determination: but pays a great deference to his judgment. The arbitrator is not vested with absolute power to determine the dispute; but he makes proposals, and by his advice and persuasion prevails upon both parties to part with something for the sake of peace. If a king, notwithstanding all his endeavors to preserve peace, is obliged to go to war, he will at least have the approbation of his own mind, the esteem of his neighbors, and the just protection of the gods."

Moved by these arguments, Idomeneus consented that the Sipentines should be mediators between him and the Sybarites.

Then the king, sensing all his endeavors to detain the two strangers were ineffectual, tried an expedient that promised more success. He had observed that Telemachus loved Antiope, and he hoped to hold him by means of this passion. With this view he directed her to sing several times during the festivals. She would not disobey her father, and therefore complied with his desire; but she did it with so much modesty, and such an air of melancholy, as plainly showed how much it was against her inclination. Idomeneus even went so far as to desire her to sing the victory that had been obtained over the Daunians and Adrastus: but she could not prevail upon herself to sing the praises of Telemachus: she excused herself, therefore, in a respectful manner, and her father would not venture to lay her under restraint. Her gente and touching voice produced great rapture and emotion in the heart of the young son of Ulysses; and Idomeneus, who kept his eyes fixed upon him, was much pleased when he perceived it.

But Telemachus would not seem to be aware of the king's designs; although upon these occasions he could not help being greatly affected, yet his reason maintained a superiority over his passion; he was not now the same Telemachus who had been such a slave to a tyrannical passion in the island of Calypso. While Antiope was singing, he listened in profound silence; but she no sooner finished, than he immediately began to talk of some other subject.

The king, finding his way did not have the desired effect, resolved at last upon a great hunting match for the diversion of his daughter. Antiope cried, not wanting to engage in it: but she was obliged to obey her father's absolute command. She mounted a sprightly, foaming steed, like those which Castor trained for battle, and managed him with ease. A bevy of young damsels with joy attended her, amidst whom she appeared like Diana in the forest. The king was so charmed with the sight of her, that he gazed upon her incessantly, and forgot all his past misfortunes. Telemachus saw her also, more affected with her modesty than her address, and all her graces.

The hounds were now in pursuit of a wild boar which was enormously large, and as fierce as that of Calydon: his strong hard bristles stood up like darts; his bloodshot eyes glared fire; the sound of his breath was heard afar off like the hoarse murmur of the raging winds, when Aeolus recalls them to his cave in order to appease the storm; and his long tusks, bent like the reaper's sickle, made gashes in the trunks of even the hardest trees. All the hounds that ventured to approach him were torn in pieces; and the boldest hunters dreaded to overtake him in the chase. Antiope, swift-footed as the wind, was not afraid of his encounter; she launched a dart that pierced him above the shoulder. The blood of the fierce animal flows in a torrent from the wound; the pain of which increasing his fury, he turned directly upon her, by whose hand it was inflicted. Antiope's horse, notwithstanding his mettle, was frightened, and recoiled; but the monstrous boar now sprang upon him with a force like that of the heavy machines with which the strongest walls of cities are assailed. The courser, unable to stand the shock, was overthrown; Antiope sees herself dismounted, no longer in condition to avoid the fatal tusks of the exasperated boar: but Telemachus, attentive to guard her against all danger, had already alighted from his steed. Quick as the lightning he throws himself between the horse that was overturned and the wild boar, just going to avenge his blood. Having a

long javelin in his hand, he plunges its whole length into the side of the dreadful animal, which falls full of rage.

Telemachus, cutting off the head, which struck all the hunters, presented it to Antiope. She blushed, and consulted the looks of her father, who, after his great alarm at her danger, was now overjoyed at her escape, and made her a sign to accept the present. As she took it from the hands of Telemachus, she said to him:

"I thankfully accept from you a more important present; for I owe you my life."

These words had no sooner proceeded from her mouth, than, fearing she had said too much, she stood with downcast eyes in some confusion; Telemachus, observing her embarrassment, would not venture to make any other reply than this:

"Happy is the son of Ulysses in having saved a life so precious! But happier still would he be, could he hope to pass his days with you."

Antiope, without making any answer, hurried away to her young companions, and mounted her horse again.

Idomeneus would have at that moment promised his daughter in marriage to Telemachus; but he hoped to enflame his passion more by keeping him in suspense, and even fancied that the desire of securing the match would make Telemachus put off his departure from Salente. Such was the scheme of Idomeneus: but the gods laugh at human wisdom. That which promised fairest to induce Telemachus to stay, was the very circumstance that made him hasten his departure: the emotions he began to feel justly inspired him with a diffidence in his own discretion. Mentor redoubled his efforts to inflame his impatience to return to Ithaca, and he pressed Idomeneus to let him depart, a vessel being provided and ready to set sail. For Mentor, who regulated the whole course of the life of Telemachus, in order to raise him to the highest pitch of glory, permitted him to remain no longer in any particular place than was necessary for the exercise of his virtue, and for the purpose of gaining experience. Mentor had given orders to get ready a ship as soon as Telemachus arrived. But Idomeneus, who had perceived this precaution with the utmost regret, sank into a mortal sadness, when he saw himself on the point of being forsaken by his two guests, from whom he had received such benefit and assistance. He shut himself up in the most retired part of his palace; there he vented his grief in tears and

lamentations. He neglected the necessary care of sustenance: sleep no longer soothed his poignant sorrows; he was blasted and consumed by his disquiet, like a lofty tree whose numerous boughs project a mighty shade, when the worm begins to gnaw its stem, pervading those delicate canals through which the nourishing sap is circulated: this tree, though it stood unshaken by the winds, though the fruitful earth nourished it in its bosom, respected by the ax of the husbandman; from some secret cause, it now languishes, withers, and sheds those leaves that were its chief ornament, so that nothing remains but a trunk and some decayed branches covered with rotten bark. Such was Idomeneus in his grief.

Telemachus was so much affected, that he was afraid to speak to him. He dreaded, therefore, the day of his departure; sought pretexts to put it off; and would probably have continued a long time in such irresolution, if Mentor had not said to him:

"I am glad to find you so much altered. You were born hard and haughty; your heart was touched only by your own interest and convenience; but you have at last become a man, and by the experience of your own misfortunes, you have learned to sympathize with those of others. Without such compassion, there is no good nature, virtue, nor capacity for the government of mankind: but it must not be carried too far, nor must an unmanly tenderness be indulged. I should speak to Idomeneus, to obtain his consent to your departure, and spare you the pain and uneasiness of such an interview, if it were not that I would not have you enslaved by a false shame and timidity. At the same time that you manifest the tenderness and sensibility of a friend, you ought not to forget the firmness and fortitude that becomes a man. We must endeavor not to give more uneasiness to any than necessity requires; to sympathize with that affliction which we cannot avoid giving, and alleviate as much as possible the grief we cannot absolutely prevent."

"It is with a view to that softening," said Telemachus, "that I wish Idomeneus were apprised of our intended departure by your mouth rather than by mine."

Mentor immediately replied: "You deceive yourself, my dear Telemachus; it is with you, as with the sons of kings clad in purple, who must be humored in everything, and whom all nature must obey, though they have not resolution to thwart any individual to his face. Not that they care for mankind, or have so much good nature that

they are afraid of giving pain; but only to make themselves comfortable; for that reason, they do not like to see any sad, dissatisfied countenances about them. The sufferings and distresses of mankind give them no trouble, provided they are not eyewitnesses of them; when they hear them mentioned, they are uneasy and dejected; and therefore, to please them, it is necessary to tell them always that everything goes well. While they are indulging in pleasures, they will neither hear nor see anything that may interrupt their joy. If there is occasion for reproofing, reclaiming, undeceiving anyone, or for controlling the absurd passions and pretensions of unreasonable men; they will always employ some other person for that purpose, rather than speak themselves with calm and decent fortitude. On these occasions, they would suffer the most unreasonable favors to be extorted from them; they would ruin the most important schemes, for lack of resolution to overrule the opinions of those whom they every day employ. When men observe this, their imbecility is at once known; everyone endeavors to turn it to his own advantage. They press, they importune, they harass them with their solicitations; and, by dint of importunity, succeed. At first, indeed, they flatter, and offer incense, in order to insinuate themselves into their confidence; which, when they have acquired, and even obtained some considerable employment, they push their influence still farther, and bring them under the yoke which they bear all their lives, though not without trembling, and even some vain endeavors to shake it off. They would like to appear independent of all such influence, but still are governed by their minions: and in fact, they cannot do without a leader; resembling the weak slender vine, unable to support itself, which always clings around the trunk of some tall tree. I will not let you, Telemachus, sink into such imbecility, as disqualifies a man for government. You who are so tender-hearted, as not to be able to speak to Idomeneus, will think no more of his distress after you have left Salente. It is not his grief that moves you, but his presence by which you are disconcerted. Go now, and take your leave of him; and display at the same time your sensibility and your firmness, professing your sorrow at parting, but insisting at the same time on the necessity of our departure."

Telemachus had not resolution either to disobey Mentor, or to go to Idomeneus. He was ashamed of his timidity, and yet had not courage to get the better of it. He hesitated; then, after having pro-

ceeded a few steps, he would immediately return to Mentor, and urge some new pretext for putting off the interview: but a single look from Mentor silenced him, and all his fine pretenses vanished.

"Is this then," said Mentor smiling, "the conqueror of the Daunians, the deliverer of the great Hesperia, and that son of the sage Ulysses, who is to be, after him, the oracle of Greece? He dares not tell Idomeneus that he cannot any longer delay his return to Greece to see his father! O ye people of Ithaca, how unhappy must ye one day be, if you should have a king enslaved by a false shame, who would sacrifice the most important interests of the state to little scruples about trifles. See, Telemachus, what a difference there is between valor in the field, and courage in the ordinary affairs of life: you were not afraid of the armies of Adrastus, and yet you dread the affliction of Idomeneus. It is this which brings dishonor on princes who have performed the greatest exploits. After having distinguished themselves as heroes in war, they appear the most pusillanimous of all men in the ordinary occurrences, where others acquit themselves with spirit."

Telemachus, stung with these reproaches, which he knew were just, immediately hurried away to Idomeneus, without suffering himself any more to be diverted by his scruples. But when he approached the place where that monarch sat, with downcast eyes, languishing and overwhelmed with grief, they were both startled, and afraid to look at one another. They both knew each other's thoughts before either had opened his mouth; each was afraid of the other's breaking silence, and they both burst into tears together. At last Idomeneus, in a transport of sorrow, exclaimed:

"To what purpose is it to tread the paths of virtue, if those who love her are so ill rewarded? After you have shown me my weakness, you are now going to abandon me: well! I shall now relapse into all my former difficulties and distresses. It is in vain to talk to me any more of governing well; no, it is impossible; I cannot any longer endure mankind. Where would you go, Telemachus? Your father is no more: you seek him in vain. Ithaca is in the hands of your enemies, who will put you to death if you should ever return. Some successful suitor is by this time married to your mother. Stay here: you shall be my son-in-law and heir; you shall reign after me. Even during my life you shall have the whole management, and I will repose an unlimited confidence in you. But if these offers cannot move you, at least leave

me Mentor, who is my sole resource. Speak, answer me, and do not harden your heart, but take pity on the most unfortunate of men. What! You make me no reply? Ah! I see how much the gods are set against me, and feel their indignation more than I did when I killed my son in Crete."

Telemachus at last made this reply, with a timid faltering voice: "I am not at my own disposal, but am called by the Destinies to my own country. Mentor, who possesses the wisdom of the gods, commands me in their name to depart. What then would you have me do? Shall I renounce my father, my mother, and my country, which ought to be still dearer to me than they? As I was born heir to a crown, I am not at liberty to choose a life of privacy and tranquillity, or to indulge my own inclinations. Your dominions are larger and richer than those of my father; yet I ought to prefer such as the gods have destined for me, to those which you are so good as to offer me. Without any hope of succeeding to your crown, I should think myself happy could I have Antiope for my wife; but to render myself worthy of her, I must go where my duty calls me; and it is my father's province to demand her of you for his son. Have you not promised to convey me to Ithaca? Was it not in consequence of that promise, that I made the campaign with the allies against Adrastus? It is now time for me to think of repairing my own domestic misfortunes. The gods, by putting me into the hands of Mentor, intend that he should direct me how to fulfill my high destiny. Would you have me lose Mentor too, after I have lost everything else? I have now neither estate, nor place of retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain home: all I have left is a wise and virtuous friend, which is the most precious gift Jupiter can bestow. Judge whether I can think of forsaking him, or being forsaken by him? No, I would sooner part with my life: to part with life is nothing in comparison with parting with Mentor."

While Telemachus was speaking, his voice gradually became stronger, and his timidity vanished. Idomeneus did not know what answer to make, and yet he could not assent to what the son of Ulysses had said. But when he had nothing more to say, he tried at least to excite pity by his looks and gestures. At that instant, Mentor appeared before him, and very gravely addressed him thus: "Do not be afflicted; for though we must leave you, yet the wisdom that presides in the councils of the gods will rest upon you. You ought to

think yourself extremely happy that Jupiter sent us hither to prevent the loss of your dominions, and to rectify the errors of your conduct. Philocles, whom we have restored to you, will serve you with fidelity: in his heart you will always find the fear of the gods, the love of virtue and the people, and compassion for the miserable. Listen to him, and treat him with confidence free from reserve and jealousy. To draw the greatest advantage possible from him, you must charge him to tell you of all your faults, without softening. A great king shows his magnanimity in nothing more than in providing himself with true friends, that will inform him of his faults. If you are possessed of that magnanimity, our absence will be no disadvantage to you, and you will still be happy: but if flattery, which steals into the heart as a serpent glides unseen beneath the grass, should find the way again into your heart, and infuse distrust of disinterested counsel, you are undone. Do not let yourself be cast down with grief; but endeavor to follow where virtue leads the way. I have instructed Philocles how to act, so as to console you and to deserve your confidence; and I will answer for his fidelity. He is a gift that the gods have given you, as they gave me to Telemachus: and everyone ought to be satisfied with his lot; it signifies nothing to complain. If you should ever have occasion for my assistance, I will return to you, after I have restored Telemachus to his father and his country. What is it that could give me more pleasure? I desire neither wealth nor authority on earth; but only to assist those who are friends to virtue and justice. Besides, do you think I ever can forget the confidence and friendship with which you have treated me?"

These words had such an effect upon Idomeneus, that he appeared quite changed: his heart was soothed and calmed, as the angry waves and black tempests are assuaged by Neptune's trident, so that nothing of his violent grief remained, but a gentle regret, or tender melancholy. Courage, confidence, virtue, and the hopes of the protection and assistance of the gods, began again to be reborn within him.

"Well, my dear Mentor," he said, "it seems that I must even be content to lose my all, and yet not be disheartened! But you will at least think of Idomeneus. When you have arrived at Ithaca, where your wisdom will crown you with prosperity, remember that Salente is your own work, and that here you have left an unhappy king, whose trust is in you alone. Go, worthy son of Ulysses, I will not seek to detain you any more, nor to resist the will of the gods, to whom I

was indebted for the loan of so great a treasure. Nor will I any longer detain you, Mentor, the greatest and wisest of all men (if a man can be supposed capable of doing what I have seen you do, and if you are not rather a divinity who has borrowed the human shape, in order to instruct weak and ignorant men): go, and be the conductor of the son of Ulysses, who is more happy in having you to direct him, than in conquering Adrastus. Go both together: I can say no more; forgive my sighs. Go, may you live and be happy together. Nothing will yield me any comfort for the future, but the remembrance of having once possessed you. O ye blissful days, too happy days, which I knew not how to prize so much as they deserved! ye have passed away too quickly, and will never return; never will these eyes survey again what they now see."

Mentor seized this moment to depart, having first embraced Philocles, who shed tears in abundance, but could not speak. Telemachus was going to take Mentor by the hand, that he might extricate himself from those of Idomeneus; but the king advanced between them towards the harbor. He gazed at them and groaned. He would have spoken, but sobs and tears choked up his utterance.

Meanwhile were heard the confused sounds of mariners that swarmed upon the beach. The ropes were stretched, the sails unfurled, and the favorable gale sprang up. Then Mentor and Telemachus, with tears in their eyes, took leave of the king, who held them a long time clasped in his arms, and followed them with his eyes, until he could distinguish them no more.

Book XVIII

The argument

During the voyage, Telemachus makes Mentor explain several difficulties to him, concerning the manner of knowing men, in order to be able to choose the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad. When their discourse on that point was almost at an end, they were becalmed, and obliged to put into an isle where Ulysses had arrived just before them. There Telemachus sees him, and speaks to him without knowing him: but after he had seen him embark, he feels a secret emotion, the cause of which he cannot conceive, till it is explained by Mentor, who consoles him by assuring him that he would be soon with his father again, and puts his filial affection and patience to the test by delaying his departure, in order to offer sacrifice to Minerva. At last the goddess Minerva, reassuming her form, makes herself known; and having given Telemachus her last instructions, disappears. Telemachus afterwards arrives at Ithaca, where he finds his father at the house of the faithful Eumeus.

The anchors are now weighed, and the wind swells the sails: the land seems to retreat. The experienced pilot descries at a distance the mountains of Leucate, whose tops are hidden by frozen fogs, together with the Acroceraunian heights, which still present a proud lofty front to heaven, after having been so often shattered with thunderbolts.

During the voyage, Telemachus said to Mentor: "I think I now comprehend the political maxims which you have explained to me. At first they appeared to me like a dream; but by degrees they became more clear, as all objects at the first glimmerings of daylight appear indistinct and confused, and in a kind of chaos, which vanishes

insensibly, as the light increases to distinguish them, and restore, as I may say, their natural forms and colors. I am fully persuaded that the most important point in government is to discern well the different characters of men, and to employ them according to their talents: but how such discernment is to be acquired, is what I am at a loss to know."

Mentor thus replied: "To know men you must not only study them, but keep their company and deal with them. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, make them speak, consult them, and test them by inferior employments, of which they should exact an account, in order to discover whether they are qualified for higher functions. How was it, my dear Telemachus, that you learned in Ithaca to know the nature of horses? Was it not by seeing them often, and having their excellencies and defects pointed out to you by persons of experience and skill? Just in the same manner, in order to know men, you must talk about their good and bad qualities with other wise and virtuous men, who have long studied their characters; thus you will insensibly become acquainted with them, and be able to judge what you have to expect from their qualifications. What was it that taught you to distinguish between good and bad poets? Was it not the frequent reading of them, and talking of them with those who had a taste for poetry? What was it that made you a judge of music? Was it not your diligent attention to the performances of good musicians? How can any prince hope to govern a nation well, if he is ignorant of human nature? And how can he avoid being ignorant of it, unless he lives with men? It is not living with them to see them in public, where nothing is said on either side, but unimportant trifles, or the language of art and premeditation; it is a matter of visiting them in private, to trace all the secret springs that move their hearts; to probe them on every side; and even relieve their wants, in order to discover their maxims. But to be able to form a sound judgment of men, you must begin with knowing what they ought to be; you must know in what true and solid merit consists, so that you may be capable of distinguishing between those who are possessed of it, and those who do not have it.

"People are continually talking of virtue and merit, without having any clear ideas of them. In the mouths of most men they are only fine words without any determinate meaning, the frequent use of which does them honor. To be capable of determining who are really

reasonable and virtuous, we must have just ideas of virtue, reason, and justice. To know whether princes observe the maxims of a good and wise government, or deviate from them by a false subtlety, we must know what these maxims are. In a word, as in taking the dimensions of several bodies there must be a fixed measure, so there must be certain fixed principles by which we must regulate our judgment. We must know exactly what is the end of human life, and what ought to be the end proposed in governing them. A sovereign's unique and essential aim is never to extend authority, or display grandeur for his own sake, for such ambitious views tend only to the gratification of a tyrant's pride; but he ought to expose himself to the infinite trouble and vexation of government, in order to make men good and happy. Unless that is the mark he aims at, he gropes in the dark, and rules at random all his life: he proceeds like a ship at sea without a pilot, driven to and fro, without any observation of the heavens, or knowledge of the neighboring coasts, of consequence inevitably doomed to shipwreck.

"Princes often, by not knowing in what true virtue consists, do not know what they ought to look for in the characters of men. According to their notions, virtue has in it something too rigid, independent, and austere: it frightens and disgusts them, and therefore they throw themselves into the arms of flattery. From that moment they lose all sight of virtue and sincerity; they then pursue a vain phantom of false glory, which renders them unworthy of the true. In a short time they begin to fancy there is no such thing as true virtue upon earth; for though the good can distinguish the bad, the wicked cannot distinguish the virtuous, nor can they be persuaded that there are any such in the world. All that these princes know is to distrust good and bad alike: they shut themselves up [in their palaces] and hide themselves from the sight of men; they are jealous of the merest trifles, and, as they dread mankind, so are they dreaded by them. They shun the light, and are afraid of appearing in their natural colors. Though they wish to conceal their true characters, they are always known: for the malicious curiosity of their subjects penetrates and divines everything: while they are entirely ignorant of what regards their subjects. Those selfish sycophants by whom they are constantly beset, are extremely glad to find them inaccessible to all others. A king thus inaccessible but to a few, is also inaccessible to truth: for those who would open his eyes are rendered odious to him by calumny and misrepresenta-

tion, and thereby kept at a distance. Such sovereigns pass their lives in a wild and ferocious grandeur, always afraid of being victims of deceit, which they notwithstanding are, and deserve to be. When one speaks only to a small number of people, he subjects himself to the passions and prejudices of these few: for all men have their foibles and prejudices, even the good not excepted. Besides he is at the mercy of slanderers and tale bearers, a base malignant sort of people, full of venom, poisoning the most innocent actions, exaggerating trifles, who, rather than not do mischief, will invent falsehoods; and who study to make the most of the unworthy curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

"Learn then, my dear Telemachus, learn to know mankind; examine them, make them talk of one another, and prove them by little and little, but repose no blind confidence in any. When you find yourself mistaken in your judgment of any individual, let it teach you to be more cautious afterwards: for mistaken you will undoubtedly sometimes be; and such mistakes should teach you not to be too hasty in judging either favorably or unfavorably of any character. The bad are too deep dissemblers not to throw the good sometimes off their guard by their plausible behavior: but your past mistakes will be so many useless lessons to you. When you have found a man possessed of virtue and talents, avail yourself of him without any sort of diffidence; for men of honor are well pleased when they are accounted such, and value confidence and esteem much more than riches. But beware of spoiling them by trusting them with an absolute authority. There are ministers who would have remained virtuous, though now they have forfeited that character, because their masters have lavished on them too much authority and wealth. Whoever is so much loved by the gods as to find in his whole kingdom two or three friends of undoubted wisdom and virtue, will, by their means, soon find others that resemble them to fill the inferior places. By the good men, whom they honor with their confidence, they are apprised of what they could not have discovered themselves in their other subjects."

"But," said Telemachus, "may not bad men, as I have often heard it maintained, be employed if they have abilities?"

"One is often," Mentor replied, "obliged to employ them. During public disorders and confusions, vicious but artful men often get into places of great authority, of which it would be dangerous to divest

them; they have acquired the confidence of certain persons of high rank, who must not be disgusted: these wicked men, therefore, must be kept in good humor, because they are dreaded, and might, if provoked, throw everything into confusion. There is, therefore, a necessity of employing them for a time; but one must also have in view making them useless, little by little. As for true and intimate confidence, guard against ever giving it to them; they might abuse it, and yet could not be disgraced, by being in his secrets — a chain stronger than those of iron. Employ them in passing negotiations; treat them well; and engage them by their very passions to be faithful to you; for this is the only tie by which they can be held: but never admit them to your most secret deliberations. Have always a means by which they can be moved according to your views: but never trust them with the key of your heart, or your affairs. When your state become peaceable, and wise and upright men are vested with the administration, those of bad characters, whom you were obliged to employ, become useless. But they must not even then be ill used; for ingratitude can never be justified even towards bad men: but while you treat them kindly, you ought to endeavor to make them good; certain defects that men are seldom without, you must overlook. You must gradually extend your authority, and prevent the mischief, which they would do openly, if not checked. It is an evil, after all, to have even good done by bad men; but though it is an evil often unavoidable, yet we should endeavor to put a stop to it as soon as possible. A wise prince, who aims at nothing but order and justice, will, in time, be able to act without corrupt and deceitful agents; and will find a sufficient number of such as have both ability and virtue. But it is not enough to find good subjects in a nation; one must also form new ones."

"That," said Telemachus, "must be a matter of great difficulty." "Not at all," replied Mentor; "for by the pains you take to search for able and virtuous men, in order to prefer them, you stimulate and animate all who have spirit and talents, so that they exert themselves to the utmost. How many languish in indolence and obscurity, who would become great men, if they were excited by emulation and the hopes of success? How many are tempted to try to raise themselves by crime from poverty, because they find it impossible to raise themselves by virtue? If then you shall distinguish virtue and genius by honors and rewards, what numbers of your subjects will endeavor to

attain these qualifications! How many good subjects too may be formed by advancing them step by step from the lowest to the highest employments! You will exercise their talents, discover the extent of their capacity, and test the sincerity of their virtue. Those who will at last fill the highest offices will be such as have been trained up under your eye in the inferior stations. You will have observed them all your life, as they rose from one step to another; so that you will be able to judge them, not by what they say of themselves, but by the whole tenor of their actions."

While Mentor reasoned thus, they observed a Pheacian vessel which had put into a little barren desert isle surrounded by frightful rocks. At the same time the winds fell; and even the gentle zephyrs withheld their breath; the whole sea became as smooth as glass; the flagging sails were unable to keep the ship in motion; nor were the efforts of the weary rowers more effectual. It was therefore thought advisable to put into that isle, which was more a rock than a place fit for the habitation of man. Had the weather been less calm, it would have been impossible to land without great danger.

The Pheacians were waiting for a wind, and seemed no less impatient than the Salentines to proceed upon their voyage. Telemachus advanced to them over these rugged rocks. At once he asked the first man he came to whether he had not seen Ulysses, king of Ithaca, at the court of King Alcinous.

The person whom he happened to accost was not a Pheacian; he was a stranger of a majestic, but pensive melancholy air: he seemed very thoughtful, and at first took little notice of the question; but he afterwards made this reply:

"You are not mistaken in supposing that Ulysses was entertained by King Alcinous, who fears the gods, and practices the virtues of hospitality: but he is not with him now, and therefore it would be in vain to go there in quest of him. He has embarked on his return to Ithaca, provided the gods, appeased, will at last allow him to salute his household gods."

The stranger had no sooner pronounced these words with a melancholy accent, than he hurried away into a thicket on the top of a rock, from which he attentively surveyed the sea, avoiding all society, and seeming impatient to be gone. Telemachus gazed at him fixedly, and the more he looked, the more his emotion and astonishment increased.

"That stranger," he said to Mentor, "answered me like one who hardly hears what is said to him, and is full of bitterness. I sympathize with the unhappy, since I have been so myself; but I feel an extraordinary concern for this man, without knowing why. Yet he showed little regard to me, for he hardly deigned to hear or answer the questions I asked. However, I cannot help wishing that his misfortunes were at an end."

Mentor, smiling, replied: "Such are the happy effects of adversity; it teaches princes moderation, and makes them feel the pains of others. When they have never drunk but from the sweet poisoned cup of prosperity, they look upon themselves as gods; they would have the mountains humble themselves into plains to please them; they count men as nothing; they expect that all nature should be subservient to their will. When mention is made of suffering, they know not what it means: they have no idea of it, having never known the difference between happiness and misery. It is misfortune alone that can teach them humanity, and soften their obdurate hearts: then they find they are only men, and that they ought to study the ease and happiness of other men, who are like them. If a stranger seems to merit your compassion because, like yourself, he has been a wanderer, and is now detained in this isle, how much more deserving of it ought the people of Ithaca to appear, when you shall hereafter see them in distress? That people, which will be entrusted by the gods to your care, as a flock is to a shepherd, may, perhaps, be made miserable by your ambition, your ostentation, or imprudence; for if a nation suffers, it is owing to the maladministration of its rulers, whose duty it is to watch over it, and prevent its suffering."

While Mentor spoke to this effect, Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief and vexation. At last he thus replied with some emotion:

"If all these things are true, the condition of a king is very wretched. He is the slave of all those whom he seems to command: he is made for them; he must devote himself entirely to their interest, and supply all their needs; he is in fine the servant of the state and of every individual. He must accommodate himself to their weaknesses; correct them with the tenderness of a father, and use all his endeavors to make them wise and happy. The authority which he seems to exercise is not his own; he cannot do anything merely for his own glory or pleasure: his authority is derived from the laws, which he must obey. Properly speaking, he is no other than the guardian of

the laws, who enforces their execution; for which end he must watch and labor without ceasing: he is the man the least at his own disposal, the least free from care and business of any in his dominions; he is a slave who has sacrificed his liberty and repose to the happiness and liberty of the public."

"True it is," replied Mentor, "a king is only king in order to take care of his people, as a shepherd tends his flock, or a father superintends his family. But, my dear Telemachus, does he appear to you unhappy, because he is charged with promoting the good of such a number of people? The wicked he punishes, and the good he rewards, and thus represents the gods in leading the whole human race to virtue. Has he not glory enough in maintaining the laws? To attempt to set himself above the laws is aiming at a false glory, which produces nothing but horror and contempt. If he is wicked, he can only be miserable, for by gratifying his passions and his vanity, he must destroy his peace; if he is good, it must yield him the most pure and most solid of all pleasures, to labor in promoting virtue, and to expect an eternal reward from the gods."

Telemachus, agitated by a secret uneasiness, seemed as if he had never been instructed in these maxims, although he had been taught them often, and had himself taught them to others. A black humor made him, contrary to his real sentiments, cavil, and endeavor to refute the maxims that Mentor urged. To the arguments, therefore, advanced by the sage, Telemachus opposed the ingratitude of mankind.

"What!" he said, "take so many pains to gain the love of mankind, and yet be disappointed after all; and to do good to wicked men, who will turn your very benefit against yourself?"

Mentor replied to him patiently: "You must count on the ingratitude of mankind, and yet not be discouraged by it from doing good: you must study their welfare, not so much for their own sakes, as for the sake of the gods, who have commanded it. The good that one does is never lost; if men forget it, the gods will remember and reward it. Further, if the bulk of mankind are ungrateful, there are always some good men who will have a due sense of your virtue. Even the multitude, though fickle and capricious, does not fail sooner or later to do justice, in some measure, to true virtue.

"But would you prevent the ingratitude of men? Do not labor solely to make them powerful, rich, formidable in war, and to procure them

the pleasures of luxury: that power, that wealth, and those pleasures will corrupt, and render them still more vicious, and consequently more ungrateful: it is making them a fatal present, and furnishing them with a delicious poison. But exert your utmost endeavors to reform their morals, and to inspire them with the love of justice, with sincerity, the fear of the gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and disinterestedness: by making them virtuous, you will prevent their being ungrateful, and will procure them the most substantial of all blessings, namely virtue; which, if genuine, will always attach them to him who will have inspired it. Thus by procuring them the solid advantages of virtue, you will do yourself a service, and will have no occasion to fear their ingratitude. Is it surprising that those princes find men ungrateful, who set them no examples but of injustice, boundless ambition, jealousy of their neighbors, inhumanity, haughtiness, and bad faith? A prince cannot expect they should act otherwise than as he has taught them. If, on the other hand, he would endeavor by his example and authority to make them good, he would reap the fruit of his labor in their virtue; or at least he would find in his own, and in the favor of the gods, wherewithal to comfort him for his disappointments."

As soon as Mentor had done speaking, Telemachus advanced hastily towards the Pheacians, whose ship lay at anchor upon the coast. Accosting one of them who was advanced in years, he asked him whence they came, whither they were going and if they had not seen Ulysses. The old man thus replied: "We have come from our own isle, which is that of the Pheacians, and are bound for the coast of Epirus to take in merchandise. Ulysses, as you were told already, passed some time in our isle, but is since gone."

"Who is that man," said Telemachus, "who looks so melancholy, and seeks the most solitary part of the isle, waiting for the ship's departing?"

"He is," said the old man, "a stranger, unknown to us: but they say his name is Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia: that before his birth his mother was told by an oracle that he would be a king, provided he did not continue in his own country; but if he did, that the Phrygians would feel the wrath of the gods in a cruel pestilence. His parents, therefore, as soon as he was born, gave him to some mariners, who carried him to the isle of Lesbos, where he was brought up in secret at the expense of his country, which it so highly

concerned to keep him at a distance. Soon he became tall, strong, comely, and expert at all bodily exercises; he applied himself also to the sciences and fine arts with great success, as he had both genius and taste. But no country will let him settle in it; the prediction concerning him came to be generally known, so that he was taken notice of wherever he went. The kings of the countries which he visits are all afraid of being dethroned by him. He has been continually wandering about since youth, no place where he appears suffering him to make any long stay in it. He has been often in countries at a great distance from his own; but scarcely has he arrived in any place, before the story of his birth and of the oracle are known. In vain does he conceal himself, and choose some obscure way of life in the places which he visits; his talents for war, letters, and the most important affairs, they say, always bring him to light in spite of himself; and in every country some unforeseen occasion drags him, as it were, to public view.

"His misfortunes are owing to his merit, which occasions his being dreaded and excluded from every place where he wants to settle. It is his lot to be esteemed, beloved, and admired everywhere, and yet nowhere permitted to reside. He is no longer young, yet he has not been able to find any corner, either in Greece or Asia, where he could live quietly. He does not appear to have any ambition, or to covet wealth: he would have been very glad if the oracle had not promised him a crown, and he has no hopes of ever seeing his native country, as he knows that his returning there would occasion affliction and distress in every family. Royalty itself does not appear to him a thing much to be desired, and yet, unhappily for him, the promise of it obliges him, much against his inclination, to be continually passing from one kingdom to another, while it still seems to fly before him, still to elude his grasp, though he now begins to grow old. The fatal promise of the gods embitters all his happiness, and is the cause of nothing but sorrow and chagrin to him, at an age when men's bodily infirmities require repose. He says he is going to Thrace, to look for some savage uncultivated people, whom he may bring together, civilize, and govern for a few years; after which, the oracle being fulfilled, they will have nothing to apprehend from him in the most flourishing states: he then intends to retire to a village in Caria, and apply himself to agriculture, of which he is extremely fond. He is a man of wisdom and moderation, who fears the gods, and knows

mankind, and how to live with them in peace, though he has little esteem for them. Such is the account they give of the stranger, of whom you desired to be informed."

During this discourse, Telemachus was often turning his eyes towards the sea, which the winds began to agitate, lifting up the waves and dashing them against the rocks, which they whitened with their foam. That instant the old man said to Telemachus: "I must be gone; my companions cannot wait for me any longer."

So saying, he ran directly to the shore, where he embarked amidst a confused noise, occasioned by the eagerness of the sailors to get under sail.

This stranger, whom they called Cleomenes, had been for some time sauntering about in the middle of the island, climbing to the top of every rock, and from thence contemplating, in a very melancholy thoughtful manner, the wide-extended sea. Telemachus had never lost sight of him, but observed every step he took. He could not help sympathizing with a man, virtuous, and qualified for the highest stations, yet unhappy; the sport of fortune, continually tossed about, and excluded from his native country. "I may hope, at least," he said to himself, "to see Ithaca again; but this Cleomenes can never hope to see Phrygia any more." Thus was the uneasiness of Telemachus somewhat alleviated by lighting on a man still more unhappy than himself.

That man now seeing his ship ready to sail, descended from the craggy rocks with as much speed and agility as Apollo in the forests of Lycia, with his flaxen hair tied behind, skips over the precipices, to shoot with his arrows the stags and wild boars. In a moment the unknown one is on board the ship, which putting to sea, plows the briny waves, and leaves the land far behind. Then a secret impression of sorrow invaded the heart of Telemachus, who grieved he knew not why. The tears trickled from his eyes, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as weeping.

At the same time he observed all the Salentine mariners stretched upon the grass and fast asleep, from weariness and fatigue. Balmy slumber had taken possession of all their members, and by the power of Minerva all the poppies of the humid night had shed their influence upon them, even in broad day. Telemachus was surprised to see the Salentines seized with so universal a drowsiness, while the Pheacians had been so active and alert in laying hold of the favorable

wind: yet so much was his attention engrossed by the Pheacian vessel, now ready to disappear amidst the waves, that he never thought of going to wake the Salentines. A secret admiration and uneasiness kept his eyes still so attentively fixed upon that vessel, though now at such a distance, that he could barely distinguish the white sails upon the azure deep: he did not even hear Mentor when he spoke to him, being rapt in a kind of transport like that of the Maenades, when they brandish the thyrs, and make the banks of Hebrus, and the mountains of Ismarus and Rhodope, echo with their mad howlings.

At last he recovered a little from this kind of enchantment; and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Then Mentor thus addressed him:

"I am not surprised, my dear Telemachus, to see you weep; for though the cause of your grief is unknown to you, it is not so to me: it is nature that speaks and works in you: what you feel in your heart comes from her. The unknown one who occasioned all that emotion, is no other than the great Ulysses himself; and the story which the old Pheacian told you of him under the name of Cleomenes, is a mere fiction, invented to conceal his return to his own kingdom. He is going directly to Ithaca; he has already almost arrived, and is within sight of those places which he has so long wished to see. Your eyes have seen him, as it was heretofore foretold you, but without knowing him. In a short time, however, you shall both see him and know him, and be known by him. The gods did not think fit that you should recognize him in any other place but Ithaca. His heart was no less affected than yours; but he was too wise to reveal himself in a place where he might have been betrayed, and exposed to the insults of the cruel suitors of Penelope. Ulysses, your father, is of all men the most sagacious; and his heart is like a bottomless pit, from which his secrets cannot be drawn. He loves the truth, and never offends against it, yet he speaks no more of it than is necessary: and wisdom, like a seal, prevents his lips from uttering anything idle or useless. How much was he moved when he spoke to you! How much did he suffer by seeing you, and not revealing himself to you! It was that which occasioned his melancholy and dejection."

During this discourse, Telemachus felt such emotion and distress, that he shed a flood of tears, and sobbed so violently, that he was not able to speak for a long time; but at last he exclaimed:

"Alas! my dear Mentor, I felt something that attracted me in a surprising manner to that stranger, and made my entrails yearn! But why did not you let me know before his departure that he was Ulysses, since you knew it? How could you let him go without speaking to him, or pretending to know him? What is this mystery? Am I doomed to be always unhappy? Will the offended gods treat me as they punish Tantalus, from whose eager thirsty lips the delusive water flies whenever he attempts to drink? Ulysses! Ulysses! have I lost you for ever? Perhaps I shall never see you more! Perhaps Penelope's lovers will draw you into the ambuses which they were laying for me! Had I gone along with you, I should at least have perished with you! O Ulysses! Ulysses! If the stormy winds do not wreck your vessel on some rock (for I have everything to apprehend from the malice of fortune), I tremble lest on your arrival at Ithaca, your fate should be as tragic as was that of Agamemnon on his arrival at Mycenae. But why, my dear Mentor, did you envy me the happiness of knowing my father? Had you revealed him to me, I should now have been in his arms embracing him, and in the port of Ithaca, ready to assist him against all his enemies."

To this Mentor replied with a smile: "Observe, my dear Telemachus, how men are made: you are now inconsolable, because you have seen your father without knowing him. What would you not have given yesterday to have been assured that he was not dead? Today you have had the evidence of your own eyes for it, and yet this evidence, instead of giving the greatest joy, as it ought, overwhelms you with grief. Thus the sick heart of mortals undervalues what they most eagerly desired as soon as they are in possession of it, and are ingenious in finding something to torment themselves for, which they are not in possession of. It is to exercise your patience that the gods thus suspend the gratification of your wishes; and the time which you now count lost, will afterwards be of the greatest service to you, as it habituates you to a virtue the most necessary of any for those that are born to command. To gain the command either of ourselves, or others, we must have patience. Impatience, which has the appearance of strength and vigor of mind, is, in reality, but weakness, and an inability to bear misfortune. He who knows not how to wait, and to suffer, is like him who knows not how to keep a secret; both of them want resolution, and may be compared to a man who drives a chariot, and has not strength or skill to stop, when

necessary, the sprightly steeds. No longer subject to the reins, they rush down some dangerous precipice, and crush the feeble driver in the fall. Thus the impatient man is, by his violent ungoverned passions, precipitated into an abyss of misfortunes. The greater his power is, the more he suffers by his impatience: he will not wait for anything; he will not take time to weigh or examine anything, and he will be gratified immediately in everything; breaking down the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe; and bursting open doors, rather than waiting till they are opened. When the sagacious husbandman is only sowing, this impatient man must reap; and, as everything he does is done in haste, and unseasonably, it is ill done, and cannot be durable, any more than his ever-varying desires. Such is the absurd conduct of the man who thinks nothing without the reach of his power, which he abuses, by delivering himself to his impatient desires. It is in order to teach you patience, my dear Telemachus, that the gods oblige you to practice it so much, and seem to make sport of you, by keeping you continually wandering about in suspense and uncertainty. The happiness you hope for presents itself, as it were, to your view, and immediately disappears, like a dream, when one wakes in the morning: to teach you that the things which we often think ourselves quite sure of vanish and are lost in a moment. The wisest lessons which Ulysses can give you will not be found so instructive as his long absence, and the hardships you have suffered in searching for him."

Mentor resolved to put the patience of Telemachus to the last, but severest trial. At the very instant when the young man was going in a hurry to press the sailors to hasten their departure, Mentor stopped him, and proposed a great sacrifice to Minerva on the shore. Telemachus readily complying, two altars of turf were raised, on which the blood of victims was shed, and incense burnt. With tender sighs, Telemachus looking towards heaven, implored the protection of the goddess, of which he was immediately sensible.

Scarcely was the sacrifice over, than following Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighboring grove, he perceived that the countenance of his friend, all of a sudden, assumed a new form: the wrinkles of his forehead began to disappear, like the shades of night when the rosy-fingered Aurora opens the gates of the East, and sets the horizon all on fire; his stern, hollow eyes were changed into others of a celestial blue, replete with divine fire; his grey neglected beard now disappeared, and noble majestic features, softened with a mixture of

grace and sweetness, presented themselves to the eyes of the astonished Telemachus. He perceived that it was a female countenance, with a complexion more delicate and smooth than that of a tender flower that has just opened its bosom to the sun. The whiteness of the lily was blended in it with the vivid blush of the rose; and the charms of eternal youth were heightened by a air of easy unaffected majesty. Her loose flowing hair diffused all around an odor of ambrosia, and her garments displayed those bright colors with which the sun at his rising tinges the sable vault of heaven, and gilds the clouds. The goddess did not touch the ground with her feet, but glided lightly through the air, as a bird on the wing. In her powerful hand she brandished a glittering lance, capable of making the most warlike cities and nations tremble, and even of striking terror into Mars himself. Her voice was sweet and even, yet strong and affecting; and all her words were like fiery darts that pierced the heart of Telemachus, and produced in it a kind of melancholy agreeable sensation. On the top of her helmet appeared the gloomy bird of Athens, and on her breast glittered the terrible aegis. By these marks Telemachus knew her to be Minerva.

"O goddess!" he said, "then it was you yourself who have deigned to conduct the son of Ulysses, from the love you bore his father."

He would have said more, but his voice failed him, and his lips in vain attempted to express the sentiments that flowed impetuously from his inmost soul. The presence of the goddess overpowered him, and he was like a man who is so oppressed in a dream that he is scarcely able to breathe, and altogether incapable of speaking, notwithstanding the painful efforts he makes.

At last Minerva addressed him thus: "Son of Ulysses, hear me once more, and for the last time. I never took so many pains to instruct any mortal as you. I have led you by the hand through shipwrecks, unknown lands, bloody wars, and all the disasters that the heart of man can encounter. I have shown you by facts, of which you were a witness, the consequences of the true and false maxims adopted in government: and your errors have been no less serviceable to you than your misfortunes. For, who is the man that can pretend to rule a people wisely, who has never suffered, nor ever profited by the sufferings which his errors have occasioned?

"Like your father, you have filled both sea and land with your sad adventures. Go, you are now worthy of having him for your model; the passage is short and easy from here to Ithaca, where he has just

now arrived. Assist him against his enemies, and be as submissive and obedient to him, as if you were the meanest of his subjects, setting thereby an example to others. He will give you Antiope, in whom you will be happy, as having been captivated less by her beauty, than her wisdom and virtue.

"When you ascend the throne, let the great object of your ambition be to renew the golden age. Let your ears be open to everyone, but let your confidence be confined to a few. Beware of trusting too much to your own judgment, and thereby deceiving yourself: but when you have committed a mistake, do not be afraid that it should be known.

"Love your people, and neglect nothing that may tend to conciliate their affection. Fear, indeed, is necessary, where love is wanting; but, like violent dangerous remedies, it ought never to be employed but where necessity compels.

"Always weigh beforehand the consequences of everything you undertake. Endeavor to foresee the greatest misfortunes that may happen; and know that true courage consists in viewing danger at a distance, and despising it, when it cannot be avoided: for he that avoids thinking of it before, it is to be feared will not have courage to support the sight of it when present; whereas he who foresees all that can happen, who prevents all that can be prevented, and calmly encounters what cannot be avoided, alone deserves the character of wise and magnanimous.

"Guard against effeminacy, ostentation, and profusion; and account it your glory to maintain a simplicity of manners. Let your virtues and your good actions be the ornaments of your person and palace, and your guards. Let all the world learn from you wherein true honor consists; and remember always that kings are not promoted to the throne to gratify their own ambition, but for the good of their people; that the good they do extends to very remote ages, and that the ill goes on continually increasing to latest posterity. A weak or vicious reign often entails misery on several generations.

"Above all, be upon your guard against your own humor and caprice, which is an enemy that will never quit you till death, but will intrude into your counsels and betray you, if you listen to its suggestions. It often occasions the loss of the most valuable opportunities; it engenders childish inclinations and aversions, to the prejudice of the most important considerations; and makes the most frivolous reasons determine the greatest affairs. It disgraces a man's talents,

and his courage, and makes him appear unequal, weak, contemptible, and insupportable. Beware, therefore, O Telemachus, of such an enemy.

"Fear the gods, O Telemachus. Such fear is the greatest treasure the heart of man can be possessed of: by it you will obtain wisdom, virtue, peace, joy, genuine pleasures, true liberty, sweet plenty, and unspotted glory."

"I am now going to leave you, son of Ulysses; but my wisdom shall never leave you, provided you always retain a due sense of your inability to do anything well without it. It is now time that you should try to walk alone. The reason for my parting with you in Egypt and at Salente was to accustom you, by degrees, to be without me, as children are weaned, when it is time to take them from the breast, and give them more solid food."

No sooner had the goddess spoken these words, than she ascended into the air, enveloped in a cloud of gold and azure, and disappeared. Telemachus, overwhelmed with grief, wonder, and astonishment, lifted up his hands to heaven, and threw himself prostrate on the ground: then he went and waked the ship's crew, commanded them to put to sea immediately, arrived at Ithaca, and found his father at the house of the faithful Eumeus.

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